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McCall's Magazine  
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# The best time to fight gum troubles is BEFORE THEY START

**H**OW IPANA and massage help thousands to ward off the troubles that follow "pink tooth brush"

RIGHT in your own circle of friends you can point out men and women who have suffered—in health and in appearance—through the ravages of these modern gum afflictions.

And if you ask these people about their experience, perhaps the first thing they will tell you is how stubborn, how difficult to deal with these troubles are, once they gain a foothold.

Yet it is encouraging to know that serious gum disorders, hard as they are to cure, are often quite easy to prevent. And the method dentists recommend is both simple in its performance and effective in its results.

massage that keeps the fresh, nourishing blood in brisk circulation through their walls.

That, very briefly, is why gums soften, weaken and lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush," the earliest sign of impairment of gum health, is often a warning of troubles to come.

## How Ipana and massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

It is our diet that undermines the health of our gums. Our food, dentists point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten.

We buy white, refined flours, we order tender cuts of meat. We cook our vegetables until they almost fall apart, and cover them with creamy sauces. The roughage and the fibre have departed from our food. The act of mastication no longer yields to our gums the exercise and

Common sense dictates that the way to prevent or correct such troubles is to give back to the tissues the stimulation they lack. Your own dentist, if you ask him, will confirm the soundness of this reasoning.

Get him to show you the simple technique of this gentle frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or with the fingers. He will explain how it helps to restore the flagging circulation in the tissues. And very likely he will suggest that you perform the massage of your gums as well as the regular brushing of your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste.



Modern cooks and chefs provide us with soft and creamy food—a delicious diet, but a diet that deprives our gums of the stimulation and exercise they need to keep in health.

# IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



For the ziratol content of Ipana gives it the power to aid in the toning and strengthening of undernourished gums. Known and used for years by dentists, ziratol is an antiseptic and hemostatic of peculiar benefit to the gums, and its presence in Ipana is one of the reasons for the professional recommendations that first gave Ipana its start.

## Give Ipana a full 30 days' trial

You'll find Ipana's taste a treat to your palate—and its power to clean and whiten your teeth will delight you. The ten-day tube the coupon brings will readily prove these things.

But the better plan is to start at once with a full-size tube from the nearest drug store. Use it faithfully for at least one month, and see how your gums improve in tone and in health.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-107, 73 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....  
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City ..... State .....

# ROMANCE LIVES AGAIN

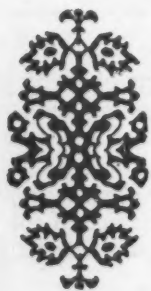


HE WAS OF THE SAME STUFF AS OTHER MEN AFTER ALL  
*Illustration by Mead Schaeffer*

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A story of India and the life of a hill station high in the foothills of the Himalayas...of love's conflict with passion in the shadow of the eternal snows.



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a romance strangely reminiscent of the world-beloved "Charles Rex."

Do not fail to read the first installment of this amazing novel in the November McCall's.

In the same issue, John J. Pershing, General of the Armies, addresses a personal letter to the War Mothers of America.

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE—October, 1927. Volume LV, Number 1. \$1.00 Per Year. Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 75 cents. Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Executive Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 600 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London W. 1, England. William B. Warner, President and Treasurer. Francis Hutter, Secretary. John C. Sterling, Vice-President.—TRUTH IN ADVERTISING—McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to The McCall Company.—ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION—If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Use the enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.—Copyright, 1927, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1915, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.



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# The New Orthophonic Victrola



VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.



CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

# Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



## DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

**I** MOST certainly do. Also in Santa Claus.

In the practical, materialistic age in which we are living the two things which we must not allow to desert us are a sense of humor and our imagination. I believe we should begin with development of a child's imagination by reading to it the best fairy tales of our time. There should be crowded into the child's mind all the imagery, the fantasy, and the whimsicality possible. As he grows older there will be little time for romance, sentiment, and imagination, and too much time for practical and material business duties. But if we can instill into the child's mind some imagery or vision, a little of it is bound to remain with him through the years and it will help him over rough spots in the road; it will help him keep faith with his friends; and it will help him to remember that the daily, monotonous grind of work is not everything in life. Nothing in life must be unimportant. We speak of trifles and little things, and then straightway set about to prove how important they are. We need them for play and laughter and tears.

When a little child comes to you and tells you, as a little child once told me, that she has been riding through the clouds on the back of a huge bird and has seen a lovely city with flowers, trees and birds and peopled with hundreds of beautiful fairies, you must not punish her for telling a lie. It is not a lie. The child has only been day-dreaming, and you will make a serious mistake if you do not allow her to dream.

I once put into a book all the childish tales and verses which I made up for the entertainment of my little granddaughter. In it I put all the stories she loved, which included one about *How the Flowers Were Made*. I said the world was Old Mother Nature's house, and that she used moss and grass for her carpet, bushes and trees for walls, and the sky for her roof; the sun for light by day, the moon for her lamp at night, and all the stars for candles. Much to my surprise, I received a letter from a minister who said I was teaching children to believe lies, and that such information and influence



THE CHILD HAS ONLY BEEN DAY DREAMING



was very harmful to childish minds. I simply cannot understand a brain that works that way. Personally, I am willing for all my little folks to believe that a rainbow is a band of fairies in gaily colored draperies, dancing across the sky. It is much more beautiful and understandable than a lengthy explanation of the real phenomenon—there is plenty of time for him to learn what it really is. Why fill a childish mind with cold, hard technicalities? The practical and material will come all too soon—let him dream, imagine and conjure while he may, and if a little of it stays with him, all the better.

Among the most delightful games of childhood are

the games of "Let's Pretend," and "Make Believe." Sometimes a group of children pretend they are "grown ups"; and sometimes a lonely little child, who plays by herself, is compelled to people her games with imaginary folk, and to carry on a conversation for all of them.

I was taught that the fungi which grow on stumps in the woods were ballrooms where the fairies danced at night, and I used to decorate them with flowers and ferns, arrange seats of toadstools for the guests, and make a platform of moss and lichens for the fairy orchestra. As I did these things I pictured to myself the costumes they might wear and the dances they might do. I even asked my mother to go with me after dark, and many times we waited almost breathlessly for the fairies to arrive, but none ever came. Still I did not lose faith. There were fairies, and the only reason we did not see them was because of the presence of human beings.

In the comfortable living room where a wood fire snapped and crackled every evening, the soot which burned on the back wall of the fireplace was not merely soot burning, it was

the Fire-Fairies enjoying their evening dance. Have you ever lain flat on your back among the clover under a blossoming apple tree and watched the sky through the clouds, the flowers, the birds, and the insect life around you? It is the best way I know to detach your fancies from the busy routine of everyday life and allow them to roam whither they will so that they may return to you refreshed and inspired to conquer new worlds.

I said I believed in Santa Claus. The theme of Christmas is Divine love, and the spirit of Christmas is Santa Claus: When a child loses his faith in Santa Claus, he loses half his joy in Christmas, for Santa Claus means love, generosity, laughter and good fellowship, with your religious faith, whatever it is, back of it all.

So let us keep our childhood's belief in fairies and inject all the sentiment possible into the ideas and ideals which govern our daily life. We need to keep a bit of poetry in our souls, a bit of song in our hearts, and many fairies dancing through our imagination.



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Q U A L I T Y   A T   L O W   C O S T

ACTUAL VISITS TO  
P & G HOMES  
No. 10



## When apple trees are castles and gingham is cloth-of-gold

NOT so long ago we walked up a long flagged walk to a pretty little house, lifted the brass knocker on the green painted door, and by these simple means met a most charming mother. Acquaintance began by our explaining that we were asking the women in her town about laundry soap.

"Well, you've come to a good house to talk about soap," Mrs. Barnes\* said. "I have such strenuous children I'm sure my washings are bigger than most women's. And I've tried nearly every kind of soap too."

"And you've never found one that you thought was just right?" we asked.

"Indeed I have!" she exclaimed. "I began to use P and G two years ago, and I liked it so much that I've used only P and G ever since!"

"You see, I have three children," she went on. "Nancy is eight, Billy's six, and John is four. Nancy has a genius for leading her brothers into adventures. Only yesterday I found her up in the apple tree being a princess, while John and Billy were two armies down below. By supper time the

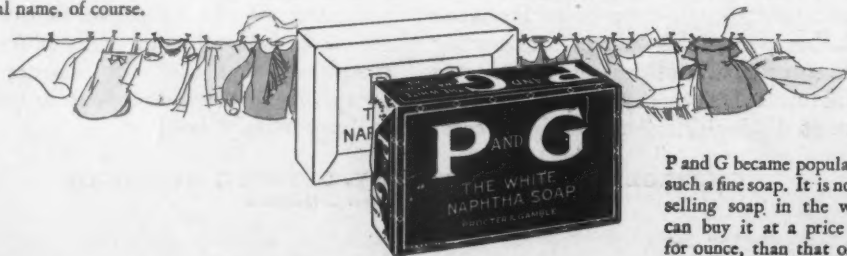
\*Not her real name, of course.

princess and the armies were all as grimy as possible. Things like that happen every day, so I've decided that it's best to let them enjoy themselves and then I wash their clothes with P and G!

"Luckily, I don't have to rub half as much as I used to—and that's a wonderful help. And P and G doesn't fade colors either. Just the other day I was showing my sister a little lavender gingham dress of Nancy's that hasn't faded a bit though it has been washed nearly every week for two years."

Fine, quick suds in any kind of water, hard or soft—hot or cold! Much less rubbing! Safety for colors. Women everywhere are saying things like this about P and G. It cleanses quickly and rinses quickly. Do you wonder that P and G is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think that it should be helping you too?

FREE—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—"Rescuing Precious Hours." Send a post card to Dept. NM-10, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price lower, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

## The largest-selling soap in the world





McCALL'S  
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OCTOBER · MCMXXVII



"IT'S HAIR INDIANS ARE BRINGING IN NOW INSTEAD O' FUR, BECAUSE THE PRICES ARE BIGGER"

# The PLAINS of ABRAHAM

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

ON a sunny afternoon in May, 1749, a dog, a boy, a man and a woman had crossed the oak opens of Tonteur's Hill and were trailing toward the deeper wilderness of the French frontier westward of the Richelieu and Lake Champlain—the dog first, the boy following, the man next, and the woman last.

It was a reversal of proper form, Tonteur had growled as he watched them go. A fool's way of facing a savage-infested country that had no end. The man should have marched at the head of his precious column, with his long gun ready and his questing eyes alert; the woman next, to watch and guard with him—then the boy and the dog, if such nuisances were to be tolerated in travel of this

*An untimely death has brought to a close the career of this Great American writer. But his work—which he himself felt reached its climax in this novel—will endure forever.*

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER



kind, with evening coming on.

Tonteur was the one-legged warrior seigneur from whose grist-mill down in the valley the four were going home. His eyes had followed the woman with a subdued and appraising hunger in them. Henri Bulain was a strange man, he had thought. He might be a little crazy, might even be a fool. But he was also a very lucky husband to possess a woman with the sweet face and form and the divinely chaste heart of

Catherine, his wife.

Little Jeems was a fortunate boy to have her for a mother. Even the dog was a scoundrel for luck. An Indian dog at that. A sneaking, good-for-nothing dog. A wreck of a dog without a soul, to be fed by her, petted

by her, smiled at by her—as he had seen her smile.

Tonteur had prodded the heel of his wooden leg into the soft earth as they disappeared across his meadow bottomlands. The King of France had honored him and he was first of the long string of heroic fighting barons settled along the Richelieu to hold the English and their red barbarians back. He was Door-Keeper to the waterway that led straight to the heart of New France. If the English came with their scalping fiends, the Mohawks and Senecas, they would have to pass over him first of all. No general could be given greater distinction than that. Honor. Wealth. A wide domain over which he was king.

And yet—  
He envied Henri Bulain.

It was mid-afternoon. May-time shadows were growing longer toward the east. The sun was still a mellow glory over the land, a soft and golden radiance without sting or glare, a lambent sea which spread itself in warm pools and streaming veils over an earth which seemed to be purring gently with peace and joy.

It was the hour of afternoon when birds were singing softly. Morning had heard their defiance, a glorious and fearless challenge of feathered minstrelsy to all the spirits of darkness; but with late afternoon, sunset, evening, these same slim-throated songsters found a note of gratitude and of prayer in their chastened voices. A thrush sang that way now. A cat-bird's melody joined it. Silver-throated brush-warblers piped their subdued hymns in the thickets. Flowers crushed underfoot. In the open spaces they carpeted the earth with white and pink and blue. Flowers and birds and peace—a golden world filled with a declining sun—a smiling heaven of blue over the tree-tops—and with them a dog, a boy, a man and a woman advancing westward.

Three of these, even the dog, Tonteur envied.

This dog had a name which fitted him, Tonteur had thought. For he was a wreck of a dog—even more of a wreck than the splendid seigneur himself—with his stub of a shot-off leg and a breast that bore sword-marks which would have killed an ordinary man. The dog, first of all, was big and bony and gaunt, a physical ensemble of rough-edged joints and craggy muscles that came by nature and not because of hunger. He was a homely dog, so hopelessly homely that one could not help loving him at sight. His hair was bristly and unkempt. His paws were huge. His jaws were long and lank and his ears were relics of many a hard fought battle with other beasts of his kind. His tail was half gone, which left him only a stub to wag. He walked with a limp, a heavy, never-failing limp which seemed to shake his long body from end to end, for his left fore-paw—like Tonteur's foot—was missing. A crooked, cheery, inartistic, lovable dog to whom the woman—in a moment's visioning of the fitness of things—had given the



SHE NURTURED THIS HATRED IN  
HER PROUD LITTLE DAUGHTER



ambition to achieve a similar physical condition.

"Why, he's dressed up like a bold, bad pirate come to abduct my little girl and ho'd her for ransom," Tonteur had roared down in the valley, and Jeems' father had joined the baron in his laughter; then, to make the thing worse, Tonteur had turned him round and round, slowly and appraisingly, with lovely little Marie Antoinette looking on, her dainty nose upturned in patrician disdain—and with her detestable cousin from the great city of Quebec, Paul Tache, openly leering and grimacing at him from behind her back. And this after he had prepared himself with painstaking care for Marie

name of Odd-and-Ends. So Tonteur was half right in thinking of him as a wreck of a dog, but in one other thing he was wrong. The dog did have a soul—a soul which belonged to the boy, his master. That soul had a great scar seared upon it by hunger and abuse in an Indian camp where Henri Bulain had found him four years before, and from which, out of pity for a dying creature, he had taken him home to Jeems.

Daniel James Bulain was the boy's name, but from babyhood his mother had called him Jeems. He was twelve and weighed twenty pounds more than his dog. Odd-and-Ends, called Odd for short, weighed sixty if the scales in Tonteur's grist-mill were right. One would have known the dog and the boy belonged together even had they been in a crowd, for if Odd was a battered old warrior, the boy, on the other hand, gave every evidence of an

Antoinette's eyes should she happen to see him! That was the tragedy of it. He had put on his new doeskin suit on this day when they were going to Tonteur's mill for a bag of meal. He carried a gun which was two inches longer than himself. A big powder-horn swung at his waist, in his belt was a knife, and over his shoulder hung the most treasured of his possessions, a slim ash bow and a quiver filled with arrows. He had worn his coonskin cap of fur in spite of the warmth of the day because it looked better than the lighter one that was striped, and in this cap was a long turkey feather.

Henri Bulain was aching to describe the little scene to his wife as soon as Jeems happened to be out of hearing. But Henri was always seeing either the bright or the funny side of things. That was one reason why Catherine had married him and it was why she loved him now even more than fifteen years ago, before Jeems was born. It was the big and all-embracing reason why the whole wide wilderness with its trees and flowers and dangers loved Henri Bulain. It was because he loved life—loved it in such a vastly inclusive and mysteriously trustful way that Louis Edmond Tonteur, the lion-hearted baron of the seigneurie, had called him a fool for his simplicity, and predicted the day when his scalp and those of his wife and boy would adorn the little round hoops of the savages.

From her position behind the dog, the boy and the man, Catherine Bulain looked upon her world and her possessions with a joyous and unafraid pride. No boy, in her opinion, could equal her Jeems, and no man her husband. That challenge always lay in her soft, dark eyes, rich with sleeping lights because love was there. One could see and feel her happiness, and as Tonteur secretly built up the fire of his yearning when he was alone, so she loved to exult in her own possessions when her men-folk were ahead and could not see all that came and went in her face. This little desire to hold within herself some small and sacred part of her rejoicing was because she was English, and not French. That was why Daniel James had an English name inherited from her father, who had been a New England school-master and afterward an agent of the Penns down in Pennsylvania. It was on the frontier of that far province that Henri had found and married her two years before her father's death.\*

"And for fifteen years you have been growing younger and more beautiful," he was fond of telling her. "What a tragedy it will be when I am old and bent and you are still a little girl."

It was true that Catherine did not look her thirty-five years. Her face, as well as her eyes, was young with the softness and radiant changeableness of girlhood, and especially on this Thursday afternoon when she walked behind her boy and her husband from the Richelieu bottom-lands. Tonteur, possibly even more than Henri Bulain, knew that Catherine's adoration of her men-folk and of everything that went with them, even to the primitive discomforts of the wilderness life which had claimed her, was built up against a background of something more than merely being the mate of a man and the mother of a son. Culture and

learning and broadness of vision and thought, nurtured in her first by a gentle mother, and, after her death, developed and strengthened by a school-master father, had given to her a medium of priceless value by which to measure happiness. Sometimes she yearned a little for the things outside this happiness—dreamed of brocades with gold embroidery, of buttercup silks and blue satins, of white moires and dainty Valenciennes, and for that reason in Henri's cabin were roguish caps with pink and lavender ribbons, and cobwebby lace for Catherine's hair, and many simple but

\*Daniel James Adams, Catherine's father, was killed in a feud between a village of Tuscaroras and a rival village of Delaware, in Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1736.



HE CARRIED A GUN TWO  
INCHES LONGER THAN HIMSELF





"TAKE THEM WHERE DANGER DOES NOT HANG DAY AND NIGHT"



pretty things made by her own clever hands. Because of her feminine adroitness in fashioning beauty and perfection out of simple and inexpensive things, and also because she was of the spawn of the despicable English, Madam Henriette Tonteur had come to regard her with much the same aversion and dislike with which she would have looked upon a cup of poison.

Tonteur knew this and cursed in his honest heart at the woman who was his wife, with her coldly patrician face, her powdered hair, her jewels and gowns and her Platonic ignorance of love—and then thanked his God that little Marie Antoinette was growing less like her with each day that passed over her pretty head. For Marie Antoinette was tempestuous, like himself, a patrician without doubt—but with a warm and ready passion to offset that curse, and for this, too, he blessed the fortune which in one way had been so unkind to him.

Behind her husband and boy Catherine had been thinking of Tonteur and of his wife, the aristocrat Henriette. For a long time she had known that Madam Tonteur hated her, but it was not until this afternoon that the other discovery had come to her, for in spite of his most heroic efforts Tonteur had betrayed himself when suddenly she had caught him looking at her. Catherine had seen the shadow of his secret—like a ghost swiftly disappearing. Up over Tonteur's Hill she had added many twos and twos together, until, in the sure way of a woman, she knew what Tonteur was thinking—and did not fear nor distrust him for it.

At the same time her thoughts inspired her with a warm appreciation of her own great fortune, for against another man's unhappiness and another woman's failure as a wife she could see more clearly the things for which she, in the fulness of her felicity, should offer up the devoutest of prayers. The man ahead of her was humming a French tune as he carried his hundred pounds

of whole-corn meal, and one could see that he was French in every drop of blood that ran through his veins. Catherine loved the spirit of this blood even more than she did the English which was in herself. Just as she had become French, so Henri in his heart had become as wholly English, and never tired of swearing that he would not trade one tiny breath of the precious life in Catherine's body for all of his beloved New France. From the beginning his influence had been a little stronger than his wife's for while Catherine kept everything that was English alive in her memories, and taught her boy in English as well as in French, and sang her English songs and treasured her English books, she loved New France as she had never loved the more forbidding aspects of her New England home, and she loved the warm-hearted and sunny people in it with a sympathy and devotion which might have come from birth and not adoption.

Yet Madam Tonteur hated her, and, so far as it was in her power, she had planted and nurtured this hatred to growth in the heart and mind of her proud little daughter, Marie Antoinette, until Tonteur, blind to the feline subtlety of a woman in such matters, wondered why it was that his girl, whom he worshipped above all other things on earth, should so openly display unfriendliness and dislike whenever Jeems came to Tonteur Manor.

Of this same thing Jeems had been thinking as he walked ahead of his father and mother. His mind, at present, was busy with the stress of fighting. Mentally, and even physically in a way, he was experiencing the

thrill of sanguinary battle. Half a dozen times since beginning the long climb over Tonteur's Hill he had choked and beaten Paul Tache, and in every moment of these mental triumphs Marie Antoinette was looking on with wonder and horror as he pitilessly assailed and vanquished her handsome young cousin from the big city of Quebec.\*

Even in the heat of these vivid imaginings, Jeems was sick at heart, and it was the shadow of this sickness which Odd caught when he looked up into his master's eyes. From the day Jeems had first seen little Marie Antoinette, when she was seven and he was nine, he had dreamed of her and had anticipated through weeks and months the journeys which his father permitted him to make with him to Tonteur Manor. On these rare occasions he had gazed with childish adoration at the little princess of the seigneurie, and had even made her presents of flowers and feathers and nuts and maple-sugar and queer treasures which he brought from the forests. These tokens of his homage had never served to build a bridge across the abyss which lay between them.

For all his shattered hopes of friendship with Toinette he now found an excuse to blame the rich and high-toned youth with his green and crimson plush suits, his lace ruffles and gold brocades, his silver-handled sword and supercilious, conceited airs. His antagonism was not a thing brewed only in his mind, for Paul Tache, who was the son of a Quebec army officer deep in the intrigues of the Intendant, was the last straw to break down whatever hopes he had possessed of ultimately making an impression on the [Turn to page 81]

\*In 1749 the population of Quebec city, metropolis of New France, whose wealth and culture and courtly life made it at that time the Versailles of the New World, was less than 7000.

# Who Shall Judge Another's Destiny?



"YOU LIKE THAT—FILTH?" HE GLARED AT HER . . . PUSHED ROXANNE ASIDE

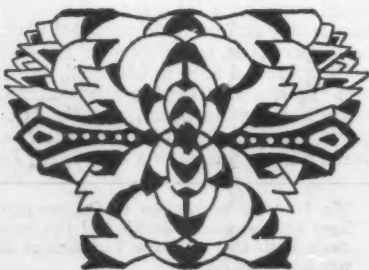


## FIREFLIES

BY

\*\*\* KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT \*\*\*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO



ALL through the long, thoughtful journey southwards, against the monotonous background of grey sky, green pines, brown and white cotton-patch and blue corn-fields, Laura kept seeing, shaken by the trains vibration and by the varying stress of her attention, her memories of Roxanne's face. It was such a dear face, wilful and clear and brave.

Laura Jennifer had children of her own but Roxy, the little sister, had been her first child and for her there was a passion of tenderness, the stronger for its enforced repression. But now . . . now . . . now . . . the rails announced to the bright-eyed, tight-lipped traveler, that

love must have its way. The limit had been reached. Roxy was to be saved from her dear self. And that meant, Roxy was to be saved from her husband.

Roxy's last letter was in Laura's purse and to that letter she kept returning not for any reinforcement of her courage, but as a soldier, impatient for action, returns again and again to the furbishing of his best tool. In this letter Roxy had actually, at last, almost admitted both her misery and her defeat. She confessed the loss of hope: Ted would never be any different, her own life would never be any easier. This letter was the signal for which her sister's love had waited patiently during the seven years. Roxy had been twenty-one, Roxy was now twenty-eight . . . a long time, truly, for an experiment in living. During the last four years, the sisters had not even seen each other, Laura had received no encouragement to visit Ted's home, and Roxy had been too poor to travel and too proud to accept the price of travel from Sam Jennifer's wife.

After the train had passed Raleigh, the air grew softer, warmer. Spring, as yet not even imagined in Laura's New England home, had here spread trays of misty dogwood blossom along the forest's edges and lit the rose of laurel on banks and slopes and when she reached Roxy's lonely little gray station a droning midsummer seemed to rest across the fields.

Near the platform she roused a sleeping negro who woke his sleeping horse and, after some patient explanations, beamed upon her, extravagantly enlightened as to her destination.

"Mis' James! Why, sho-ly, Miss, sho-ly. She 'way out in Mass' Brandon's ole stable cabin, yessa." He chuckled.



Out there in an old stable cabin . . . Roxy! who had written long ago and with such enthusiasm about the "little house for really no rent at all and with such a beautiful view and the privilege of Major Brandon's library at the big house for Ted . . ."

After she had rolled a sandy, soft-hoofed mile, "What sort of place is it?" Laura rather hoarsely questioned, hoping for a second mental picture that would soften the harshness of her first.

" . . . Sho, that ain't no house'm. Not 'splicityly. She kep' on huh feet 'mos' entirely by Mis' James' own hand, I reckon, nowadays. Maughty fine lady, maughty hearty, wuk like fiv' ladies . . . yes'm."

"And what does her husband do?"

A soft soliloquizing chuckle broke ground for the man's softer speech. "Wha . . . Ah don' hardly know what tha' gen'man do fuh hisself. Mornin' he lay abed. She fetch him up hees breakfus' on a tray. Mos' times, aftehnoons, evenin's he walk. Some days she go wif him. He lak de woods, same's a squirrel or a 'possum. Sho,

served only to pinch her heart.

"Set me down just before we get to Mrs. James' gate, please," she commanded, "I—I want to surprise Mrs. James. And, will you come back for me by noon tomorrow? Just put down my bag here . . . under the bush. Mr. James can get it later."

"He don' do no totin', ma'am. Likely Mis' James, she'll come an' . . ."

"O . . . just leave it. I see the house . . . the cabin . . ."

It was a hovel, smothered between great magnolia trees. Up to its hearthstone Laura went, her suspenseful heart at labor, and for a minute stood there at the open door, so long unpainted. Through one door open at her left, Laura saw a kitchen, neat but without any modern aids to labor; beyond, there seemed to be a living-room with an iron stove, turkey-red cushions, peeling wallpaper and blossoms in a bowl. Wood-smoke, pine air and cleanliness made the place sweet. There were no bells, no bulbs, no steam-heaters. The house would be lit by

coolly, quietly called, "Is anyone at home?"

The cabin shook all over with a light step above and down the stairwell came Roxy's singing voice.

"Is that you, Mis' Raft, with the egg bill? Couldn't wait until next week . . . ?"

"Roxanne!"

Just a moment's pause and then the rushing figure.

"Laura . . . my love!"

She was small to the grip of hungry arms, small and terribly thin, but her pride still resisted the extreme of Laura's tenderness. Letting her go at that hint of protest, Laura looked at her. She wore a faded gingham dress, no stockings, a pair of "sneakers." She had cut short her ruddy hair. The face was tired and faintly lined but brown as pine-cones and bright with young eyes and the remembered smile.

"What a dear surprise, Laura honey. I can arrange a cot for you. Ted's upstairs at work. He studies hard."

Roxy, red-brown, drew Laura quickly along the hall. "Come out to the bench," she said. "We'll sit outside



" . . . ALONE IN THE WOODS "



He whistle to de birds and de birds come sing and set clost. He maughty sad' young gen'man less'n he talkin' to de birds . . . but Mis' James, she cheerful all times. She hev somep'n say to de cuhlud and to de white."

"Does she . . . does she seem well . . . in good health. . . ?"

"Wa-al, Mis', I don' know. Purty perky but thin . . . awful thin, Mis' James. And ah don' know her age but she don' look so young as you do . . ."

And Roxy was five years younger. Roxy was only twenty-eight.

Laura fell silent, regretting her questions which had

lamps and candles, heated by the wood that must be "toted" in, and watered, no doubt, as primitively by means of buckets carried from a well.

Laura fought down an insurrection of sudden long-withheld tears, swallowed the futile heat of anger, drew up tightly the harder forces of her will, and

there and talk. Ted and I own the west."

She kicked open the sagging back door and there, in sober truth, lay all the land of sunset. Across unbroken pine country, misted with blossoms, floating lairs of white, Laura looked to a larger sky, it seemed to her, than she had seen even at the edges of the sea. A

mocking-bird called—"Sweet . . . sweet . . . you pretty girl, come quick," so close, so clear, that it was beautifully laughable. Away off a cardinal began to kiss the air, three times, a pause—three times again.

Roxy sat down on the flagging—Laura guessed it was her habit to sit down whenever the blessed opportunity was given—put an arm about Laura's knees and laid her head caressingly against the traveler's skirt.

"Isn't it love-ly?"

Laura waited. "Your letter brought me, darling."

"The blue one?"

"Yes. The blue one."

"Well, I'm glad it brought you, Lolly, but . . . I'm ashamed of it. That letter wasn't . . . all truth, you know."

Laura refrained from argument. She wouldn't waste fire. The time would come later, soon enough, when she would overwhelm the tired will of that letter-writer and sweep it irresistibly up in the current of her own. Roxanne must be made simply to see herself, her house, her life, her man . . . *man!* God save the mark! . . . She must be made to look away from that big quiet west into the grim and gray interior which might one day, quite literally as well as figuratively, collapse upon her poor weary little head. It felt weary, resting there; Laura took off her glove to stroke it.

"This forest, when it rains, must . . ."

"It smells like all the cedars of Lebanon, or do I mean the perfumes of Araby? How lovely you look, Laura."

There was a little wistfulness in this.

"You're lovelier," said Laura swiftly, "but you don't look rested."

"Does anyone look rested at six o'clock of a Spring evening? Wait until I've washed and brushed and changed and . . . cooked the supper." She laughed in her own sudden pleasant fashion. "You'll help me get it, Lolly. That'll be fun. I'll do you up in a bungalow apron. But, Laura, what a tiny bag you've brought!"

"I'm not staying long." She paused, then added, lifting her voice above a mocking-bird's in the holly bush beside her, "I'm taking you North with me tomorrow."

Roxanne looked. After a moment she looked away.

"Because," her voice was low, "of what I said in my letter, Lolly?"

"Partly that. I have so much to tell you, dear, to explain to you . . . about yourself. Let's take the bag in first."

"Let's don't. Let's walk out along the lane and I'll try . . . I'll try to listen to everything you want to tell me, dear, about myself. You're not too tired?"

Laura laughed. "Don't you remember that I'm never tired? But you?"

"Ted and I walk for miles and miles."

It was the stillest walking, walking of ghosts. Their feet made no sound on sand and pine needles. The windless air made no sound through the trees. Blue dusk stretched its fingers among the sooty trunks. Blossoms began to be whiter than paint or foam. The mocking-bird and cardinal were voiceless. Away off, very far away toward moonrise, the whippoor-will shouted, sudden and soft.

And Laura had said nothing, not a word. Roxanne rested a hand on her arm and they walked at their ease in the manner of sisters, schoolgirls.

"Roxanne, you will have to leave him. Don't you know that?"

There was no answer. The whippoor-will was sudden again with soft, brief chastisement.

"You admitted in your letter that Ted's case was hopeless, that at last you realized that he would never even try to make a home, a living for you, that, for all the rest of your life, as long as it lasted, you would have to be his nurse, always as nearly penniless as you are now, living on the grudging charity of his stepfather; and always as worried, as depressed. You told me that for the most part Ted was melancholy and very often he was almost violent, that sometimes you had been afraid. You told me that you were often abysmally alone since he was not the usual helpmate, but an abnormal sort of child to be cared for, humored, spared. . ."

"Yes," murmured Roxanne, "that's all true . . . but not all the truth . . ."

"Now, while you're slaving and suffering, here am I

with my hands on fire to help you. How do you expect me to bear it, dear? There's my home open, there's a sunny bedroom for you to sleep in, a maid to bring you your breakfast, ease and time for your music, the development of your own great gift. Ted . . ."

"Ted is a poet."

"Who can't or won't write poetry."

"He wants to . . . so."

"Exactly. And because he can't and because he isn't man enough to accept failure, to renounce that one futile ambition . . ."

"Passion, Laura."

"Passion, then. I dare say he calls it that . . ."

"He has written . . . a sort of broken, sad music . . . like that bird's . . . so different from what the other birds can say."

"So different that the world will never want to listen to it, Roxy. There's no real music worth the making, is there . . . unless there can be an ear to listen to it?"

"Mine," said Roxy. "I'm listening to him. And perhaps," she dropped her voice, "God's."

"And that 'perhaps' is worth the sacrifice of all your life?"

No answer. It was very dark in the narrow lane heavily sweet with unseen flowerings. Roxanne turned, drawing Laura with her.

"And what about your own real gift, Roxanne," went on the sister as they moved slowly homeward, "your music? And the world would listen to that! You have a career waiting for you, an independence, perhaps a fortune, if this—obsession—gave you time or strength . . . Dearest," she caught the younger woman between her hands, "I'm not going to let you go on with this madness. I'm going to save you. If you will follow me—my plan for you—just for six months, your life would be happy, prosperous, safe."

"And . . . Ted?"

"Is he happy, prosperous, safe? No life has ever been helped by such insane sacrifice of other lives. You've helped to ruin him, Roxanne, indeed you have!"

"But . . . who . . . is . . . he?" Her voice followed a faint trail into some unknown [Turn to page 66]



" . . . AND WE WILL SIGH IN THE DAISY'S EYE, AND KISS ON A GRASS-GREEN PILLOW . . . "







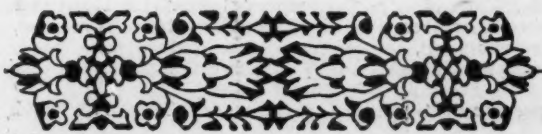
THE WOMAN'S CLUB IS AS NATIVE TO OUR SOIL AS THE SUGAR MAPLE

# 3,000,000 WOMEN!

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

*How The Women's Clubs  
of America Are  
Bringing New "Folk-Ways"  
to The Country is Told in  
This Second of a Group of  
Articles by Dorothy Canfield*



IT was a handsome, substantial building, one of the best in town, framed in well-placed shrubbery and trees. Carved over the door were the words (which would have made my grandmother stare) "Women's City Club."

"How long have you had it?" I asked my guide, as we walked up the flower-bordered path.

"Seventeen years last January," she answered with the careless certainty a mother has about the age of a child.

We paused under the marble-pillared portico, and I caught a glimpse through the open door of a beautifully proportioned room with a polished floor, admirable furniture and not too much of it, and vivid paintings on the walls. Above us rose three stories of brick wall, pierced by many large windows.

"Goodness gracious!" I murmured, astonished by the mere material dimensions of the enterprise, "where did you ever get money enough to build it? Borrow it? Or did some wealthy person give it outright?" (I had just been shown the beautiful Carnegie Library of the Middle-Western city.)

"Neither," answered my guide, leading the way over a discreetly colored Persian rug to the desk where the "visitors' register" stood. "Neither. We raised the money ourselves, every penny of it. And on the opening night when we gave our house-warming party, we didn't owe a cent."

I was silent, considering this and many other things in the past which had gone to the making of it, for I am old enough to remember very well the days when Women's Study Clubs were new things in this country.

It seemed to me as I sat in that completely functioning Women's Club that perhaps the impulse towards spontaneous self-education which it represented was not so new as some of its latest sponsors [Turn to page 95]

# Here The Great Kipling Tells A Baffling Mystery Story For The Readers Of McCall's

## FAIRY KIST

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER TITTLE

THE only important society in existence today is the E.C.F.—the Eclectic but Comprehensive Fraternity for the Perpetuation of Gratitude toward Lesser Lights. Its founders were William Lemming, of Lemming & Orton, print sellers; Alexander Hay McKnight, of Ellis & McKnight, provision merchants; Robert Keede, M. R. C. P., physician, surgeon, and accoucheur; Lewis Holroyd Burges, tobacconist and cigar importer—all of the South Eastern postal districts—and its zealous, hardworking but unappreciated Secretary. The meetings are usually at Mr. Lemming's little place in Berkshire, where he raises pigs.

I had been out of England for a while, missing several of our dinners, but was able to attend a summer one with none present except ourselves, several red mullets in paper; a few green peas and ducklings an arrangement of cockscombs with olives, and capers as large as cherries; strawberries and cream; some 1903 *Chateau la Tour*; and that locked cabinet of cigars to which only Burges has the key.

It was at the hour when men most gracefully curvet abroad on their hobbies, and after McKnight had been complaining of systematic pilfering in his three big shops, that Burges told us how an illustrious English astrologer called Lilly, had once erected a horoscope to discover the whereabouts of a parcel of stolen fish. The stars led him straight to it and the thief and, incidentally, into a breeze with a lady over "seven Portugal onions," also gone adrift but not included in the periscope. Then, we wondered why detective-story writers so seldom use astrology to help out the local Sherlock Holmes; how many illegitimate children that great original had begotten in magazine form; and so drifted on to murder at large. Keede, whose profession gives him advantages, illustrated the subject.

"I wish I could ever do a decent detective-story," I said at last. "I never get further than the corpse."

"Corpses are foul things," Lemming mused aloud. "I wonder what sort of a corpse I shall make."

"You'll never know," the gentle, silver-haired Burges replied. "You won't even know you're dead till you look in the glass and see there's no reflection. An old woman told me that once at Barnet Horse Fair—and I couldn't have been more than seven at the time, either."

We were quiet for a few minutes while the Altar of the Lesser Lights, which is also our cigar-lighter, came into use. The single burner atop representing gratitude toward Lesser Lights in general was, of course, lit. Whenever gratitude toward a Lesser Light is put for-



THE PIG-MAN ROUSED THE VILLAGE CONSTABLE, AN EX-SOLDIER, AND . . . THEN WENT OFF TO WAKE KEEDE



ward and proven, one or more of the nine burners round the base can be thrown into action by pulling its pretty silver draw-chain.

"What will you do for me," said Keede, "if I give you an absolutely true detective yarn?"

"If I can make anything of it," I replied, "I'll finish the Millar Gift."

This meant the cataloguing of a mass of Masonic pamphlets, bequeathed by a Brother to Lodge Faith and Works 5836 E. C.—a job which Keede and I, being on the Library Committee, had shirked for months.

"Promise you won't doctor it if you use it?" said Keede.

"And for goodness' sake don't bring me in any more than you can help," said Lemming.

No practitioner ever comprehends another practitioner's methods; but the promise was given, the bargain struck; and the tale runs here substantially as it was delivered.

That past autumn, Lemming's pig-man (who had been

sitting up with a delicate lady Berkshire) discovered, on a wet Sunday dawn, in October, the body of a village girl called Ellen Marsh, lying on the bank of a deep cutting where the road from the village runs into the London Road. Ellen, it seemed, had many friends with whom she used to make evening appointments, and Channet's Ash, as the cross-roads were called, from the big ash that overhung them, was one of her well-known trying-places. The body lay face down at the highest point of a sloping foot-path which the village children had trodden out up the bank, and just where that path turned the corner under Channet's Ash and dropped into the London Road. The pig-man roused the village constable, an ex-soldier called Nicol, who picked up, close to the corpse, a narrow-bladed fern-trowel, its handle wrapped with twine. There were no signs of a struggle, but it had been raining all night.

The pig-man then went off to wake up Keede, who was spending the week-end with Lemming. Keede did not disturb his host—Mrs. Lemming being ill at the time—but he and the policeman commandeered a builder's handcart from some half-built shops down the London Road; wheeled the body to the nearest inn—the Cup o' Grapes—pushed a car out of a lock-up; took the shove-halfpenny board from the Oddfellows' Room; and laid the body on it till the regular doctor should arrive.

"He was out," Keede said, "so I made an examination of my own. There was no question of assault. She had been dropped by a most scientific little jab, just at the base of the skull, by some one who knew his anatomy. That was all. Then Nicol, the bobby, asked me if I'd care to walk over with him to Jimmy Tigner's house."

"Who was Jimmy Tigner?" one of us asked.

"Ellen's latest young man—a believing soul. He was assistant at the local tin-smith's, living with his mother in a cottage down the street. It was seven o'clock then. Jimmy had to be waked up. He stuck his head out of the window and Nicol stood in the garden among the cabbages—friendly as all sin—and asked him what he'd been doing the night before, because some one had been knockin' Ellen about. Well, there wasn't much doubt what Jimmy'd been up to. He was altogether 'the morning after.' He began dressing and talking out of the window at the same time, and said he'd kill any man who touched Ellen."

"Haden't the policeman cautioned him?" McKnight demanded.

"What for? They're all friends [Turn to page 118]

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STANLEY WAS PLAYING A FASCINATING GAME OF FOX. SHE KNEW BETTER THAN TO SURRENDER . . . . INSTANTER

# *To Dominate! To Possess! The Fox Woman Mirrors Those Who Ever Take But Cannot Give*

## The FOX WOMAN

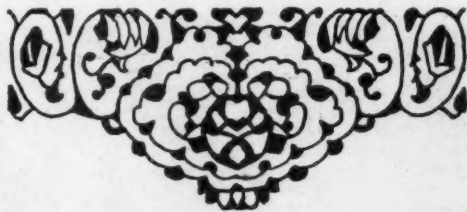
✠✠✠ BY NALBRO BARTLEY ✠✠✠

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

FROM early childhood Stanley's main object in life has been the conquest of others. When her father died and left her an orphan and penniless she lost the first victim of her passion for domination. After her bereavement she was sent to boarding school by "Tante" Aydelotte and there she soon found another man to attach to herself in the person of Blair Britton, the affianced lover of a girl who was her benefactress and friend. For some time she enjoyed the adoration which Blair gave her, but it palled at last and we see Stanley pointing her ambition towards another goal—Lee Van Zile, who in addition to the adulation of a middle-aged widower for a young and beautiful girl offers her his millions.

A FAIRY godfather being an appropriate acquisition for a Cinderella, the theater cast smiled knowingly as Lee Van Zile's important self, always bearing a florist's box, came to be a familiar figure at the stage door. "Hooked," was the verdict, when Van Zile became a week-end visitor in town. Tante had returned to Dalefield as the rector's secretary.

"He seems a second father, Tante dear," Stanley felt it wise to confide by Easter time. Such a comfort—and Blair is so wildly excited about it. I'm sorry for Blair no matter what he does or what I am forced into doing—but even broadminded you considered our engagement more of an experiment than a permanent pledge, now, didn't you? I'm sorry Blair sulked when he saw you—it was because of Mr. Van Zile. Being temperamental, perhaps, he will always blame me for his having left the



stage—but that is the way of a man when he makes a change and it fails to satisfy.

"Now tell me something, you fire-brand rector's secretary—does Dalefield know that Lee runs down to play with me so often? Yes, I call him Lee—and we do play. I can't have secrets from you, Tante. Listen—he loves me! Are you shocked or happy? Do years, just ugly milestones of years, *per se*, make a difference? Never to me. I've always disliked boys—poor Blair will always be boyish—and I've always understood men; they bring out the best in me. I'm afraid I'm beginning to care, too—" and so on for several effusive pages.

All the time Stanley was playing a fascinating game of fox. She knew better than to surrender to Van Zile instant—for the ardent old chap had begged her to marry him three days after they met. To have caused another seven day wonder in eloping with an elderly upstate millionaire and abandoning young Britton to heart-break and drink would not have given Stanley the self-righteous thrill of victory which she meant to obtain.

She wanted to come into her own, she kept explaining to herself—whatever that might mean. She wanted to leave the stage and have an engraved-cards-and-ten-layer-wedding-cake kind of wedding, trunks of trousseau things and Tante Aydelotte to act as chaperone and maternal substitute; she wanted to be married in church, no less. There were stained glass windows in the cathedral given in memory of her people and the organ itself had been the gift of her paternal grandfather. She wanted Dalefield to welcome her as a future leader of society thus eradicating any references to the Van Zile slaughter house or the days when she boarded at Mary Dealey's and walked on as a stock company extra.

Van Zile did not suspect this trend of thought. He was occupied with fears lest he be thwarted of his Indian summer.

Left alone, his money and the girth of his waist increasing, his red brick fortress had seemed a deserted barracks, his wife's possessions, pitiful, scrawny things not unlike herself. His entire background had been repellent—so he had closed the brick fortress and gone in search of ancestors! Finding worse than none he had come back and found Stanley! Eagerness replaced ennui. Dutch determination plus his bank account combined to make his courtship a career—and to give Stanley cause for many happy hours reflection as to what he should do once she was Mrs. Van Zile.

There was the matter of Blair! This bothered Van Zile far more than it did Stanley, for the latter, with characteristic tenacity, had no intention of relinquishing Blair utterly if it was possible to marry a middle-aged

millionaire as well. She still wanted to feel that she was essential to Blair. He became a dozen times more desirable as her affair with Van Zile reached the stage of accepting his ring and of promising him in a timid little note written on scented paper that she would marry him as soon as the Cinderella comedy closed its engagement—she might want a wee bit of time to see old friends once more as Stanley Ames.

Van Zile agreed. He had estimated Stanley's alliance with this newspaper blackguard, a man about town, as he insisted upon his being, as an unfair trick played upon a beautiful, helpless girl. With difficulty he had been restrained from telling Blair that there was a foreign legion he had better join, or the lonely continent of Australia which needed such men as he to bring it into prominence—and to assist him to either destination with money or forcible ejection.

"I know best how to manage poor Blair," Stanley insisted. Not for a moment had she represented her engagement as other than a protecting armor which she had chosen in her present plight. She had been lonely and alone; Blair had been persistent but a gentleman. She never actually considered marriage—it had remained something to be dealt with on tomorrow's morrow....

He would have been overcome could he have known the workings of Stanley's mind as she re-arranged her chess board. She must make Blair feel that marriage must be folly, then she must appear heartbroken, despairing of continuing with any career—admit her flimsy talents to have been exhausted, her health imperiled. Already he had a lover's jealous yet contemptuous suspicions concerning Van Zile. Blair's sixth sense enabled him to read new meanings into his lines, to win a beat for his paper five editions out of six and give him a morbid, desolate feeling even when he held Stanley in his arms, a warning that he was to be discarded and left

state. I was born to like solid silver that has been in the family and family dinner parties and even Sunday morning sermons if one has the choice of rector... I don't want to be a gypsy like you—and Donna," skilfully bringing Donna's personality into the picture to act as a bit of a backfire. "You two would go caravanning with a jug of wine and a book of verse, or be content to die at sea and be buried with the boom of a cannon for a prayer. I want a splendid funeral—stylish crêpe bonnets and all my in-laws saying nice things about me for once and blankets of roses and pillows of violets and a coffin lined with satin and a monument that costs thousands—"

Blair had stopped her mouth with kisses. "You adorable poseur," he denounced. "You'd be bored in no time with that programme. You've only mentioned the high spots. Suppose you didn't die and were doomed to grow stupid and wrinkled and have in-laws say what they really thought. You'd fast enough long for the caravan and a rooftop of stars, death at sea with the boom of a gun for a farewell salute. You can't discourage me that way, Stanley, nor inspire me to compete with Van Zile, if it's Van Zile you're thinking of."

"Can I ever dismiss you?" she had questioned, her cheek laid against his... she recalled some of the lines of Van Zile's letter which had reached her only an hour ago.

"If you put it that way—of course. What could I do? Only I've endured my own particular kind of torture to get you and—"

"Sssh, we won't begin that, *s'il vous plait*. The past is past—thanks be! Let Old Man Sacrifice sleep on! Perhaps I ought to dismiss you for your own good—just be friends—always friends, dearest. We don't seem to be getting on, this way, now do we?"

Blair was on the defensive. "Why begin that sort of thing? Of course we're getting on. I'm doing all that I

to suppose about it. What else could part us?"

"But there are other things Blair. Call me pessimist but I've an intuition that we won't belong to each other, after all. At least," she added guiltily, "not just now. Perhaps years later on when we're tired and rather battered we may find each other again—well, stranger things have happened. No. I'm quite all right—I don't need pepsin tablets. It's my brain speaking not my protesting liver! Suppose that I marry some one else or that you decide you don't love me just as you did Donna? Well, that happened, you must admit. Humor me that much, won't you?"

"Children love to believe in bugbears, don't they?" stroking her head. "All right I'll suppose you are married to some one else (rot his bones) now what's the rest of it?"

"Would you still be my friend?" as she pressed against him he could feel the calm, determined beat of her heart.

"What a question! Good Heavens, I don't know what I'd be or how I'd feel—I'd go running amuck, I suppose—can't you realize all that you mean to me, Stanley? But you do," he interrupted himself, "you do know—that's where you have the whiphand."

"Would you still be friends?" she insisted, drawing away, her lips forming into a thin line as if they guarded a secret.

"Oh yes, I'd probably be fool enough to always be friends. I can't imagine never wanting to see you—you've become so much a part of my life. I'm probably ridiculous in your eyes—" he walked over to her piano and played disconnected chords.

"How can you say that," she said softly, "when my ambition is to inspire you? Once there was a man who wanted a woman very much but she married some one else—not because she did not love the man but because it seemed best. After awhile, the man, who fancied that



"EVERYONE KNEW THAT YOU VAMPED FATHER"

to begin once again.

"Lee is such a dear," Stanley reiterated when Blair protested. "He was father's closest friend," having satisfactorily magnified the slight acquaintance to suit her present needs. "It is almost like having father again. I'm afraid I'm finding out that I don't belong in New York—I'm merely up-



yond me that I can never catch up—but I'll always try!"

"Let's suppose something was happening to separate us."

"Death would be the only thing and none of us ought

can. You are not languishing unappreciated. Sometimes I admit that I'm afraid you'll go so far beyond me that I can never catch up—but I'll always try!"

his life had ended as far as happiness was concerned, wrote a beautiful ode to her. In so doing he possessed her far more than if they had married and gone to living in a flat with a gas meter stove and had a muddy-wheeled pram parked in the hall. Yet he never admitted this to the woman who continued to grieve over what he accused her of having done... You would admit it, wouldn't you?"

"What are you driving at?" cried Blair springing up and coming towards her, his final, crashing chord seem-

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ing to quiver into sharp little noises as he walked. "I don't like you to hedge and suppose. It means that you've decided to do something and want me to agree? Darling please don't toy with me. Let's stop supposing and be married, try the flat with the gas meter stove and if the pram wheels are muddy, the joy in what the pram contains will be as shining as gold. Don't fight me off and then send for me to come back, half promising, half retracting."

After an hour of such dialogue Stanley had sent him away with only half a promise and a whole kiss.

That night Stanley became conveniently ill. She was brought home from the theater by Pilgrim and put to bed. The verdict was nerves—nerves which brought Tante and Van Zile to New York and which kept Blair Britton away. She must have a long and expensive rest was the verdict which reached Blair's ears. Tante had taken her to Dalefield without delay—her understudy at the theater subleasing the apartment. Blair was left to find solace in his room at Mary Dealey's. For three or four days he was absent from the office in a blue funk of discouragement and resentment. He planned to invade this smug little Dalefield and bring Stanley back with him whether or no—all of this torture because he lacked a little money. He would borrow, beg or steal but he must go to her. He found himself going to Donna with his troubles, oblivious of his lack of consideration.

"But she never loved you, dear," Donna told him shyly. "Stanley wants to find a way out; she has taken a common pretext—nerves. That means that she has found a better stepping-stone than you. Oh, Blair, I'd have given my right arm to have spared you."

Looking into her steady eyes Blair began to hate himself on entirely different grounds. He had hurt Donna in order that Stanley might make him a romantic clown.

**M**ARCH blew itself into April and April showered and shone herself into May. Stanley's notes became briefer, less satisfactory as to their contents. Blair's work on the paper increased because of an extra edition. His slight addition of salary made him feel that when Stanley sent for him to come and have a "serious talk," he could tell her that they need wait no longer. They could afford a modest flat and hansom hire, a bunch of violets for Sunday mornings. Stanley could even run away during the heat to stay at some modest resort.

But hastily and omitting many formal details, Stanley married Lee Van Zile on a Tuesday morning the first week in May. It was at high noon and in the cathedral and she wore white satin with an old lace veil. A few friends and fewer of her husband's relatives were in attendance at the quiet hotel breakfast. After which Mr. and Mrs. Van Zile left for a western tour in a private car.

While they were away a regiment of workmen were to

take charge of the red brick fortress to remodel and refurnish to the new mistress' satisfaction. Stanley had told him that the exterior of the mansion was quite all right, only the interior offended. Whereupon Van Zile

the truth known, while wearing a spotted flannel wrapper and having just lunched off cold pork sausage and heavily sugared cups of coffee. An hour later she would re-appear in some gossamer drapery, her face so faintly pink and



"BUT SHE NEVER LOVED YOU, DEAR"



felt his judgment to be impeccable since he had designed the exterior and the late Mrs. Van Zile had been given authority in the matter of furnishings. Personally Stanley had come to approve the hideous barracks—in time it would be considered a curiosity. Moreover she had a certain carelessness about external appearances which dated from the days of her Lenox Hotel existence. If her immediate appointments were harmonious that was all that was required.

Stanley was a paradox—to her own constant confusion. If she were elusive she also possessed a heavy mentality in certain ways. Whatever she decided upon must be done or said or become hers at once and no matter what ruthless course had to be pursued. She could not rest until she had succeeded; she would force matters beyond a reasonable point if she had any inkling of defeat. If she was like a china shepherdess in appearance she had something akin to a peasant's endurance. She could wear a soiled dress or negligee and have uncurled hair and shabby shoes while planning her most alluring moments. She had written her sweetest love notes, were

her eyes so bright that one wondered whether she ever condescended to eat or drink as did the rest

of the human race. If she were diplomatic and tactful she could turn hysterical bully at a moment's notice—but she always picked her victim with care. She never forgot to economize at the proper time any more than she never forgot to warn Van Zile that she would be a most expensive little wife. She could haggle over the price of a card of hooks-and-eyes or with a second-hand man but appear bored as to the amount required for an antique carpet. She could listen to the frankest facts about circumstances of life as well as shiver and turn pale if some one began telling a scandal or describing a personal disaster. If she was cruel, she was momentarily sentimental and kind-hearted. When she had schooled herself in her own brand of sophistry as to marrying Van Zile and deserting Blair, she found that she did not stop thinking about Blair; she even worried as to his future, his immediate personal needs—far more so than when she had allowed him to consider himself her fiancé. "There are so many mes," she said [Turn to page 99]

# Dancing On Adventurous Toes, Fionon Dares To Enter Where Others Fear To Tread

## FIONON TASTES of LIFE

BY VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS WEBB

SHE raised eager, slender fingers and twisted another piece of mistletoe in her bright hair, looking meditatively the while out over the orchard that lay below her; an orchard that boasted of more mistletoe laden oak trees than it did of any fruit bearing variety. One foot, shabbily shod in a rusty brown slipper, hugged the branch of the oak tree in which she was perched. The other dangled free into space—a good twenty feet of which lay between her and the ground.

She now twisted a bit sideways to contemplate this depth.

"I doubt not that by tipping slightly to one way, there'd be no more of me," remarked Fionon MacCheyne mournfully, "and, dear knows, it wouldn't make a mite of difference. Paris would go on being Paris and there'd be a moon and romance in Italy and every big and grand city in the United States would go on having its streets flooded with lights and its stages filled with music that would make a lame man dance!"

She blinked her deep gray eyes against the tears of self pity that filled them. "That's me," she continued cannily. "Sentimental over my own tragic state. Though, o ch, it's enough to draw tears from a stone. Whatever for did I get born a MacCheyne, and the oldest one of nine, at that—and then be given such a hunger for bonny things that never a meal yet has filled the empty space in me! Fionon! I'll never make a heroine with that name. Sounds more like Pro-a-noun! And that's me. Just a pronoun. To be a real noun, now, would be entrancing. Even an adjective would be better. At least, they're suggestive."

This last deep, heartfelt sigh was so physical that it nearly unseated her. Clinging, sliding, scrambling, she tumbled to the ground, a wild, disheveled little figure in a pair of dingy blue overalls many sizes too big for her. She picked up the great bunch of mistletoe that she had thrown down from the heart of the big oak



"SOMEDAY I'LL BE SAVING ENOUGH MONEY, AND THEN I'LL GO OUT YONDER"



tree, she set off up the hillside toward the tiny gray shanty which housed the MacCheyne brood.

It was a tiny shack. The wonder of it lay in that eleven people could be gathered under its roof. It had once been an apple house—and a very good one. But that

was before the MacCheyne ranch house had been burned

down, at the time when Bruce MacCheyne had first brought Myra and their then numerous family from the heather covered hills of Scotland to seek his fortune on the mountain slopes of southern Oregon. But Bruce MacCheyne brought also his debonair, carefree nature and a nicely cultivated distaste for work; and the ten acres that he had finally paid for, had been laid out in a haphazard arrangement of uncared for apple trees, nondescript kitchen gardens and here and there scattering enclosures for the dozen or so chickens and the score of sheep that provided the family with much of their living.

there, a whimsical little figure, all forlorn eyes and flaming hair.

Bruce MacCheyne leaned upon his axe, regarding her thoughtfully. "Tears, lassie?"

She puckered her brow into a fierce little scowl. "What for would I be gay, father, when I'm fair stifling here!" She beat with impatient hands upon her heart.

Bruce chuckled. "You wee, fierce randy! It's too much fiddling I've done for you, and the fiddle's gone to your toes. If you've intent to sell that mistletoe, lassie, you'd do better to take your stamping wee feet from it. Carry it up to the road, dearie. 'Tis November, and none too early to catch the eye of a passing motorist who might fancy a bit of it for Christmas. Though there's not many come along since the deer season. But look now, do you that?"

"I will so," responded Fionon drearily, and gathering it up in her arms again, she turned and plodded on up the hillside.

Reaching the fence that bordered the county road across which lay the MacCheyne shanty, Fionon encountered, perched along the top rail, five little MacCheynes, ranging in years from two to ten. A grunt of recognition came from the group and Tamsie, aged eight, moved over and threw Fionon an inviting grin. "Car's comin', Fionon. Hurry and come on up."

Trudging up the hillside, Fionon now came upon her father, giving desultory attention to a tree that he had felled in response to Myra's demand for kitchen wood. At sight of her he redoubled his efforts.

Short, stocky, with grizzled hair that grew back from a splendid forehead in a thick, bushy mass, Bruce MacCheyne had still the merry, magnetic spirit that had been his charm as a youth; and while the years had worn down Myra, his wife, until she had barely the spirit to do more than sharply reprimand the little MacCheynes when they needed it, Bruce was always ready to perform for the benefit of this juvenile audience who consequently found him much to their liking. He sang in a rich, mellow voice, tunes that turned Fionon, the oldest and the most elfin of the lot, into a flying, leaping flash of pale, pointed face, great gray, gleaming eyes and slender supple body—wrapped and framed in the veil of her ardent, glowing hair.

Fionon drew near her father and dropped down upon her heels, crouching

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Fionon hoisted the mistletoe to her left arm and dexterously swung herself up to the top rail. She watched the approaching car, the glitter and the shine of which made it noticeable as it followed the road that wound along the Rogue River; watched it moodily. For to Fionon's naive mind, anyone who motored at all was naturally possessed of much of this world's goods.

Peter Kent put on his brakes quickly and the red car stopped with a snort, barely avoiding running over the smallest little MacCheyne who sprawled in the dusty road directly beneath the bumper.

With one leap he was out of his seat and had picked up Donald MacCheyne, now grinning like a little gnome.

Peter turned astonished eyes at the remaining MacCheynes upon the top rail. "Well, of all the cool young ones," he ejaculated. "What were you going to do? Sit there and see the youngster run over?"

Four pairs of eyes turned toward Fionon. Past escapades had taught them the advisability of permitting her to be their spokesman on all such encounters. And Fionon met her duty, though somewhat indifferently, due to her especial dislike, at that moment, of fall motorists.

"You stopped." His amazement grew. "As it happens, I did. It's marvelous confidence you had in me!"

"It's grand confidence Donny had in your brakes," returned Fionon mildly.

Peter deposited Donny beside the road and was about to swing back into his car when something stopped him. He couldn't have defined it—nor put it into words. It might have been the hunger in those wide gray eyes, or some unspoken appeal that this weird little figure with her sulky young face and her flaming masses of hair, twisted through with mistletoe, sent out to him. He turned toward her curiously.

"Does Donny often depend upon brakes?"

The conversation wearied Fionon. "He does so," she responded. "He wanted you to stop. They all did. So he made you. He always does. Cars always stop."

Peter couldn't repress a chuckle. "Convenient for Donny that they do. So he wanted me to stop. Did you?"

"I did not," she returned emphatically, "save for the fact that you might buy some mistletoe."

"Not for any other?"

She looked at him sternly. "And what way would I otherwise be wanting to have you stop?"

"But don't you like to talk to strangers—people from the outside world?"

"Not such as travel these roads."

Peter's interest was piqued. "And why not these?"

"'Twould be impolite of me to tell you. And good manners are a bonny thing to have."

"But if I asked you for it?"

Fionon shook her head with finality.

Peter hesitated. What a quaint little witch this was! And what hair; gloriously, glowingly red. At first glance he'd thought her just a youngster; but his eyes, resting upon her sensed the sweet, half-blown youth of her. He turned his attention to her mistletoe. "Say, if I buy all that bunch of mistletoe, will you tell me?"

He saw the wavering of her gray eyes. How badly the solemn young creature in her dusty blue overalls wanted to sell her mistletoe! He wheedled her further. "Is ten dollars enough for that bunch of mistletoe?"

"You funny little girl," laughed Peter. "Wanting the whole world, I'll warrant. But you'd better stay right up here in your own green mountains. They've enough beauty to satisfy you."

"They are bonny," admitted Fionon, then fiercely, "Yet they're not life! And I want it all. Some day I'll be saving enough money, and then I'll go out yonder!"

Peter's heart leaped at the call of hers. With the quick response of youth, he wished suddenly to give her the things she longed for. Then, in a second flash, he saw the impossibility of it. He put a crisp greenback into her hand and patted it a bit self-consciously. "Better stay here. It's safer." Then, because he had been moved by the intensity of her feelings and because he now saw the rebellion flash into her eyes, he turned to her again. "Listen here, you queer little thing. Better lay off the world. But if you ever do try your wings, you'll likely land first in Chesterton. Keep this—" he handed her a card—"and if you ever get lost or lonely or in need of a friend, call on me. But, better still, stay away from it all."

He climbed back into his car and with a back flung smile, drove on. The five little MacCheynes did not wait to speed him on his way, but tumbled off the fence, rushing to bear the news to their father. But Fionon sat quietly on the top rail, watching the car as it followed the windings of the road. When the flash of it passed the last bend, she dropped her eyes to the card in her hand.

"Mr. Peter Ainswood Kent," she read. Then, in pencil, "2140 Tanasie Place."

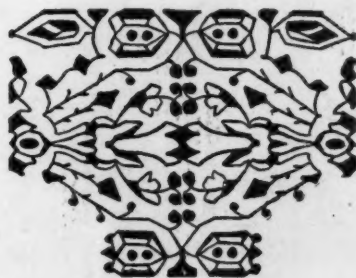
Suddenly she noted the rapid beating of her heart. She experienced a queer, heady sensation, new to her. For a moment confusion filled her gray eyes. Then a bright glow spread over her face. Her romantic little heart sang a paean of joy. Surely this was life! This was adventure! Was it—could it be love? Fionon was as utterly innocent of life as the trees that grew on the mountain sides above her; and as ignorant.

She now whispered over and over to herself his name. "Peter Kent—Peter Kent" She thought him very bonny and somehow magnificent and filled with a spirit of adventure. She did not doubt that love came like this; like a sweet wind that filled one with a new trembling. She remembered a line in a poem that she had found long ago in an old book of her father's. "Love's mouth set suddenly on mine!" One kissed when one loved. Suddenly she raised her arm and laid her mouth against it; kissed it, fiercely.

MISS Gloria Deene sat in her dressing room at the Mercury Theater, viewed Marcus Steiner with a wrathful eye. The room was spacious, [Turn to page 66]



"OH, FIONON, I'VE BEEN YEARNING FOR YOU—WANTING YOU—ALL THIS TIME"



After a moment of silence, she swallowed with difficulty. "What—what did you say?"

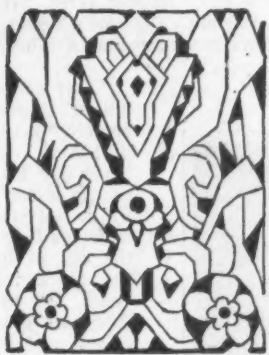
He repeated his offer. "Ten dollars. Isn't that enough?"

Fionon blinked rapidly. Then, with sublime composure, she held out the mistletoe to him. "Take it. And thank you. It's mair than kind of you."

Peter stepped up beside her.

"But there was one condition to the sale, you know. You were to tell me why you dislike the people who travel this way."

"Dear knows, you've asked for it," returned Fionon sternly. "But I doubt not you'll find it a bitter pill. But I cannot control the thought that it's a fine lot of cabbages without a soul for bonny things that you must be, that you travel yon road when the whole world lies out yonder. It shows a woeful lack in you, to my mind. Now, there's your mistletoe. It'll surely keep till Christmas. You might put it in the back of your car."



# LITTLE SKETCHES

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

*Out Of A Happy Past Come These  
Adventure By The Most Be-*

## THE DRAYMAN



MY train was so late there was no use to talk of luggage that night. There was nothing left to do but take a carriage to my suite with only traveling necessities. The next morning I was very happy as I looked from my window on a perfect day and sniffed the salt breeze from the ocean. That happiness was short-lived, for when I came to don the skirt of my dress, I found it disfigured with a brown fruit stain. Staring at it in dismay, I remembered that the previous evening as I came from the dressing-room I had seen a little child, eating a large, juice-dripping peach, leaving my section.

Horrors! I grew faint and ill. With a little happy song in my heart I had traveled all the miles intervening between my home and New York, on the invitation of a publishing house, to do the final proofreading and arrange the illustration of my first novel. I was due to meet the editor at ten o'clock. Here was my dress, ruined. I must find a drayman and get my trunk, at once. With nothing but that dreadful skirt to wear, how was

I to find one? Not to mention the fact that I was ravenous and had not breakfasted.

A New York woman who lived in the suite adjoining the one I had taken had been courteous to me the previous evening. Something had to be done, so I decided to ask her for help. I put on the skirt and standing before the mirror, gathered the stains under a fold. As it was in the days of sheath skirts, this was something of a performance. Then tapping on my neighbor's door, the situation was explained. After laughing herself almost ill, she set out with me to find a drayman.

Facing New York with my walking skirt so bunched, on a cloudless Summer morning, no doubt I looked every whit as foolish as I felt.

"Now you let me do the talking," said the City Woman, when we had sighted a sign. "You can't deal with New York working classes in the cotton-mouthed way you do with country people."

I assured her my only desire was to get sight of my trunk. I would gladly leave the *modus operandi* to her. So we entered the little office we had seen. A big Irishman rose at our entrance, and I had been familiar with his face for years. *Life*, *Punch* and *Puck* all have reproduced him. He stands six feet, his shoulders high and square, his arms muscular, his head wooden-hard, his jaws like traps and his eyes steel blue, cold as ice.

"We want you to get a trunk for us right away," said my newly-found friend imperatively.

"Oh, do yez!" he answered insolently. "Yes, we do," she said, "and there'll be a tip for you if you fly lively."

The Irishman's face curled.

"This ain't me day to toyke wing," he answered. "Ye won't git your trunk."

"I'd like to know why?" stormed she.

"Stroike!" exclaimed the Drayman taking on height.

"Strike!" she echoed. "Nonsense! I'll have that trunk!"

The Drayman folded his arms. His

lower jaw shot out, just as you see it in cartoons of him.

"Well, let's see you git it!" he snarled.

My heart broke. There I stood clutching my dreadful skirt; my trunk tied up on a teamsters' strike; my check book in it; and not enough money in my

purse to pay for a new dress had I been in shape to select one and have it fitted. If any house could be found who would send goods on approval to a stranger, all the time that would be consumed meant failure to keep an appointment to which I eagerly had looked forward since I was a child and had clamored at my mother's knee for her to "set down" things I thought were stories and poems, because I was too little to write. Must I, at this short range, fail in the fulfillment of my lifelong dream? And all on account of that dreadful Drayman? Or was it the Drayman?

Before I realized what I was doing, I had stepped in front of the City Woman and swept her aside with one arm. With the other I spread before the Drayman my ruined skirt and lifting my eyes to his, "Did you ever see a woman in such a fix as that?" I questioned.

Oh, ye artists who repeatedly have "done" him in his bulldog attitude of defiance, you should have been there to "do" him in its breaking up! But I doubt if art compasses that piece of work. A dull red surged up from his neck; his lower jaw fell as if it were too heavy to bear its own weight; one big, hairy hand sought his cheek and slowly scratched the red stubble there; and in his eyes there dawned a look of wondering sympathy.

"I came in on the Pennsylvania road from the West last night to keep an appointment with a publisher who has a book of mine in press," I said. "While I was in the dressing-room a little child plastered my section with a peach, and I did not see it and sat in it. The train was so late I could not get baggage delivered then, and you tell me I cannot now. It will make me ill to fail in meeting my Editor; I do not see how I can go shopping; and I have had no breakfast. Really, I am in awful trouble. If only you could help me!"

A brawny big hand shot out. "Gymme your check." "Oh, do you mean you can get my trunk?" I cried, almost hysterical with the reaction.

Then he smiled a soft, warm, merry Irish smile. "You'll get it inside an hour, Lady," he said gently.

"I then you were lying," snapped the City Woman. "There is no strike!"

"No stroike!" repeated the Drayman. "You try to git a trunk and find out!"

Then I forever blasted any social opportunities dependent on that woman by shaking hands with the Drayman. She told me afterward he would think me a fool for offering him my hand when he was ready for a tip. I refuse to believe it. I never thought of money, and I will stake all Rockefeller is worth the Drayman did not either. When faces soften in sympathy, men are not thinking of money.

On the street again, I turned to the City Woman.

"I thought you knew how to manage the New York working classes!"



◆◆◆◆ THERE I STOOD CLUTCHING MY DREADFUL SKIRT;  
MY TRUNK TIED UP ON A TEAMSTERS' STRIKE ◆◆◆◆



◆ THEY RESEMBLED  
TWO FORLORN,

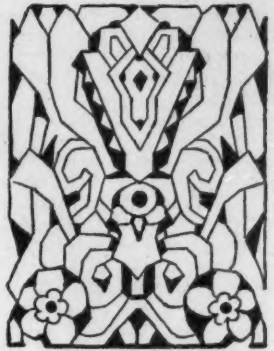
LITTLE  
THEIR



# OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

## Gay Little Stories Of Personal loved Author In American Fiction



MY rooms were on the shady side of the street and two big windows almost always furnished a strong breeze from the ocean and always a glimpse of the welcome green of Central Park, where wood robins sang in the heart of the big scorching city of three millions. I kept my writing desk before those windows and when thoughts would not flow readily I rested by gazing over at the Park or down at the opposite side of the street. It was a very narrow street, very hot, and directly across from me was a Young Men's Christian Association building, adjoining it the Church of the Disciples of Christ.

There always was traffic in the street, always people on the walk. Soon I learned to know many of them. There was a smug clergyman who visited the church building, and a smuggler citizen who trained for superfluous fat on the Association grounds. A trim little French milliner, at every step solicitous as to the angle at which her hat perched, fairly hummed as she passed the Association with its array of masculinity. There was an encrusted, bred in the bone gamin, one leg off nearest the hip bone imaginable, who yet could scale the walls of the Association to the third story with his fingers and one foot, and slide back to the sidewalk as if going down a toboggan at the merest hint of the whistle that meant "Police!"

And there were two little maids who at ten o'clock every morning carried from some nearby restaurant a heavy, big basket, filled with soiled table linen, and every afternoon at almost exactly the half-past-three stroke, carried it back again, freshly laundered. Two little maids with faces steamed to a dead, greenish white; colorless light hair; dull blue eyes, with water puffs beneath; pale bloodless lips; and lank, bony figures. They resembled two forlorn, little old women, in the faded calico dresses and rusty old black sailor hats, one of which was devoid of all trimming, the other sporting one little, weather-beaten red bow on the brim. Sometimes when they came back with the empty basket they listlessly swung it between them, or the least one pulled or pushed it in an attempt to be playful. Always, if they had time, they rested a while on the steps of the Association or Church, and I sat at my window above and wondered.

Today, the younger one on the return trip displayed more life than ever before, and the elder smiled at her and sometimes pulled the basket her way with a tired, perfunctory little motion. Directly opposite my window one of them saw a clock on my side of the street.

"Oh!" she cried. "We have a half hour! We can play something! What shall we play?"

I leaned forward, intensely interested. Sheer and blank rose the buildings behind them. Bare and steaming in the August sun from a downpour of an hour previous, stretched

the sidewalk and street beneath them. Two little maids of New York with a half hour to play; what would they play?

Memory went flashing back over the years to two little maids of the country who had been sent on an errand and went so straightly, they had a half hour to play on their return. The stifling street of New York vanished and in its place opened up thick, pungent woods where at a foot-path there entered those two little maids of the country. Little maids with milk-white skin; full red lips; rose flushed cheeks; dancing, merry eyes; each with two long, lustrous big braids of silken hair reaching her knees and a plump, dimpled body that never had known an ache or pain. Two little maids of the country with a half hour to play; and what did they play?

They played the trees were women and called on them in their best imitation of their mother's company. One was the visitor, the other talked for the tree. Bowing gravely One said, "Good morning, Mrs. Beech! How are you feeling this morning?"

"Very badly," answered Mrs. Beech, "I am quite wind-broken."

"Try Beecham's Pills!" suggested the Other.

Then they giggled all the way to the next tree.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sycamore! So glad to find you at home."

"Oh, I'm always at home. Really, I seem rooted to the spot!"

"Then you are not like Mrs. Elm? I noticed she has fallen down."

"What could you expect of a slippery elm? I'm not at all surprised!"

"I see Mrs. Oak has unusually fine large acorns this year."

"Yes. She is forever pouring sap into them."

"Why doesn't she raise them on milk-weed?"

Then these little maids leaned against each other to laugh.

One.

"Quick! Behind this log!" panted the Other.

So giggling and gasping they snuggled down and peered over the log. They pretended to see a big Indian coming through the woods with a scalping knife. They covered with dead leaves and when the Indian was looking the other way they slipped to a clump of alders with berries that needed eating and then on to a big stump and so got farther and farther away, one minute crying, "We will be tomahawked!" and the next screaming with laughter. Then One of them remembered that to escape Indians you must break the scent with water. So they gathered up their

[Turn to page 76]

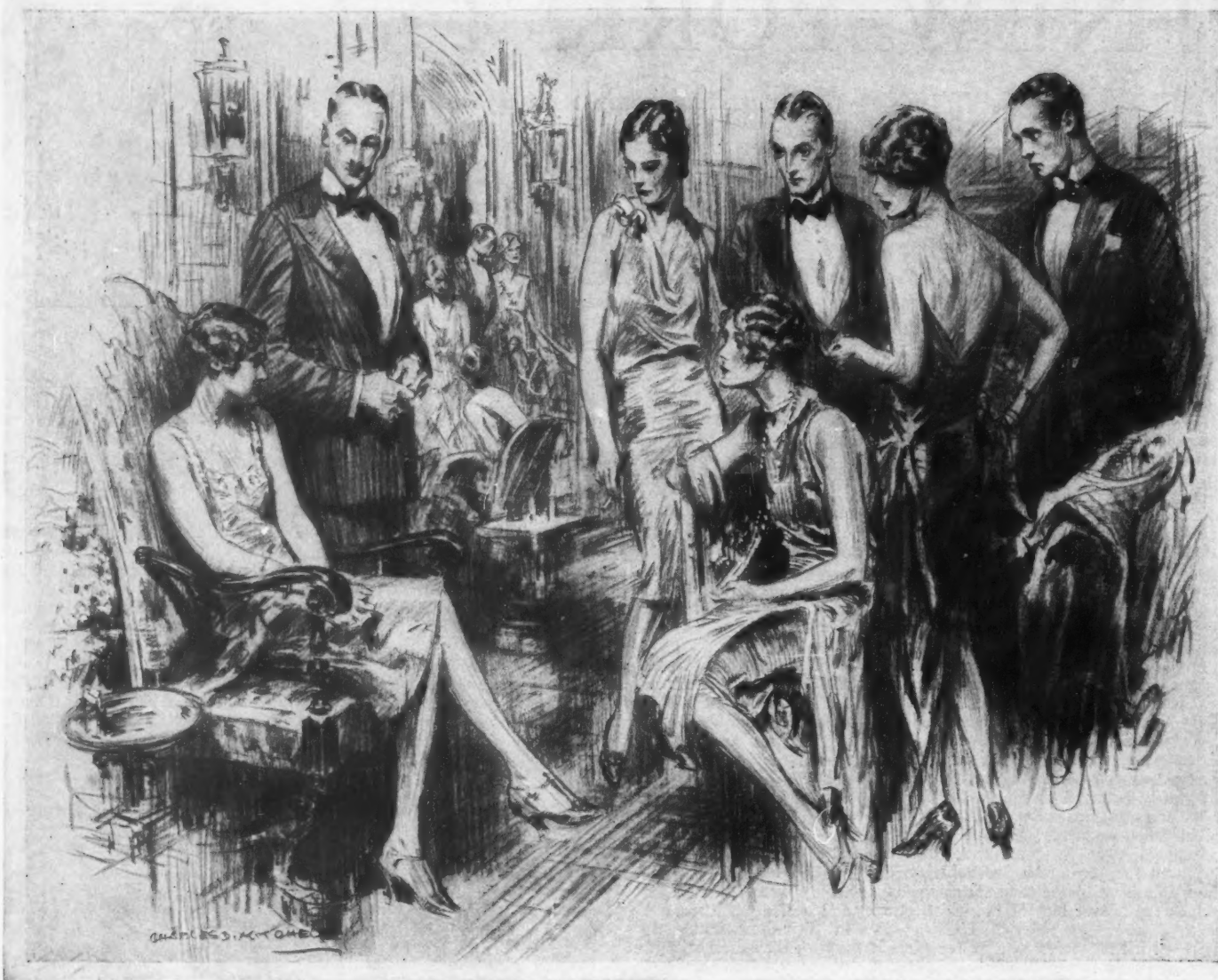
A big limb came crashing down and truly scared them until they saw what it was. Then, "Indians!" cried One. "We will be scalped!" squealed the Other. "We must hide!" gasped



LITTLE MAIDS WITH MILK-WHITE SKIN; FULL RED LIPS; ROSE-FLUSHED CHEEKS; DANCING, MERRY EYES



LITTLE OLD WOMEN IN THEIR FADED DRESSES



A DANCE WAS GIVEN FOR HER AT THE COLONY CLUB. AFTER THAT SHE WAS ASKED ABOUT GENERALLY

# BEATING WINGS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

AN orphan at seventeen, Ellie Lessing rose from the Bronx to considerable fame as a sculptress. John Westall, wealthy and prominent, befriends her and then leaves on an assignment taking him to Persia. Francis Tolland inspires her for a time, but now Ellie again is free to live her life as she wills.

ONE morning in August, Rose, returning from the Post Office at Cross River, brought to her mistress two letters.

Ellie saved the one as a child saves the biggest bonbon for the last, and opened the other letter.

When she had read it she said rather blankly to Rose: "They're going to tear down our place in town. This is a month's notice to move out . . . I think you'd better go down this morning and have the pictures and rugs sent here."

Then seizing her letter from John Westall, she hurried out to the shadow and seclusion of the tulip trees and flung herself full length upon the grass:

"—There is always in your letters the same indescribable charm that I remember about you yourself. From your letters and what you tell me of your life I can only surmise what changes there are in you since I have seen you.

"Certainly, also, the photographs you sent me reveal



a rather bewildering beauty developed out of what promised in the fresh and engaging features of a very young girl. You're very stunning, Ellie.

"It is admirable to have done what you have done. I won't say incredible. Because there are people of your species in the world. A few. Not to be measured by prevailing standards.

"The photographs of your extraordinary bronzes stand on my writing table. I am still trying to comprehend that you are their creator and executrix . . . It seems only yesterday when you came back from your first enchanted visit to the Metropolitan Museum.

"This is a strange, mediaeval country. We white folk never will understand them. Never, never will they like us. Looking at them in the streets and the bazaars, sometimes I find myself wondering how soon they'll break loose on us and obliterate us. Of course fear is their only deterrent.

"My dear, I'm tired. I'd like to see you. I'd like to go home.

"I've sent for a man to come out here from Paris. If

he is what I expect, then, perhaps, I may be able to get away by the first of the year. It would be jolly to see you, Ellie.

"By the way, what's become of your former idol, Francis Tolland? I rather imagined you might become seriously sentimental over him. But you never mention him

any more.

"Well, dear, you're so grown up, so superior, now, that I suppose you'll not want me for your 'fella' any more. Probably it will be three years before we meet again. And three years in a young life are three centuries of development. Probably I'll scarcely recognize you when I see you.

"And I suppose you'll no longer care to dine at Manhattan with me or dance at Villy's some Saturday evening. Or guide me through the labyrinths of the Bronx parks.

"Or, in short, 'see more or less of me.'

"Alas!—

"John Westall."

She jumped up, ran to the house and wrote:

"It was different with Francis Tolland. I am still your girl. I'll write you this evening.

"Ellie."

She stamped and sealed the note, walked hatless to Cross River and mailed it, returned cross-lots through the sunshine, singing across the fields.



During the first week in August young Mr. Shoreham called Ellie on the telephone, saying that he was at Trinity Manor, his country home, for two weeks, and might he pay his respects to Miss Lessing that afternoon and bring some people to see her.

Ellie came back from the telephone, and, looking up at Rose on the model-stand:

"They'll come about five," she said. "We'll give them some tea."

They knocked off work at half past three; mopped up the studio. Then Ellie bathed and got into a pretty gown, ready to help Rose. But the girl had the tea tray ready.

Young Mr. Shoreham and his people arrived about five o'clock. Mr. Shoreham shook hands formally but firmly, and, formally but pleasantly, made his presentations.

There was an elderly woman, a Mrs. Weymiss, whose inspection tinged the girl's cheeks with pink. There was a very young woman, a Miss Stanley, whose manners were impulsively cordial. There was an elderly man, Captain Atwell, who shook her hand with the smiling decision of a gentleman who knows a pretty girl when he sees one, and who had no doubts about this one's qualifications.

Rose served tea on the porch. Conversation began easily, amiably. Mrs. Weymiss thought it so interesting for a girl to choose so solitary a cottage for her work. Miss Stanley thought it "wonderful," and "plucky."

"Shouldn't you have a police dog?" inquired Captain Atwell.

Ellie had not thought of it.

"There are tramps, you know," said Mrs. Weymiss. "Haven't you any protection?"

Ellie mentioned her neighbor, Mr. Strawn; dismissed potential peril with a smile.

"I've a dog of sorts," suggested Captain Atwell.

Then, finally Mr. Shoreham, with slightest hesitation, admitted that he had had a man to watch the place ever since Miss Lessing had occupied it.

Ellie flushed surprise; her regret for causing inconvenience concentrated upon her the intent inspection of Mrs. Weymiss.

Mr. Shoreham assured the girl that he always employed a watchman to keep an eye on the cottage whether occupied or empty.

It might have been true. Mrs. Weymiss was uncertain. She was, however, becoming rather certain concerning Ellie Lessing.

"George," she said to Mr. Shoreham, "I think you are perfectly right to employ a watchman." And, to Ellie: "You should be a little cautious in Westchester, my dear."

Jane Stanley said impulsively: "Wouldn't it be safer for you to stay at the club and come here every day? I could put you up."

Ellie laughed, thanked her and said it was not at all necessary. Captain Atwell thought it was necessary. They all discussed it; were still discussing it when they went into the studio.

Jane Stanley instantly became exclamatory over the bronzes. Art was unsafe ground for Captain Atwell. He maintained a demeanor indicating serious approbation.

But Mrs. Weymiss, who was no fool, and who had knowledge and taste, stood looking very intently at the *Africa* for a long time. So did George Shoreham.

After a while she turned to him, careless as to who heard her:

"This is rather remarkable work," she said.

"That is my opinion."

She said to Ellie: "Yours is an unusual talent. This is a most interesting beginning. It promises extraordinary beauty."

Ellie flushed brightly under the praise: "It is kind of you to say so . . . I am so troubled about it."

"Why?"

"Because there is so much to learn; so fearfully much I don't know. I have never before attempted a life-size figure."

Mrs. Weymiss smiled: "I have the pleasure of owning your charming *Motherhood*," she said. "Mr. Shoreham has promised me the first of the *Love in Dread of Hell*. You see, my dear, mine are no empty compliments."

She smiled at Ellie, slipped one arm around her: "Come, show me all your studies," she said, turning away toward the various works in progress.

Mr. Shoreham and his party took their leave, presently.

Mrs. Weymiss took Ellie's hands in hers—not unaware of their loveliness—and, holding: "When you are at leisure will you come to me at Ridge Hill for a week?"

"I'd love to . . . Is it in Three Lakes?"

"Near there . . . I know enough not to interfere with your work. But George Shoreham tells me he means to make an addition to your cottage. Come then if it is convenient. You need merely to telephone me."

As they went away across the grass toward the waiting limousine, Mrs. Weymiss took George Shoreham's arm. "Your protégé," she said in a low voice, "is perfectly beautiful."

He reddened, slightly, but said nothing.

"Are you pleased that I asked her to Ridge Hill?"

"You are always more than kind—"

"My dear, I like her."

"Thank you," said young Mr. Shoreham—not quite aware of what he said.

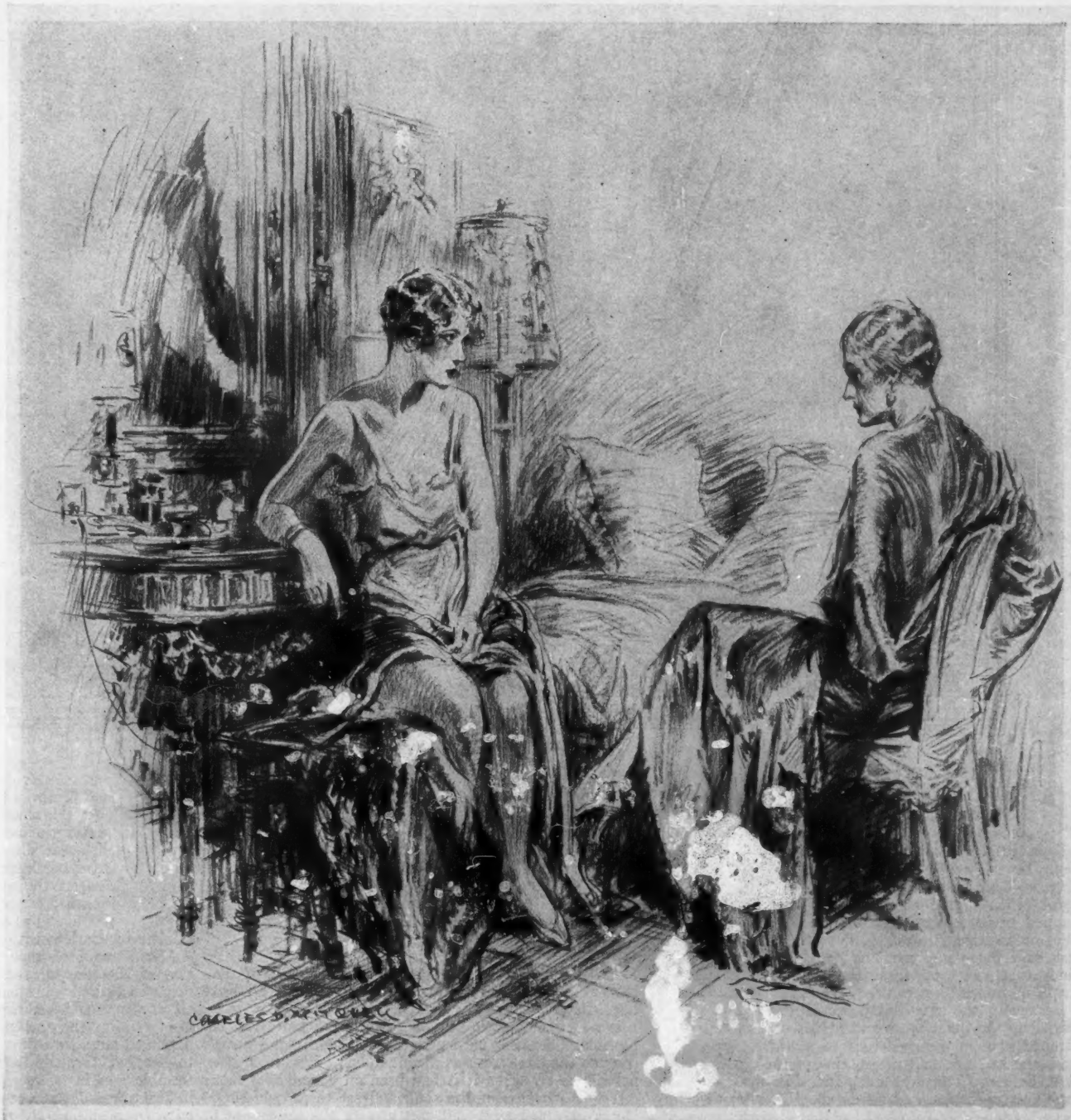
After a while Mrs. Weymiss laughed. But young Mr. Shoreham did not notice it.

Now there began for Ellie Lessing, and for the first time in her life, a natural and wholesome career, balanced rations of work and pleasure. About the middle of August she went to Mrs. Weymiss at her ancient seat, Ridge Hill.

It was a heavenly two weeks for a girl who never before had known such people, such pleasures, such surroundings.

Almost all the women she met, young and old, were amiable to her. All the men were. Much was due to her own simplicity and charm. However, it was not wise for anybody to be sniffy about anybody Mrs. Weymiss befriended.

[Turn to page 105]



\*\*\*\*\* "YOU'VE GOT THE HONESTY OF A LITTLE BOY AND THE HEART OF A LITTLE GIRL. AND THE CLEVEREST MIND THAT EVER I HAVE KNOWN" \*\*\*\*\*

*"He Who Hesitates Is Lost"..... So Believed This Woman Who Tired Of Just Waiting For Romance*

# The CANDLES of the LORD

✻ BY VINGIE E. ROE ✻

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON



TIRED AS HE WAS, AND SAD, THE SHERIFF SMILED

THE lady was at heart a lover, a reckless, no-cost-counting blade of adventure. She had been born out of her time and place, and sometimes she thought out of her sex as well. Inwardly she had crossed the Plains with the Gold Rush, had lain under a wagon wheel with a rifle at her cheek, had sat humped beside a camp-fire in two thousand miles of wilderness, watching the stars come out on the vast dark dome and smelling delightedly of the little winds that came up from the south laden with the breath of prairie flowers.

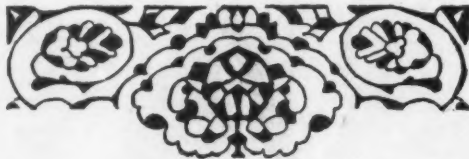
Outwardly she was thirty-five, a lean dark woman dressed in the quiet tones and modes of a modern day, clamped tight in the rigid toils of business. For fifteen years she had followed the routine of the offices of the C. P. Betham Company, Steel, Inc. She was one of its smoothest cogs. She had advanced. Her salary had increased from year to year, had been wisely invested. In another five years she would be safe for life, in a modest way, even have enough to travel a bit if she managed carefully, to gratify the desire of a lifetime.

And then, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, the hidden strain in her rose up like a wave and capsized her life. It was early Summer and she was on the Elevated, going down to the offices, all as orderly as possible, when the old smell of that south wind came through the city's reek as plain as plain. It assailed her nostrils as really as if it had been an actual odor, not merely a perfume of the soul, and set them quivering. Her lips, which were still pretty, with the fullness and curve of the prodigal in affection, fell apart and her brown eyes, fixed on the hazy outline of a maze of buildings, took on suddenly the beauty of distance

and dreams. The glory of joy rose in her. At the offices of Betham Steel she did not go to her accustomed place in the filing-rooms, but went directly to the superintendent.

In a matter of twenty minutes she had severed the connections of nearly half her lifetime, leaving her employers gasping and bewildered as it were at her wholly inadequate reasons for the change.

Miss Hannaford knew she could not tarry anywhere, that if she grasped the miracle she must do it with despatch and a steady hand. She had three real friends, all women, whom she must see, and did very promptly, firmly stilling their astounded protests. She went to her bank and attended to her finances, taking enough money to see her through to the West coast with a comfortable margin over, and some travelers' checks. And in just three days from that Summer morning she was on a transcontinental limited, and she was another woman entirely. Even her dress had subtly changed. Her little hat was new and different from any other she had ever bought in her life. It had a flare and the weight of





a bright ornament pulled it down over her left eye in a rakish manner. Her skirt and light coat were both a trifle shorter than anything she owned. Her strapped pumps had French heels instead of military, and the soul inside her was shouting.

She sat on the observation platform and watched the cities, farms and towns go by. She welcomed the lights at dusk. She lay in her berth and looked from the window for hours in the moving night, and when she slept she smiled, rocking gently with the motion of the train.

After an enchanted stretch of time, she was in New Mexico. The lone land, grim and bare, cut with its shallow washes, pulled at her like a million hands. She began to know that she would not reach the West coast, with its populous sophistication, even though she had paid her fare and the loss of so much money would, a week ago, have been an unthinkable waste. She began to watch each station coming up along the line, craning her head from the window to do so. Romance began to grip her by the throat and she longed to know what lay north behind the bare red hills. This warm land, lone and waiting, ate into her with a thrill that clutched her tremulously. Somewhere along the Arizona line she gathered her suitcase, her pretty hat, her purse, her coat, and laid them ready on the seat beside her. She had never known anything in this world one-tenth so utterly delightful as the knowledge that maybe in an hour, in twenty minutes, she would be in and of this strange country, cast adrift upon chance!

So she waited happily, her eyes shining with a light that made them beautiful, and the rich old lady watched her with envy.

"Youth," she said aloud, "oh, my dear, what a wonder it is! You are radiant."

"I?" said Phoebe Hannaford incredulously. "Why, I am not young!"

"Eternally so," replied the other, "with the youth of the soul which transcends all age."

She was about to answer when the sudden gripping of the brakes sent her sprawling forward almost into the speaker's lap. All down the coach passengers were lifting startling faces as the heavy train ground protestingly to a stop.

Several men essayed to go out to see what had happened, but she saw them return briskly. She heard a negro porter cry out sharply, saw him run down the aisle in comical terror.

"What's the trouble?" asked the old lady of a man behind, who was drawing his head in from the window.

"There's a man with a gun standing at the steps," he said oddly, "and two more at the express car."

"Great heavens! A hold-up!"

"Looks that way."

Now Phoebe Hannaford knew instantly that she should be scared to her slipper-soles, and a great wave of cocksure joy flowed over her when she found she was not.

Scared?

She was pricking with a curious sensation of *gain*, as if she had suddenly found something she had been looking for all her life.

And then a man was standing in the aisle ahead, a straight, tall man with narrow hips about which a ridiculously Wild-West cartridge-belt hung diagonally, and there were two real guns in his hands pointing steadily at her and all the rest. She saw her fellow passengers rise one by one and lift their hands above their heads as a second stranger came down the aisle. Both this man and the other wore wide-brimmed hats pulled well down, while over the lower parts of their faces were tied red bandana handkerchiefs. It was all exactly like a musical-comedy farce she had seen on Broadway—so like that, to save her life, she could not help the laugh that broke suddenly from her, cutting high and clear in the deadly silence of the car.

At the startling sound the man with the guns looked quickly at her with the most penetrating blue eyes she had ever seen. There was a flame in those eyes, an arrogant, wild flame that any man on earth would have recognized with deference.

"Funny?" their owner asked in a thin voice.

"I've seen it done on Broadway," she answered promptly "to the accompaniment of jazz."

The other man, who was systematically and swiftly taking from the grotesquely-stretched passengers their valuables, had reached her by this.

"Put up your hands," he said.

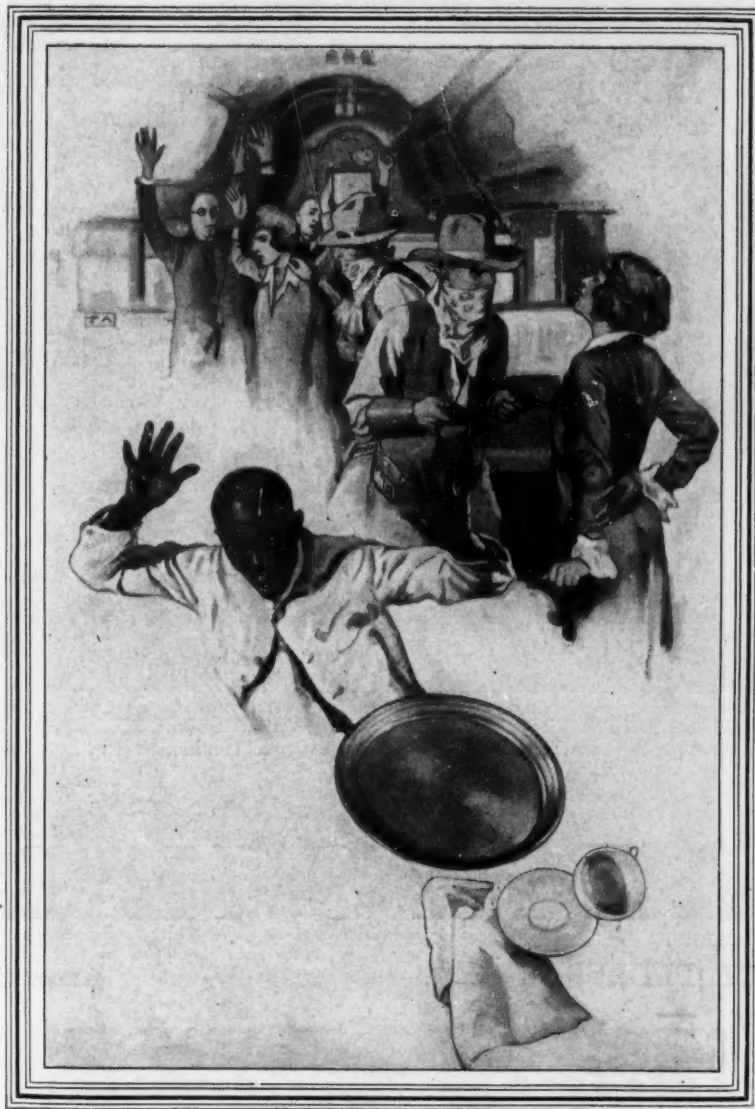
All the wild devils of adventure were dancing in her. She could not remember having put her hands on her hips ever before in her life. She did so now, exaggerating the cheap and vulgar movement.

"Make me," she said. "Just make me."

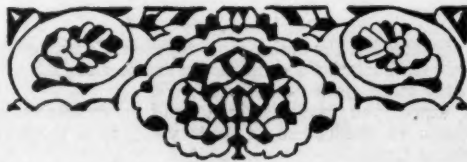
The man caught her left hand in a wrenching grasp and flung it up. Instantly her right swept out and landed across his face with a sound that could be heard three seats away.

She had slapped the bandit!

He gritted out an oath and reached for her in earnest, but the man with the guns said sharply, "Let her alone. Go on about your business. Step back, madam, and sit down."



"PUT UP YOUR HANDS." . . . "MAKE ME," SHE SAID



As if the tide had passed, she did so, folding her hands decorously in her lap. But she did not take her eyes from the face above the guns. It was a lean face, that she could see beneath the kerchief, shapely and well formed, lighted by those blue eyes that shone with tense excitement. The whole episode took but a matter of moments. Then the strangers had backed out of the car, silence grew thick as fog, the train creaked and jolted, rolled ahead, and Phoebe Hannaford stuck her eager head out of the window to see all there was to see.

She saw the tall man standing a bit apart, his

guns still levelled, and four others by a heap of loot upon the ground. A curtained car stood on the desert a little way beyond, headed south toward the Mexican line.

As she looked, wide-eyed, the tall man flipped up one of the guns and touched his hat-brim in a whimsical and grim salute.

"You're the only man on board, madam!" he called as the train drew by, and with an impulse as new as it was alien she kissed her fingers and waved them toward him.

An hour later another station came up out of the endless levels, and she gathered her things with a resolute hand.

The train left her on a wind-and-sand-swept platform before a tiny stucco station. It was a pretty thing, with arcades, and along its front five dirty Indian women sat with baskets and beads for sale.

Beyond there were half-a-dozen stores, one street a block long, some scattered houses and the imposing front of the Palace Hotel, stucco frankly added to the rest of boards.

"Queen Ann front and Mary Ann behind," she said to herself gaily. "I've heard of such."

Then a slim young Mexican was addressing her diffidently, asking if she would ride uptown in his 'bus, if this was all her luggage?

So twilight found her sitting on the roofless upper porch of the Palace, in a little rocking-chair, and looking upon a pageant which was beyond description, namely, the desert at day's end.

Far to the south dim hills were faintly visible, and she knew that there lay Mexico.

The romance and the beauty sank into her, filling her with aching joy. She rocked serenely, and she had forgotten her former life, the West coast for which she had been headed.

She did not know what she intended to do. She did not care at all. She merely knew that life had called her with an imperious voice and that she was answering, on tiptoe and sublimely glad.

She rocked on the open porch in the warm dusk until the last of the great light went and stars came out on a velvet sky so low that they looked like lanterns. She slept in a hard bed under cheap sheets and was glad before dawn for the warmth of blankets. She rose early and ate her breakfast in the big bare dining-room along with cattle-men and clerks and two lady school-teachers.

She liked her own meager room that opened on that upper porch, she liked the feel of dry desert heat, the lazy life of the tiny town that she could see beginning for the day, and she struck a bargain with the landlord for a month's lodging.

So—she was at home, and waiting for she knew not what of wild adventure, of romance which must come riding, even though it was so late in life. She heard a deal of talk in the dining-room about the hold-up and answered the thousand questions put to her with frankness and pleasure. She was the center of interest, since she was the only passenger to alight from the train, and the topic made for acquaintance rapidly.

By the second evening the two school-teachers were rocking with her on the upper porch. The men she saw were a shy brotherhood, it seemed, booted and spurred cowboys from the mesquite.

A week went by, and she had learned to rest, an unknown art in her fifteen years apprenticeship to steel. She read and slept in the warm noons, and walked abroad sometimes in the amethystine dusk.

And so it was that she met the man with the guns—met him face to face in the fringe of the desert where the pale road went from the town!

He rode a huge black horse and there was no mask upon his face this time, but she knew him upon the instant—would have known him at the ends of the earth—from the broad shoulders and low-bent hat-brim to the narrow hips and the high-heeled boots. With the first full look upon him, riding toward her for all the world like that spirit of romance of which she had so cocksurely dreamed, a terrible surge went through her from head to foot. It was as if all the joy and all [Turn to page 108]



"Oh, Blair, and you don't hate me after all?" . . . "Hate you?" He laughed triumphantly . . . "It looks like it, doesn't it?"

# YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

BY MARGARET PEDLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

THE scene is laid in England. Elizabeth Frayne is spending the winter with her friends—the Wentworths. While out alone exploring the countryside she falls and sprains her ankle. This accident brings to her rescue a young man whom, to her great astonishment, she recognizes as the same who a month or two previously had saved her life when she was boating on Lake Como. Friendship between these two ripens into love and a secret engagement—secret until Elizabeth's father and her step-mother come home from their travels abroad. At their first meeting Mr. Frayne takes a great liking to Blair Maitland—Elizabeth's fiancé—but trouble looms ahead when Blair and Mrs. Frayne, upon being introduced, recognize each other. They have met before. Years ago Blair Maitland, then Noel Forrest, took upon himself the blame of a woman's guilt. The girl had stolen pearls from her employer—Noel went to prison for the theft and kept the secret. The girl was Violet—now Violet Frayne.

NOW, don't stay too long exchanging improper stories," commanded Violet gaily, as she rose from the table. "Remember two bored women will be waiting for you to come and amuse them."

Dinner was over at the Abbey, and now, as his wife



and daughter left the dining-room together, Candy settled back in his chair for a comfortable smoke and talk with the only guest, Jack Sutherland.

"I expect you came across a good many interesting sidelights in the course of your work as a medico," suggested Candy.

"Quite a lot. I met several mother's darlings and a good few idle young rotters. I learned, too, sometimes of their own initiative, sometimes without their knowledge, the secret history of a good many men who passed through my care." Sutherland paused, then went on with quiet deliberation: "I remember one case that interested me particularly."

"What was that, then?" he asked.

"It was the case of a man called Private Smithers. He was the last person in the world you'd have suspected of such a commonplace name as 'Smithers'—or of remaining a Tommy. And I know he'd been offered a commission more than once, and refused it. He had breed in every line of him, spoke like a public school

man, and his record should have earned him the V. C. twice over, if everyone were to come by his own in this world. He appeared to have no sense of danger—or, if he had, then he simply didn't care whether he stopped a bullet or not."

"Well, and what lay behind it all?" asked Candy. "I suppose the young fool had lost his money at racing or fallen in love with his best friend's wife?"

The other shook his head. "Neither. Prison," said Sutherland quietly. "He'd been in jail."

"What for—forgery? That's the usual thing in his class."

"No. Common or garden theft. It all came out when he was delirious. He was frightfully badly wounded—in fact, I never thought we should pull him through—and he was off his head for days."

"Did he give the whole show away, then?" asked Frayne curiously.

"Pretty well. Obviously he'd pinched something while staying at a friend's house—money, I suppose. Pinched it because he was in debt all round. And the friend must have brought a charge against him and got him jailed."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Candy. "What a rotten affair! Sounds rather a background trick—pinching from

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a friend who has received you in his home as his guest."

"Nevertheless," said Sutherland steadily, "he made good afterwards, during the war. And possibly he may have taken the money hoping to return it later on. I don't know the details. One's inclined to let him have the benefit of the doubt for the sake of the splendid things he did in the war."

"Yes, you're right, Jack," Frayne spoke with a quiet, kindly tolerance. "A chap like that should be given a fresh deal, I think. Of course, Smithers was an assumed name. One might run up against him without even knowing it."

"Yes, you might," said Sutherland. "In fact, you *have* done. The man's name is Maitland—Blair Maitland."

Candy sprang to his feet. "Heavens!" he exclaimed. "And I was going to let him marry Elizabeth! The scoundrel! The unmitigated blackguard! It must be

then I shall proceed to investigate the whole matter."

And when the two men rejoined the ladies, no one could have guessed from their demeanor that they were both burdened with a heavy sense of misgiving and anxiety.

WHAT have you to say to all this?" Briefly Candy had epitomized the story he had heard from Sutherland. "I'm right in thinking that you've been in prison?"

"Quite right. Charged with stealing a string of pearls."

"And you, a convicted thief—convicted of the dirtiest type of thieving, too!—have had the audacity, the—the consummate impudence to ask my daughter to be your wife!" Candy almost stammered in his white-hot fury.

Blair's mouth twitched a little, as though at a sudden stab of pain.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "I had." Adding suddenly:

"I will explain," answered Frayne gravely. Now that his purpose was accomplished and Elizabeth saved from a marriage which could only have ended in terrible disaster, he acknowledged to himself that, thief or not, Blair Maitland was at least a brave man.

I DON'T believe it!" Passionately the denial sprang from Elizabeth's lips. "I don't believe a word of it!" she reiterated.

"Ask him yourself, then!" Frayne's eyes flashed.

"I will. I'll go to Lone Edge, now at once, and ask him."

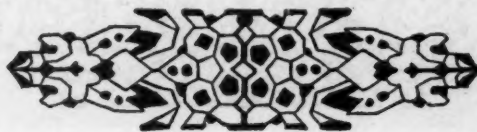
Candy's eyes narrowed.

"And if he acknowledges it? Are you prepared to obey me then, and give him up?" he asked.

Elizabeth wavered a moment. There was a dread sense of conviction in her father's swiftly uttered question. Then her belief in Maitland reasserted itself triumphantly.



"I CAN'T GO . . . . . JUST BECAUSE I LOVE YOU"



stopped, of course—at once—the engagement—"He made as though to leave the room in search of Maitland then and there. Sutherland caught him by the arm.

"Stop, stop, Candy! Steady on. You must think it over—"

"Think it over!" exclaimed Frayne.

"There's nothing to think over, Jack. My daughter doesn't marry a common thief.

I'm going into the library to write Maitland at once."

"To smash up his life?" asked the doctor quietly.

"And Elizabeth's? Don't forget that, Candy. You smash Elizabeth's life as well."

"She'll get over it. She's a Frayne, with all the Frayne pride. When she knows the truth, you won't find Elizabeth wanting to marry a man who's got about as much sense of honor as a pariah dog."

"When she knows the truth. That's just it," persisted Sutherland patiently. "We don't *know* the truth yet. We only surmise it. See the man and find out what the actual truth is—all the circumstances of the case . . . . You may be as angry as you like, Candy, but you've got to play the game and give Maitland a fair hearing."

While the doctor had been speaking, Frayne's expression had slowly altered. The passionate fury had died out of it, and a grim, judicial decision taken its place.

"Very good," he said. "I'll play the game. I'll see Maitland tomorrow morning, you may be very sure, and

"I was very young when all that past history took place, and I suppose I'd begun to think a man could build afresh . . . . I was wrong, it seems."

"Well, understand this," said Frayne, "your engagement to my daughter ceases here and now, and henceforth Frayne Abbey is closed to you."

There fell a silence. Presently he turned to Candy and asked a question. "There's only one thing I'd like to know," he said slowly. "How did you come by all this information? You seem to have got my dossier fairly complete."

Frayne hesitated a moment. Then he answered:

"That's a fair question. Sutherland told me. You supplied it yourself," said Candy. "At least, enough for us to guess the rest. You were—delirious, you know, when you were in the hospital." Blair uttered a sharp ejaculation. He comprehended, now, exactly what had happened.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I was wrong—I see it now. You will—explain to Elizabeth?"

"When I've had his answer," she said defiantly, "perhaps you'll be prepared to apologize to him—and to me—for making such an abominable accusation against him."

"Certainly I will," returned Frayne grimly. And for the first time in their lives he and Elizabeth parted in anger.

TWENTY minutes later Elizabeth was rapping on the studio door.

"Blair—Blair—" She almost ran towards him. No thought nor word of greeting entered her mind. "Blair, say it isn't true! Deny it at once. Blair!" Her voice sharpened a little. "Did you hear me? Did you understand?" Something of terror—the terror which her dogged belief in the man she loved had been keeping at bay all this time—sounded in the quickening shrillness of her tone.

At last he answered her. "Yes, I understand," he said quietly. "I am not able to deny what your father told you."

Her face changed—whitened. For the first time the idea that there might be some grain of truth in the statement Frayne had made took definite form in her mind.

"You mean—you mean—" she faltered. "You don't—you *can't* mean that it's true, Blair? True—that you stole—some pearls, and were

[Turn to page 112]

# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH .... BY DEEMS TAYLOR

## THE BEETHOVEN CENTENARY



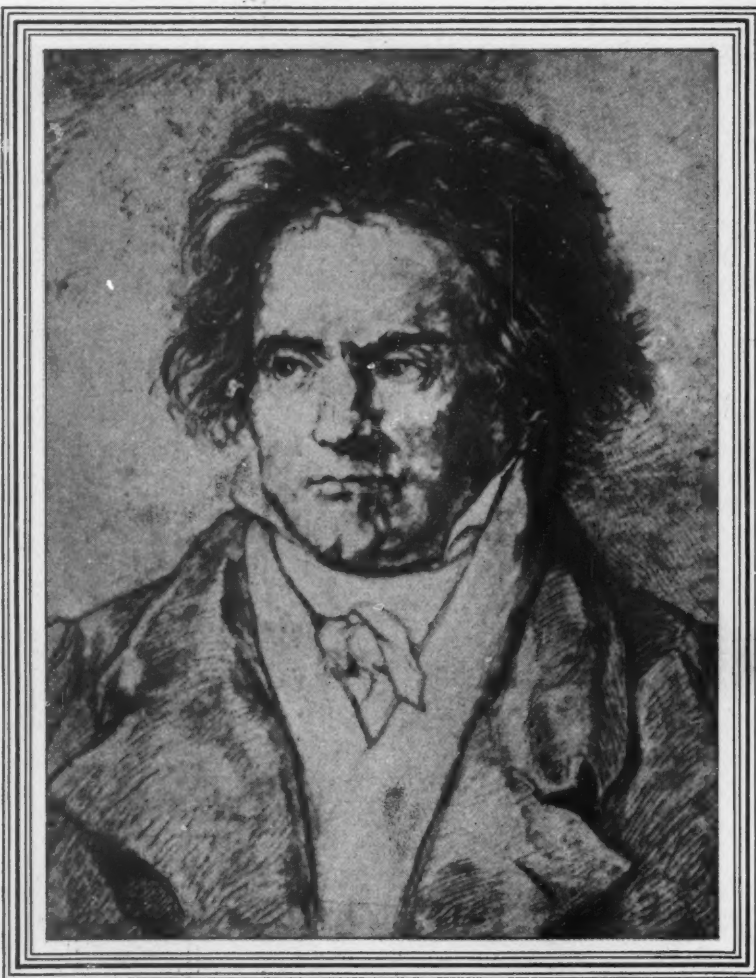
A SOLDIER or a statesman is still the average man's idea of a hero, and it is only rarely that an artist manages to get one of his anniversaries commemorated. However, on the rare occasions when he does, he is likely to find his fame overstepping national boundary lines. France does not celebrate Washington's birthday, nor is there much official excitement here over Napoleon's triumphs. Yet the quadricentennial of William Shakespeare's birth, in 1916, was celebrated even in Germany, which was at war with Shakespeare's mother country.

Ludwig van Beethoven died on March 26, 1827, and this year the concerts and festivals given in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of his death must have numbered close to a thousand. There were Beethoven festivals throughout Germany, of course; in England and France; in Italy, where Arturo Toscanini conducted a colossal performance of the Ninth Symphony; and in this country, where the Metropolitan Opera Company revived his opera, *Fidelio*, and where every one of our major symphony orchestras honored the composer's memory in degrees ranging from single performances to whole cycles of concerts.

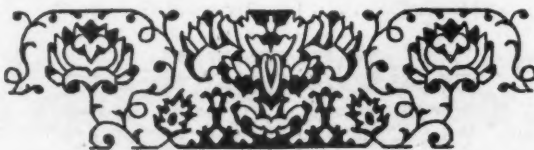
Not that these concerts have brought any new works to light, or revived any forgotten masterpieces. For the music of this stout, ugly, deaf, ill-tempered, dropsical German-Dutchman ranks among the world's art-treasures with the music-dramas of Wagner, the plays of Shakespeare, the sculpture of Michelangelo, and the paintings of Rembrandt. It would be hard to imagine a first-class orchestra that did not include his symphonies in its repertoire, or a chamber music organization that did not play his string quartets.

Beethoven is one of the best examples of what the commentators mean when they talk about the importance of form, in art, as opposed to matter. Beethoven's musical themes are relatively unimportant, compared with what he manages to say with them. They have individuality, of course, the quality of persisting in the memory—catchiness, if you like—that no music can afford to do without. Still, it is only rarely that a Beethoven melody has the quality of immediate and arresting beauty that distinguishes a theme like the Prize Song in *Die Meistersinger*, or the flute solo in Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. Even the famous final theme of the Ninth Symphony, magnificent as it is, might in other hands come perilously close to being trivial.

But in Beethoven's hands it does not become trivial; and that is the point of his greatness. What moves us in his music is precisely what moves us in great architecture, the quality of perfect proportion, the perfect relation of the parts to the whole, of massiveness without heaviness, of lightness without weakness. Decoration, even material, in music as in architecture, can only enhance existing beauties; it can never take the place



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN



of perfect proportion and sound structure.

I imagine that Beethoven's deafness was not nearly so much of a handicap to him as the lay observer might imagine. For the thing that he is after—and generally achieves—is not the momentary [Turn to page 94]

### THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH THIS CHANGING WORLD

By COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE  
Copyright by McCall's Magazine, 1927

HISTORIANS of the future writing of this period will perhaps marvel that those of us living through the deep and fundamental economic, industrial and political changes now in progress, were not

seemingly more conscious of them.

Russia was the first of the great powers to break away from her traditional moorings. Whatever may be the ultimate result of the Russian Revolution, it is almost certain to exercise an influence upon Western civilization comparable to that of the French Revolution.

Next in importance to what happened in Russia was the overthrow of the Hohenzollern Dynasty in Germany. Because of her importance Germany's change from junkerdom to liberalism made a profound impression upon Europe and European policy. Had she continued the old regime, there could have been no Locarno, and the shadow of another war would even now begin to darken the horizon.

While Germany has not changed politically and economically yet she has lost two great provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, and her boundaries have been clipped here and there. In comparison to her allies Germany has come out well, and bids fair to soon regain her former place in the sisterhood of nations. On the other hand the Austro-Hungarian Empire is a mere wreck. The Hapsburg Dynasty has disappeared and Austria and Hungary have become two of the weakest states in Southeastern Europe. Turkey, too, is a mere shadow of its former self and retains but the merest foothold on the Continent of Europe.

Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Finland are the new names added to the map of Europe during the past decade—momentous changes all. France, Italy, Spain, are not as we knew them ten years ago.

Great Britain, calm, conservative and phlegmatic has changed least of all, and thereby has suffered much.

Her people seem to be striving to regain their pre-war status—something which can never be done. If Great Britain is to keep pace with

the changing world she must change with it. That she will do this in her own time and way we may be sure, for deliberate as the English are they have always proved themselves equal to any situation with which they have been confronted.

But of all the changes there are none of greater interest than have taken place in the United States. From poverty to a billionaire within twenty-five years is an almost unbelievable record, but that is what one man has accomplished, and without other aid than that with which nature endowed him.

The United States has not only become a fruitful field for the creation of great wealth but happily it has also grown to be labor's earthly paradise.

This stupendous prosperity and all that it entails is giving thoughtful Americans much concern. Now that we have this commanding position what will we do with it? What will be the ultimate outcome? Will the final result be for the better or for worse? No one can foretell where all the happenings in this changing world may lead.



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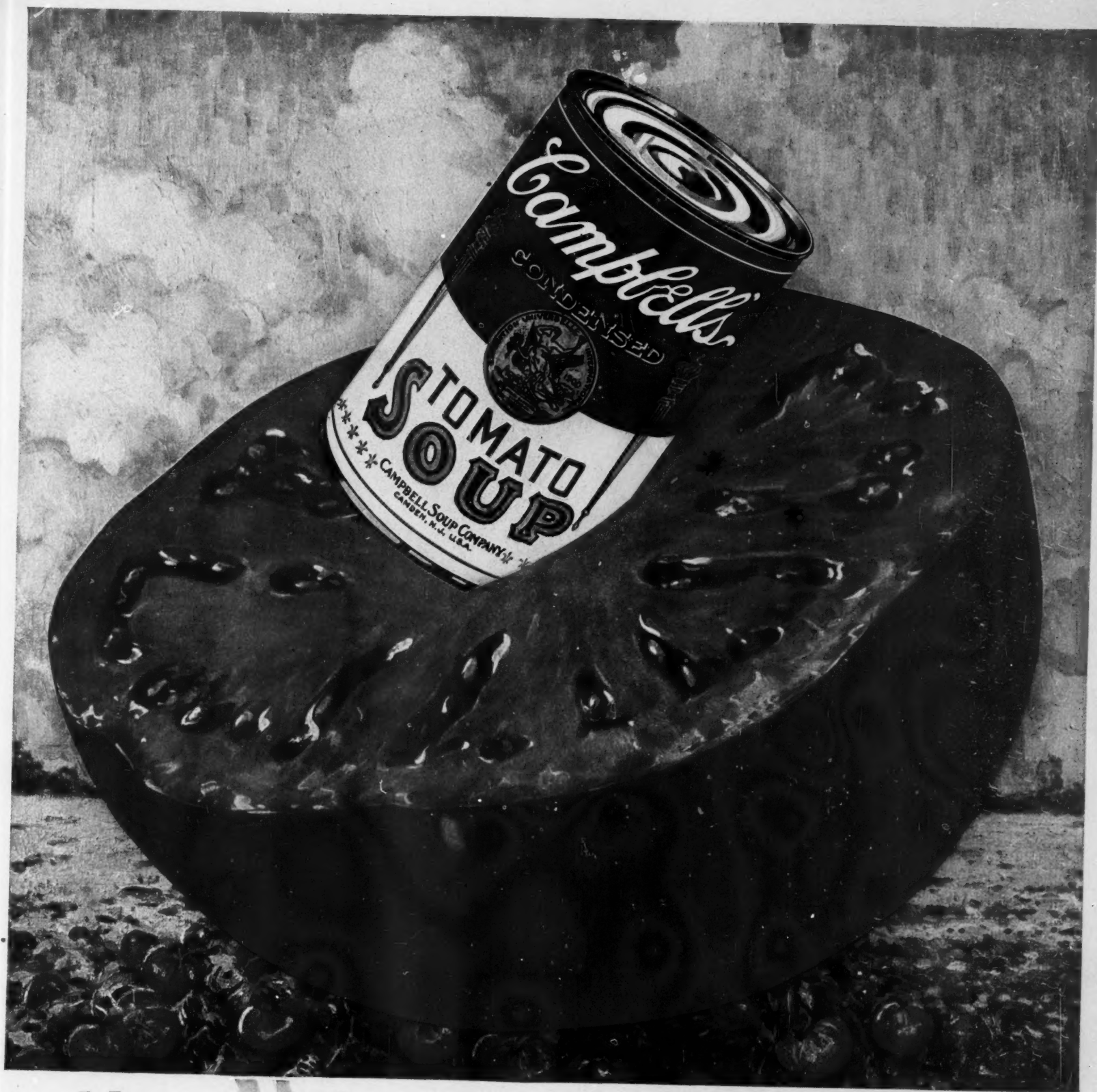
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# Here is the most popular soup in the world!



All the rich tomato goodness! The pure, tonic tomato juices. The luscious, nourishing tomato meat. Strained to a smooth puree and blended with golden butter. Seasoned by French chefs famous for their skill. That's Campbell's Tomato Soup—every spoonful a delight to the appetite. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



### A DOZEN CORN DIPS

Delicious with meat or chicken. They are crisp and brown when fried in deep Crisco.

1 1/2 cups corn (fresh or canned) 1 teaspoon sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 egg, beaten 1/4 cup milk  
2 tablespoons melted Crisco 1 cup bread flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder

Mix corn, salt, sugar, egg, melted Crisco and milk together. (If canned corn is used, drain off the liquid and add to it enough fresh milk to make the 1/4 cup.) Sift baking powder and flour, beat into mixture. Drop spoonfuls in hot Crisco (360° F., or when cube of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry slowly until brown and well cooked—8 to 10 minutes. Test with toothpick. Drain on soft paper.



### SWEET POTATO SURPRISE

Delicious with fried chicken or cold meat for luncheon. You can fry them any time and reheat them in the oven at mealtime or even the next day. They will be the same as when freshly cooked.

2 cups riced sweet potatoes (about three medium sized)  
1 egg, beaten Dash of pepper 8 marshmallows  
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup crushed cornflakes or branflakes  
Boil and peel potatoes, put through ricer. When partly cool, add egg, salt and pepper. If mixture is too dry, add a little milk. Flour hands if necessary. Form in 8 round balls with marshmallow hidden inside. Roll in branflakes or cornflakes. Fry in hot Crisco (375°-385° F., or when a small piece of bread browns in 40 seconds). Fry until brown; drain on soft paper.

All measurements level. All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

### An Astonishing Tasting Test

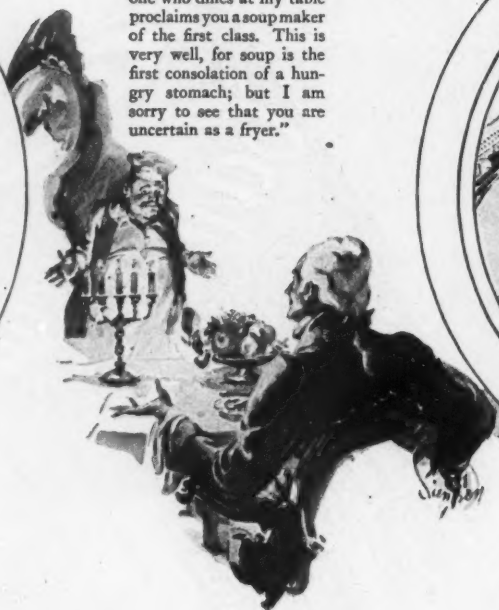
See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience!

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using. Taste first Crisco, then the other fat.

Now did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of cooking fats? See if Crisco doesn't remind you of sweet, unsalted butter. Think what an improvement Crisco's own sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits, and fried foods.

To test your cooking fat, taste it.  
Crisco's sweet flavor will astonish you.

In a quaint French book written more than 100 years ago, we find a *gourmet* reproving his cook: "Every-one who dines at my table proclaims you a soup maker of the first class. This is very well, for soup is the first consolation of a hungry stomach; but I am sorry to see that you are uncertain as a fryer."



## FRENCH FRYING HINTS

that save time at meal time

MY frying, I must confess, was "uncertain" until I began to use Crisco. But now with Crisco I have wonderful deep-fried foods—crisp, golden-brown outside; tender, well cooked inside; never greasy.

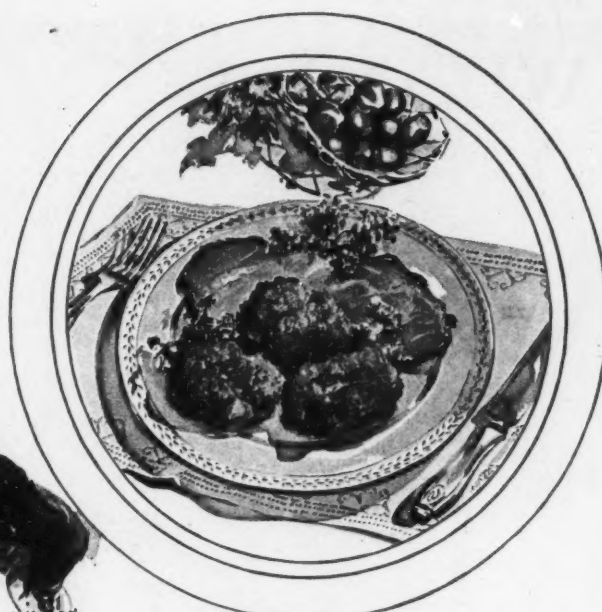
So I now use frying more than any other cooking method—especially as deep frying saves me so much time and bother just at mealtime, when there are always so many things to do.

I prepare all kinds of meat, fish, poultry and vegetables in the morning—even to rolling in egg and crumbs. Then at mealtime I fry them in a few minutes. With the exception of those for *Corn Dips* and for *Fried Tomatoes*, the recipes on this page can be prepared in this way. Also they can be fried in the morning and reheated in the oven just before serving.

Crisco, too, makes frying a very pleasant way for me to cook, because with Crisco at proper frying temperatures there is no smoke or unpleasant odor. And no waste, for Crisco can be strained right back into the can and used over and over again.

Really, I do not know how I could keep house without all the good things Crisco gives me; cakes that you simply can't tell from butter cakes; tender, flaky piecrusts; fluffy biscuits; feathery muffins.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



### GOLDEN DREAMS

Prepare the mixture any time and fry it in deep Crisco in 2 minutes at mealtime.

3 tablespoons melted Crisco 1/4 cup flour 3/8 cup milk  
1 cup grated American cheese 1/4 teaspoon paprika  
1 cup cold boiled cauliflower (chopped) 1/4 teaspoon salt  
2 beaten egg yolks 1 cup crushed corn flakes

Mix flour, salt, paprika and Crisco smooth. Add milk, stir over slow fire until thick and smooth. Add to the egg yolks, stirring well. Then stir in cheese and cauliflower. When cool drop into cornflakes. Shape into balls with spoon and fingers, pressing cornflakes in. Fry in deep Crisco, heated to 360° F. (or when cube of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry until brown. Drain on soft paper.



### FRIED EGGPLANT with TOMATOES

Fry the eggplant any time and reheat it in the oven.

1 medium sized eggplant 2 or 3 ripe tomatoes  
1 egg 1/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup crushed cornflakes

Peel eggplant. Slice thin. Dip in beaten egg to which salt has been added, then in cornflakes. Fry in hot Crisco (360° F., or when a small piece of bread browns in 60 seconds) until brown on both sides and tender. Test with toothpick.

Cut tomatoes in round slices about 1/4 in. thick. Dip in cornflakes but not egg. Brown in frying pan in hot Crisco until nicely brown and tender. Serve eggplant on lettuce leaf and one slice of tomato on the eggplant. Will serve 6 people.

### Free! Cook Book

"12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"

A new and unusual cook book. Into it we have gathered 144 tested recipes, all chosen because they are simple, easy and *quick to prepare*. Yet each makes a perfectly delicious dish. There are dozens of suggestions, too, that will save you endless time and trouble. To receive the book, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

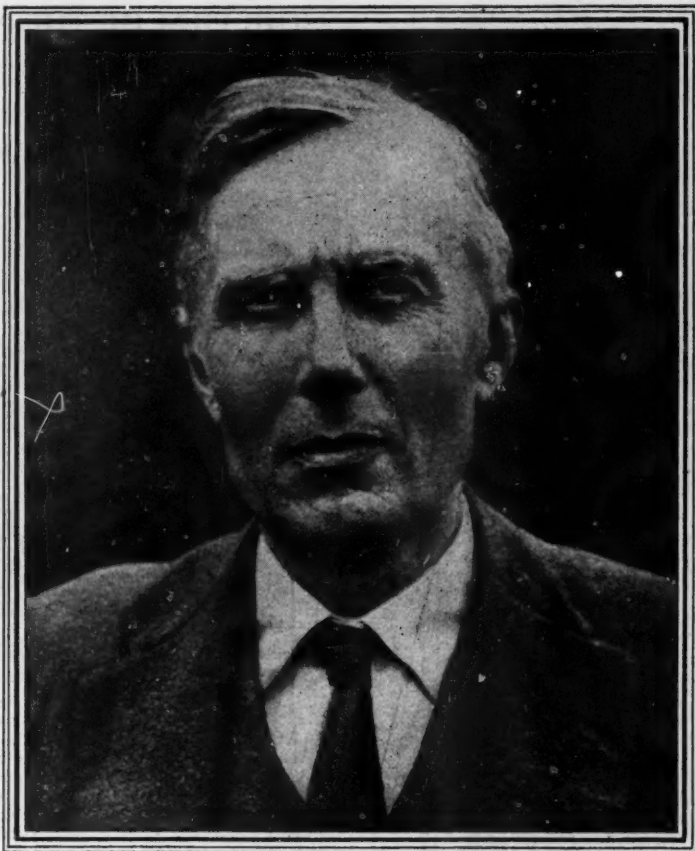
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Dept. of Home Economics, Sec. L-10, Cincinnati, O.  
Please send me free the cook book entitled "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

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# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



HON. H. A. L. FISHER, AUTHOR OF THE BRILLIANT BIOGRAPHY OF VISCOUNT BRYCE REVIEWED THIS MONTH (International Newsreel Photo)



## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

JAMES BRYCE, Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, O. M.

By H. A. L. FISHER

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

AMERICA has always been afflicted with periodic outbreaks of English travelers who from time to time, tell us of the defects in our institutions. We have always suffered them to lecture and write. This tolerance on our part was rewarded in 1907 by the visit of James Bryce, who took over the British embassy in Washington. Mr. Bryce was not a trained diplomat. He was a scholar and a traveler. He was a man of great charm and athletic attainment who nourished a passion for democracy. He set himself, in the words of President Lowell of Harvard, "to charm a people."

Viscount Bryce of Dechmont died the most famous of all critics of American doctrines, and yet the best beloved of any in the long line of European travelers to these shores. He unerringly diagnosed the weaknesses of the American commonwealth, and he was splendid in his recognition of its greatness. He foresaw, through a fervent faith in the power of education, a gradual elevation in the standard of public virtue.

He arrived in Washington at a time when Theodore Roosevelt in the White House, aided by a half dozen magazines, was campaigning for public control of corporations exercising monopoly power. He at once became the great friend and intimate of the President, despite his tenuous position. He had not been in this country a year before, as his biographer says, "his speeches were an important addition to the general stock of intellectual pleasure at the disposal of the American public." It is significant that, when he attended service in the Old Presbyterian Church, the British Ambassador was as a matter of course ushered into Abraham Lincoln's pew.

H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, has recently written a two column life of this man whose book, *The American Commonwealth*, is the definitive work on our democracy. He has avoided writing of Bryce's political significance, being content to tell the story of his life through letters and diaries and simple accounts of the man himself. Bryce was modesty and courtesy itself and he brought to his

native charm of manner a fine studiousness and an unquenchable thirst for knowledge of human affairs. He was actively touring the battle front of Flanders at the age of seventy-eight. Four years later he died while still engaged upon a labor which he believed would bring about a closer union among English speaking people in the League of Nations.

Bryce's last book was *Modern Democracies*, which consists of a survey of the governments of six states. He spent the closing years of his life in this elaborate study which he had first projected in 1904. He worked more as an observer than as a recluse. He had followed in the six years of his ambassadorship in Washington, a method of systematic "interrogation of trustworthy witnesses." He would not write of England in his study of democracy because he did not believe he could remain impartial and judicious in the examination of his own country where he had known twenty years in Parliament. It is significant, too, that in the fading years of his life, he who had been the most hopeful of foreign critics, had been saddened by our failure "to maintain a high standard of probity in public affairs."

The youthful ardor with which he sought to embrace the beauties of civilization became dimmed by the pessimism of experience. Yet he fought away from this pessimism, and in one of his last letters, written to the late Dr. Eliot of Harvard, he wrote of human nature that: "It seems to me that a great experiment is being tried which every age has to watch hopefully, but not quite confidently. Some great improvements there have been—the abolition of slavery and the disuse of the practice of killing prisoners, and the elevation by Christianity of chastity and purity in thought and speech. But there are so many relapses that though the balance is clearly to the credit side of the account we must watch the experiment with sobriety rather than with exultation. It may have to be carried on and watched for centuries before conclusions distinctly more clear and positive than we now possess can be reached. This anyhow is all that I feel one can say, on the basis of the records of history, for they contain some startling relapses. That of our own time seems to me one of these; the saddest part of it being the virulence of hatred, one of the worst of human passions. It is raging all over Europe now."

His biography should be cherished in our libraries along with his work, for he was our very great friend.

James Bryce—By H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford. The Macmillan Co.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

### THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT IN SOCIAL WORK

By THE REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D. D.

REVIEWED BY  
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

DR. JOHN A. RYAN is a great churchman and a great citizen, known and honored far beyond the boundary of his on religious communion. For many years he has been professor of Moral Theology and Industrial Ethics in the Catholic University of Washington City, and Director of the Social Action department of the Catholic Welfare Council of America. His latest book, *Declining Liberty*, ought to be read by every citizen of the land.

In the sermon here reviewed, Dr. Ryan insists that while religion is not the chief concern of social workers, for them to neglect or ignore the spiritual element in human nature is to handicap, if not frustrate, their labors for human betterment. Also, the social worker who disregards the spiritual life of those whom he serves deprives himself of the most effective motive and approach.

"Social distress," says Dr. Ryan, "is the distress of human beings, and a human being is something more than a combination of physical and mental powers. By far the most important part of a human being is spirit. To deal with a human being without taking into account his spiritual nature is to treat him inadequately, and may do as much harm as good. Neglect of the spiritual element means neglect of the moral life."

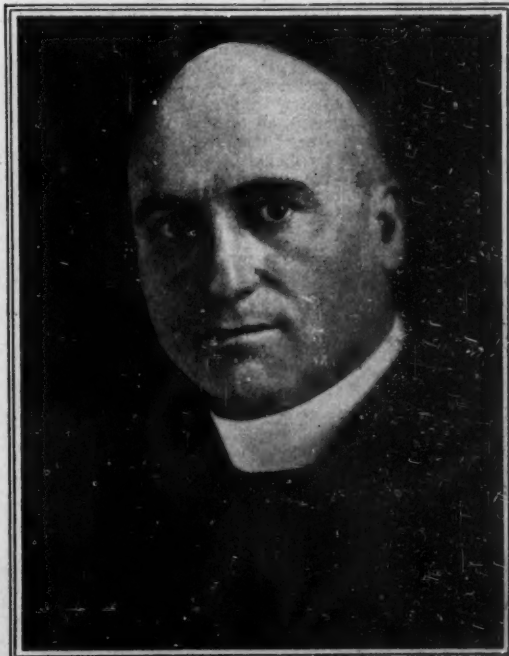
What is the spiritual element? asks Dr. Ryan. It is not the same as the religious element, since religion has to do with creed and ritual. Nor is it synonymous with the emotional, the idealistic, or the unselfish, though these are a part of it. The spiritual is that pertaining to the soul; it is the recognition of the soul as the supreme reality and its welfare as the supreme good in a human being.

"In other words," continues Dr. Ryan, "it is the soul which gives to man his intrinsic worth as a person, instead of a mere means to the welfare of society. Because of his soul, his personality, his intrinsic worth, the human individual is endowed with certain rights which may not be disregarded even in the interests of social progress. After all, social progress means the progress of human beings. Without human beings it is an empty abstraction, and human beings have souls."

What this means is seen when we study such questions as eugenics, marriage, and similar issues. It is very well to study these problems scientifically, but if we leave out the spiritual element in man, the result is a pig-sty philosophy. It is not science, but materialism, against which Dr. Ryan makes such pungent protest. He objects when human beings are studied or dealt with as if they were animals, and nothing more. Dr. Ryan is pointed and specific:

"Many social workers today are interested in eugenics. They believe that the presence of great numbers of mentally and physically subnormal persons is a grave menace to social integrity and improvement. Therefore, they desire that the number of such persons should be reduced. Some of the means they advocate are drastic, even horrible. No social worker who recognizes the spiritual element can approve these brutal proposals."

[Turn to page 94]



REV. JOHN A. RYAN, SOCIOLOGIST, PEDAGOGUE AND AUTHOR—(U & V Photo)

# ♦ WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD ♦

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

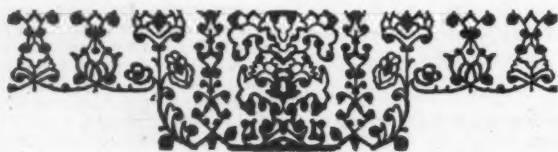
### RIO RITA

Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG



THE ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS WHOSE DANCING HELPS MAKE "RIO RITA" A SUCCESS — (White Studio N. Y.)



NEW YORK has seen three widely heralded new theaters this year. Of these the Roxy is the largest and perhaps the most talked and written about; the Paramount the most ambitious in its use of magnificent materials, black marble, gold and *objets-d'art*; and the Ziegfeld the most successful artistically.

As to what an ideal theater building should be architecturally there are many opinions, all of which fall under one of the three main theories. One of these theories, the most traditional, holds that a theater should be a beautiful structure in itself, adapted to stage use, of course, but not subordinated to this use nor sacrificed in ornament and beauty to any dramatic mood or atmosphere. The old-style opera houses



CHICO RETURNS, BLIND BUT UNDAUNTED — A SCENE FROM "SEVENTH HEAVEN"

and most of the world's finest theaters are built on this principle.

The second theory holds that the auditorium should efface itself as completely as possible, in color, line, mass, every way, in order to avoid intruding itself on our attention and to allow the stage to be all in all. The third kind of theater shows as much design and elaboration as the architect chooses, but creates this to harmonize with some special kind of dramatic entertainment.

Under this third kind of theater comes the Ziegfeld, on Sixth Avenue at Fifty-Fourth Street. It was designed by Joseph Urban, famous for his settings at the Metropolitan Opera House and on many lesser stages. It was intended for musical pieces, light operas, revues. As a theater for such a purpose the Ziegfeld is a fine accomplishment, in the gaiety of its painted walls, with their rich colors and their picture of the joy of life, the lovers and festivals of every land and time; in its flat, simple spaces; and in its auditorium, with its plan in the shape of an ellipse that shows the stage perfectly from every seat.

And to such a theater the entertainment with which it was inaugurated is triumphantly adapted. *Rio Rita* has so many qualities dear to the heart of the public that it is no wonder the theater is nightly filled to the last seat. It has not only the dancing, songs and comic interludes of the familiar Broadway revue, together with elaborate and lavish changes of settings and costumes, but adds to these the attraction of considerably more story than we usually find.

The story running through *Rio Rita* has as much continuity and glamor as that of most operas; and the music that carries the story has, like the successful *Rose Marie* of two seasons ago, enough serious intention in it to endear it to the hearts of the many who like songs of feeling and sentiment. There are ballets by the Albertina Rasch Dancers, of which the *Moonlight*, with its silver, lustrous figures, is the best. There are the variegated choruses, and the celebrated show beauties of Ziegfeld revues. And there are five settings by Mr. Urban, of which the floating cabaret on the Rio Grande, with its effect of a great gilded and painted and silken galley, is a gorgeous scene.

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

### SEVENTH HEAVEN

Directed by Frank Borzage

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



DIANE (JANET GAYNOR) OVERPOWERED BY NANA (GLADYS BROCKWELL)

THE risings and the fallings of the film stars provide interesting studies for those amateur astronomers who keep their telescopes trained on the Hollywood heavens. There are a few fixed stars, of course, who may be relied upon to remain in position and to radiate brilliance with fair consistency; but the great majority are only spectacular meteors who appear and vanish with amazing rapidity.

The latest luminary in the western sky is a young lady named Janet Gaynor who has suddenly attained to eminence as a result of her performance in a picture called, appropriately enough, *Seventh Heaven*. As one who has seen many stars shine brightly for an instant, and then fizzle out, I am anxious to know what Miss Gaynor's future is to be. At this particular moment she is of the first magnitude—and I for one have an idea that she will remain so for a long time.

Janet Gaynor reveals, in *Seventh Heaven*, a quality that is desirable under any circumstances, and all the more desirable on the screen because it is regrettably rare: it is the quality of delicacy, of fragility, of tenderness that was to be found in Duse and, in a different form, in Maude Adams. It is the exact opposite of that loud, obvious quality which is the average actress's principal stock in trade.

In *Seventh Heaven*, Miss Gaynor appears as Diane—a poor, beaten, broken little girl of the Paris streets, who is brutalized by a drug-soaked sister and taught [Turn to page 94]



DIANE, CONVINCED THAT CHICO IS DEAD, YIELDS TO COLONEL BRISSAC



# Her Royal Highness EULALIA Infanta of Spain

## discusses Beauty in the Courts of Europe



**A**VIVID, arresting personality is the Infanta Eulalia. A true princess of the reigning Spanish family, she possesses not alone its charm but its traditional daring and forcefulness of character—that indestructible spirit which has been the mark of the Spanish Royal family since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

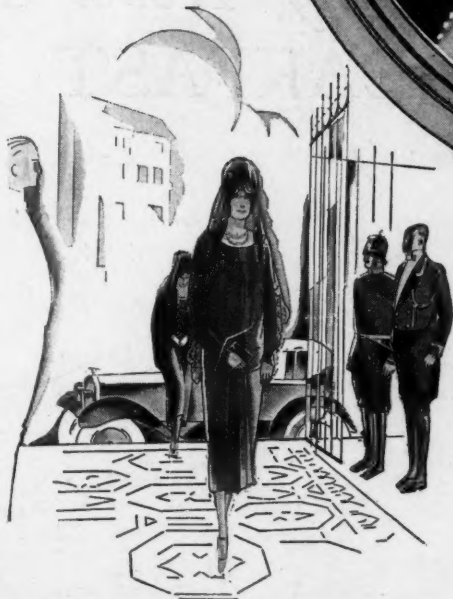
Unlike most women of royal birth, whose lives are restricted by the formalities of court, Infanta Eulalia has seen the world, has made friends in every walk of life, has pursued her own activities. Spanish, Austrian and English connections make her aunt, cousin or godmother to princes and princesses of every ruling house.

And always, whether as Royal visitor to the courts of other countries or among her own beloved people of Spain, she recognizes the significance of every note of the life about her.

**S**O she speaks with experience and knowledge when she emphasizes the importance to a woman—especially to one whose life centers in court circles—of cultivating her loveliest attributes, of learning how she may keep the fresh beauty of her skin.

"Life in the courts of Europe," she says, "demands much of a woman, especially that poise and assurance which birth and position give, but which must be supported by exquisite personal attributes. The daily use of Pond's Two Creams," she concludes with wisdom, "leads to this assurance."

**H**ER Royal Highness Eulalia is not unique in this conclusion. Leading women everywhere are completely in accord with her. Seeking the best means of keeping their complexions untrammelled by the strain of modern life, thousands have found it in the Two Creams made by Pond's. Used as follows daily these fragrant delicious creams will



*A glimpse of the Infanta in lace mantilla, on her way to mass, in Madrid. She is staunch in her devotion to the faith of her country and of her family—the Bourbons, which has been the reigning house of Spain for more than two hundred years*



*On the steps of her little Swiss chalet at Grindelwald*



*These are the Two Creams, so delicately prepared from exquisite ingredients, that highly born women the world around choose them*

### Her Royal Highness, INFANTA EULALIA of Spain

*aunt of the King, a vivid, piquant personality, as vivacious in manner as she is original of mind. She has traveled widely, lived in every country in Europe and once visited the United States where she was royally entertained as the President's guest. Her opportunities for observation and her keen intellect give her an exceptional understanding of European society. Her book, "Courts and Countries After the War," is replete with penetrating comment.*

bring to you that most exquisite personal attribute—a clear youthful skin:—

Cleanse your skin and keep it fresh and supple by using Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day, whenever your skin feels dusty, drawn, tired, pat this light cream generously over face, neck and shoulders. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine pure oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off, then use a little fresh cream. After removing the cream well with a soft cloth, finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some of the cream on after the bedtime cleansing to restore suppleness.

### A Final Touch of Loveliness

**F**OR that exquisite last touch of loveliness, that radiance and finish which you need for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly. Do this after every daytime cleansing, always before you powder, and before going out into wind, dust or sun.

This cream, even more than Pond's Cold Cream, has pleased the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, who exclaims: "Of all the Creams I have used, nothing has given me such a sense of freshness as Pond's Vanishing Cream."

**Free Offer:** Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. X, 111 Hudson Street, New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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*A combination of apricots and dates is new for breakfast, and you will find brown sugar and butter delicious on cooked cereal*



## Does Your Family Rebel Against The SAME OLD BREAKFAST EVERY DAY?

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen*

ILLUSTRATED BY FORRESTER-THURLOW

NOT long ago I was visiting in the home of a friend who is a busy homemaker and the mother of three children. We are lifelong friends and I am considered almost a member of the family. So I am free to discuss with her the way she manages her home.

As the last youngster went off to school on the third day of my visit, she and I lingered at the breakfast table. "This is the first time I can remember," I said, "that you didn't have to urge John to finish his breakfast, or to warn Freddie that he couldn't go to school until he had eaten his cereal. How did you manage it?"

She was pleased that I had noticed the change in her family's attitude toward breakfast. "A few months ago," she said, "I realized that something was wrong in our household. Breakfasts were an utter failure, so I determined to find out what was the matter. It didn't take long to realize that I was giving very little thought of this important meal. I have always planned my luncheons and dinners for several days ahead and prepared what I could in advance. But breakfasts, like Topsy, 'jus' grew."

"I did the unimaginative thing every morning—prepared fruit, cooked some cereal, gave each child an egg if he would eat it, and made toast. It was the same thing morning after morning. No wonder my family had no interest in breakfast! If I didn't have any, how could I expect them to?"

"I began a reformation that day, starting with the fruit. I was amazed when I realized what a variety of dried, fresh and canned fruits I had to choose from. If I used them singly or in combination I need never serve the same kind twice in two weeks. Now I alternate cooked and fresh fruits every day or two. I have learned to prepare the cooked ones in advance, sometimes enough for two days, while I am cooking luncheon or dinner. Some of them I bake while an oven-cooked meal is in process of cooking. For instance I save time and fuel by making prunes in a covered casserole. They are best if you add 3 cups of water to a pound of prunes, cover the casserole tightly and leave it to cook in a moderate oven, set at 250 to 300 degrees for 3 to 4 hours, depending on the other food you want to cook in the oven at the same time. To give variety in flavor to prunes I add a

### Breakfast Seven Times a Week

MONDAY	Stewed Apricots and Dates Cooked Hominy with butter and brown sugar Bran Muffins, toasted Coffee	Poached Eggs Milk
TUESDAY	Sliced Oranges Oatmeal or a Dry Cereal Raisin Muffins Coffee	Broiled Ham Milk
WEDNESDAY	Baked Prunes Whole Wheat Cereal (cooked in half-milk) French Toast with Marmalade Coffee	Bacon Milk
THURSDAY	Sliced Bananas in Orange Juice Puffed Cereal Hot Rolls Coffee	Broiled Sausage Milk
FRIDAY	Apples Baked with Maple Sugar Corn and Bran Flakes Raisin Bread Toast Coffee	Jelly Omelet Milk
SATURDAY	Stewed Figs Creamed Wheat Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee	Codfish Balls Milk
SUNDAY	Grapefruit Liver and Bacon Cornmeal Griddle Cakes Coffee	Maple Syrup Milk

few slices of orange or lemon when they are partly cooked, or a small piece of stick cinnamon or ginger root.

"I have discovered some delicious combinations of cooked fruits, such as dried peaches and figs stewed together; the children like this combination with their corn-flakes. And we are all enthusiastic about apricots and dates cooked together. I use dried apricots and soak them for several hours. Then I cook them slowly until tender. I pit 1 cup of dates for each pound of apricots and add them to the apricots about ten minutes before I take the apricots off the stove. We like dried pears and apricots cooked together and dried peaches and pears. I vary baked apples by filling them with maple sugar, raisins, marmalade or brown sugar and cinnamon.

"Cereals were the next item I considered. I had my grocer show me every kind he kept in stock. Why had I let them grow monotonous when there are so many from which to choose? I knew, too, that there must be endless ways of serving them to add variety. So now, instead of keeping one package of cereal on hand and serving it every day until the package is empty I keep a number of kinds, both cooked and uncooked. I often mix them. We like corn-meal added to the fine cooked cereals, for instance. It gives them a new 'nutty' flavor. When I serve hot cereals I usually sprinkle some bran over them. As a change from milk on the cooked cereals I sometimes cook them in half milk and half water, then serve them with butter and brown sugar.

"We like certain kinds of fruit cooked with some cereals, such as raisins, dates and chopped figs. Or, instead of cooking them together I sprinkle the fruit on top of each serving.

"When I am going to have a rather hearty breakfast I plan to serve the lighter ready-prepared cereals. They combine well, too, I have found, and are delicious with almost every fresh fruit when it is in season.

"Breakfast breads are still somewhat of a problem, I confess," she said, when I urged her to go on; because many of you have the same problem she had solved so happily I had made up my mind to tell you about her breakfasts here on the Laboratory page.

"John is fond of hot breads, but I don't like getting up early to [Turn to page 68]







EN ROUTE TO CLOUDLAND are Barbara Stanwyck and Rex Cherryman. The former's smile, kept radiant by Pepsodent, is irresistibly charming, say those who saw her play the leading role in the Chicago cast of "The Noose."



AMONG DISTINGUISHED VISITORS to the recent horse show at South Shore Country Club were Mrs. Noyes-Lord and Mrs. R. Duke, Jr. Their smiles that mean much socially are brightened daily by regular use of Pepsodent.



MISS LORRAINE JOHNSON and "By" Chamberlain, follow a championship match at Glencoe Golf Club. Smiles like theirs result from regular daily use of Pepsodent.

## SMILES THAT SPARKLE SOCIALLY

### Reveal Teeth Kept Free of Dingy Film

*Special film-removing dentifrice advised for twice-a-day use in clearing teeth and combating the commoner tooth and gum troubles*

**Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free**

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film ordinary brushing has failed to remove successfully.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care—the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. A tooth paste different in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists widely urge its use at least twice each day—every day—at morning and at night.

By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film—a slippery viscous coating. Film clings to teeth and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and clouded. It supplies a breeding place for the germs of decay and gum troubles. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is a cause of pyorrhea.

Pepsodent removes that film in gentle protection of the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre. It provides the latest scientific findings in gum protection. And thus acts to firm tender gums. It increases alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.



THE ANCIENT SPORT OF ARCHERY is immensely popular among Long Island summer residents, among whom are Misses Cabot, Deane and Morrissey. This pictures another situation where Pepsodent-bright smiles are quite apparent.

All those factors are judged of great importance by present-day dental research. Teeth lighten as full film coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Send coupon for 10-day tube to start you on your way to modern-day tooth and gum care.

#### FREE—10-DAY TUBE



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Address.....

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191 George St. Toronto 2, Can.  
42 Southwark Bridge Road London, S. E. 1 Eng.  
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Only one tube to a family

## PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

# Is Your Town Safe?



These boys and girls are being taught to save their lives! They are learning the meaning of the "Stop" and "Go" traffic signals. In many schools the children make their own semaphores, and the teacher appoints different members of the class to act the part of a Traffic Officer so that the lesson of caution at street crossings can never be forgotten.

EVERY five minutes someone dies from cancer. Every six minutes someone is killed by accident. One death in every 13 is caused by cancer—one in 15 by accident. One—a tragedy foreseen weeks in advance when beyond hope of prevention. The other—swift annihilation that could have been prevented.

Most fatal accidents need never happen; 90,000 a year in the United States—240 a day—deaths from various causes that could be prevented. One-half of the children who are killed are the little untaught ones less than five years old. And accidents claim all too many persons past middle age—who have not adjusted themselves to the swift pace of passing vehicles.

In cities where public caution and protection are taught, the deathrate from accident is far less than the Nation's sad average. Modern scientific Safety Campaigns are organized in these cities. The Mayor, the Police Department, local associations, clubs, societies and citizens of ability and initiative are working together for safety in industry,

in the home and on our streets. The newspapers which help to promote Safety Campaigns find a quick response.

These continuous safety programs are as carefully and skilfully planned as a great battle, but with this difference—a battle is planned to end as many lives as possible and a Safety Campaign is planned to save as many lives as possible.

No longer has one a right to say, "Accidents are bound to happen. You can't prevent them." Today accident prevention is neither a beautiful dream nor a vain hope. It is a splendid reality. In cities which have said, "It can be done"—it has been done. In some cities the deathrate from accident has been reduced more than half.

Do you know how many people were killed by accident in your town last year? You will find, again and again, that a little forethought or a little more care would have avoided many tragedies. Help to prevent such deaths.

supported it, accidental deaths of all kinds were reduced 31%. Fatal accidents to children were reduced 33%. Fatal accidents in homes were reduced 71%.

Based on the results in Albany, the Metropolitan has prepared two booklets, "Promoting Community Safety" and "The Traffic Problem", which outline practical ways and means for accident prevention. Send for two copies of each, one for personal study and one to send to your Mayor. If your town has a working safety organization, support it wholeheartedly. If not, help to establish a local Safety Council.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

# FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR  
EDITOR AND CRITIC OF "THE BOOKMAN"

## LORNA DOONE

Illustrated with a portrait of Richard Blackmore's heroine painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine

OF all the heroines of romantic fiction *Lorna Doone* would be most likely to win in a voting contest, if that contest were limited to men! Blackmore's great romance of the days of Charles the Second was first published in 1869 at a time when the world was tired and jaded. It had listened to the tongues of wits and satirists and had had its fill of realism. *Lorna Doone*, with her elfin charm, with her deep black eyes and raven locks, with her out-of-door quality, her bravery and her sweetness, caught the imagination of the world. She moves through the pages of this violent story of robbery and war and the simple life of country folk, like a quiet dream of beauty. She is a sort of rural fairy princess, and Blackmore combined two of the most appealing stories in the world when he wrote of her. First, it is the story of the farmer lad who is knighted and marries a lady of rank. Second, it is the story of Cinderella, for *Lorna*, from being thought to be the daughter of one of the robber *Doones*, is discovered at the last to be an heiress, and graces the ballrooms of the King's palace.

I think that Gene Stratton-Porter learned a great deal from Blackmore. She, too, made generous use of nature, as does he in his descriptions of the famous *Doone* valley. She, too, pictured the ideal woman, child of nature, and pictured her through the eyes and mind of a strong and noble hero. If ever an author let us see a woman through the mind of a man, Blackmore pictures *Lorna* through the musings of *John Ridd*, the bold young rustic wrestler, the brave warrior, the staunch lover, finally knighted by his king.

From the time when he sees her as a boy, having dared to venture into the den of the robber barons, to the end of his story, this novel written in the first person is filled with praise of *Lorna*. If you would know what a strong, simple man's idea of the perfect woman is, you have only to read *Lorna Doone*.

That *Lorna Doone* has influenced man's idea of woman for more than a century I am sure. That she has influenced woman's idea of herself I am not so sure. I fancy that *Lorna* is a bit too yielding to please most women. She is a person set apart. Living for most of her life among outlaws, set apart from the community, she has none of the wit of *Becky Sharp* nor the mentality of *Elizabeth Bennett* nor the independent spirit of *Jane Eyre*. She does not represent, as did many of the heroines described in this series, progress in the declaration of woman's independence. She is a man's woman; but not in the sense that flirtatious and wicked *Becky* was a man's woman. She is the perfect dream girl of romantic fiction, and never by a wrong word or gesture is *John Ridd's* ideal picture of her disturbed.

Many a woman must often ask, "Do men like a woman to be a good cook?" I do not say, "Do men like good cooking?" Of course they do; but I fancy that the ideal lady of their hearts would be domestic without being domestic, if such a thing were possible. *John Ridd* expresses what I mean aptly, when he writes, "She knew that the gift of cooking was not

vouchsafed by God to her; but sometimes she would do her best, by intellect, to win it. Whereas it is no more to be won by intellect than is divine poetry. An amount of strong, quick heart is needful,

and the understanding must second it, in the one art as in the other. Now my fare was very choice for the next three days or more; yet not turned out like *Annie's*. They could do a thing well enough on the fire; but they could not put it on a table so; nor even have the plates all piping hot."

*John Ridd* played all the world against his *Lorna* from boyhood on. He found most women only to be tolerated. They were fussy and foolish; but not so his *Lorna*. She became properly excited on occasion; but never foolish nor puttery. If, then, she seems to us a trifle too perfect for this world or any other, we can perhaps think that Blackmore let his hero write of his heroine from the mist of age when the imperfections have faded out and only the pure gold remains. I like to think myself that *Lorna* was not too perfect to frown. After all, *John Ridd* was tolerant of women in his own lumbering way as you can see from the following paragraph! *John* was annoyed at his sister for her weeping over nothing, so he went into the courtyard to smoke his pipe and wonder "what on earth is the meaning of women."

"Now in this I was wrong and unreasonable (as all women will acknowledge); but sometimes a man is so put out by the way they take on about nothing, that he really cannot help thinking, for at least a minute, that women are a mistake forever, and hence are forever mistaken. Nevertheless I could not see that any of these great thoughts and ideas applied at all to my *Lorna*; but that she was a different being; not enough to do anything bad, yet enough of a woman for a man to adore."

If *Lorna* is a perfect heroine, *John Ridd* is the perfect hero. One cannot call him modest, for he writes of his own exploits with naive enjoyment. Yet he is stalwart and true, upright and clean. He can fight on occasion, and forgive when it is gentlemanly to forgive. He is fond of his mother and faithful to the memory of his father. And what a lover!

To those who have read *Lorna Doone*, the memory of this man and this woman will persist as one of the quieter, sweeter memories of their fiction reading. As an adventure story it holds the imagination and as an idyl of love it is unexcelled.

Was ever greater tribute written to the memory of woman than this? "By the side of the stream she was coming to me, even among the primroses, as if she loved them all; and every flower looked the brighter, as her eyes were on them. I could not see what her face was, my heart so awoke and trembled; only that her hair was flowing from a wreath of white violets. The pale gleam over the western cliffs threw a shadow of light behind her, as if the sun were lingering. Never do I see that light from the closing of the west, even in these my aged days, without thinking of her. Ah, me, if it comes to that, what do I see of earth or heaven, without thinking of her?"



# "MARVELOUS ... this new mattress gives the most restful sleep" says MRS. MORGAN BELMONT



**MRS. BELMONT'S COUNTRY HOUSE BEDROOM**  
at Old Westbury, Long Island, has windows overlooking an English garden. The color scheme reflects her fondness for jade, orchid and Chinese pink. French furniture enameled in old ivory is lovely against jade green walls. The Simmons Bed, Model No. 1541, is also finished in ivory with cane panels. It is equipped with Simmons Spring and Simmons Beautyrest Mattress which Mrs. Belmont pronounces "simply marvelous."



NOTE THE FINE WIRE COILS which form the inner construction of the luxurious Beautyrest Mattress. Overlaid with finest cotton or hair, they extend to the very edge, upholding the mattress sides in firm, smartly boxed lines. You can sit on the sides—they won't be crushed! Best of all, your Beautyrest will keep these clean-cut lines as long as it is used. The "perfect mattress," Mrs. Belmont says. "It gives restful sleep."

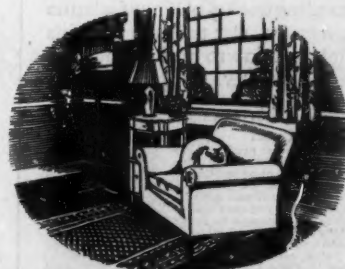


**MRS. MORGAN BELMONT**  
who was Miss Margaret Andrews, has an unusually vivid, fascinating personality, and is a favorite among younger women in society. Horses and dogs are her hobbies. She is a familiar figure at the Belmont Park races and polo matches, and at the smart Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach.

"IN my country house bedroom," says Mrs. Morgan Belmont, "I determined to have supreme comfort, without extravagant expense. I got it—with that perfect mattress known as the Beautyrest! It gives the most restful sleep."

No wonder this mattress is a success! It was perfected by Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs, mattresses. Its unique construction—fine steel coils buried in luxurious upholstering—gives buoyancy that is "well, simply marvelous," as Mrs. Belmont says.

In all furniture and department stores you will find this greatly improved Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Rocky Mountain Region and West, \$41.50; hair upholstered, \$60 to \$100. Simmons Beds, \$10 to \$60; Springs, \$7 to \$60. Look for the name "Simmons". The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, Los Angeles.



Mrs. Belmont's boudoir chair is in orchid linen, piped with jade.

## SIMMONS BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }



# Blackberry Pie!

...and three other healthful, tempting dishes can all be made from one package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine

HERE are unusual recipes for a pie, a pudding, a cream and a salad—all good to the taste and good for the health! Made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, they are exquisite to look upon, luscious to eat. Containing real fruits or real vegetables, their food value is exceptionally high! Apples, oranges, berries, tomatoes, celery—foods such as these go into Knox desserts and salads. Knox Gelatine itself is not flavored, not colored, not sweetened. The flavoring and the coloring come from the natural foods with which it is combined. Its unusual health quality is commended by physicians. Another outstanding quality of Knox Gelatine is its economy. One package contains enough gelatine to prepare four different dishes—six servings of each.

Write for this notable Book!

Now Mrs. Knox has produced her finest, most elaborate, most helpful Book for the hostess and housewife. Wonderful collection of unusual recipes and cooking hints. Invaluable—yet you may obtain it for only 10¢ in stamps to cover costs. Mrs. Knox's other books will be mailed with it, free of charge. Write today, addressing Charles B. Knox Gelatine Company, 108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.



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Sparkling  
**GELATINE**  
"The Highest Quality for Health"

## BLACKBERRY PIE (Six Servings) (Illustrated Above)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1/4 cup cold water. Few grains salt.  
1 pint blackberry juice and berries, fresh, canned or preserved.  
1 cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped.  
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; add boiling fruit juice and when almost set, add berries and pour into previously baked pastry shell. When firm and ready to serve, cover top with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, sweetened and flavored, or with whites of eggs beaten very stiff with confectioners' sugar and a little flavoring. This recipe is for canned fruit, but fresh fruit may be used, adding necessary sugar. Use other berries in the same way.

## APPLE-ORANGE PUDDING (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1/4 cup cold water. 1/4 cup orange juice.  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Few grains salt.  
1 cup apple sauce. 1 cup sugar.  
Few grains salt. Whites 2 eggs.  
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; dissolve over boiling water and add sugar, salt, apple sauce and orange and lemon juices. When mixture begins to thicken, beat until frothy and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold or pile in glasses. Garnish with cooked apples (cut apples in eighths and cook in boiling syrup with a few red cinnamon candies). Serve with a custard sauce, whipped cream or whipped evaporated or condensed milk.

## FRUIT BAVARIAN CREAM (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1/4 cup cold water. 1 cup fruit juice and pulp.  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Few grains salt.  
1 cup cream, whipped. 1/4 cup sugar.  
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Add fruit juice and pulp (use peaches, grape juice or any preferred fresh or canned fruit). Add sugar, and when dissolved and mixture begins to stiffen, beat and fold in cream. Turn into wet mold and chill. When firm, unmold and garnish with peach halves or any fruit. Whipped, condensed or evaporated milk may be used instead of the whipped cream.

## TOMATO PERFECTION SALAD (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1/4 cup cold water. 1 tablespoonful onion juice.  
2 cups tomatoes, fresh or canned.  
Few grains salt. 1 tablespoonful mild vinegar.  
Few grains cayenne. 1 cup cabbage, shredded.  
1/4 cup celery, chopped.  
1/4 cup green pepper, chopped.  
Nut meats, if desired.  
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Heat tomatoes with onion juice and seasonings for ten minutes; add soaked gelatine and vinegar and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. When mixture begins to thicken, add vegetables and turn into wet mold. When firm, unmold on lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise. If ripe tomatoes are used, simply squeeze the juice from them.



## HOME MADE Is Still The Hall Mark Of Excellence



A NEW and shiny delivery cart going smartly down our street flaunts this legend: The Homemade Pie Company; Satisfaction Guaranteed. The slogan is only one more link in the chain of conclusive evidence that modern Business has adopted for its own not only the terms but the ideals too of the most primitive of all institutions as it was the first on earth—the Home. "Home made," "Hand made" are labels of distinction which thoughtful manufacturers are eager to affix to their products. Said one of the world's most noted restaurateurs recently in showing McCall's Homemaking Editor through his kitchens: "Our kitchen is truly a series of little kitchens, and our ideal is to serve each guest not as from a vast food factory, but as though he dined exquisitely and exclusively at his own table, with his home kitchen transformed into a place of magic accomplishment in which the most skillful of chefs await his command." Akin to this is the ideal which guides McCall's Homemaking Department—the ideal to bring within the grasp of every reader of this magazine the possibility not only of easier, quicker, more economical, but of happier and better homemaking.



If you want new ideas about feeding your family and guests, send for:  
WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES (ten cents)  
MASTER RECIPES (ten cents)  
TIME SAVING COOKERY (ten cents)  
SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY (ten cents)  
A SIMPLE GUIDE IN SELECTING FOOD (two cents)  
MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS (two cents)  
MENUS FOR WINTER AND SUMMER (two cents)

If you want new ideas for entertaining, games for parties, and novel ideas for the parties themselves, as well as exact information about the right way to meet all the requirements of social life, send for:  
UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING (ten cents)  
PARTIES ALL THE YEAR (ten cents)  
THE NEW HOSPITALITY (ten cents)  
A BOOK OF MANNERS (ten cents)  
OCTOBER FROLICS (two cents)  
PARTIES FOR THE BRIDE (two cents)  
SIX PARTIES FOR ENTERTAINING THE WOMAN'S CLUB (two cents)  
HOW TO SERVE AFTERNOON TEA CORRECTLY (two cents)

If you want practical help in managing the finances of your home, send for:  
BUDGETS FOR THE AVERAGE HOME (two cents)  
HOW TO USE YOUR BANK (two cents)  
THE FAMILY BUDGET (ten cents)

If you are planning to build, remodel or furnish your home send for:  
THE SMALL HOUSE (ten cents)  
DECORATING YOUR HOME (ten cents)  
THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE (ten cents)  
THE MODERN HOME (ten cents)

If you want the most practical, up-to-date advice about the care of your hair, skin and figure, send for:  
A HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY-WOMAN (ten cents)

If you are seeking exact information about the care and feeding of your baby, send for:  
THE FRIENDLY BABY (ten cents)

If you are about to become a mother and want to know how to care for yourself and the little one who is coming, send for:  
THE FRIENDLY MOTHER (ten cents)

If you have a garden and love to work in it, send for:  
GARDENS IN ADVANCE (two cents)  
DOWN THE GARDEN PATH (ten cents)  
A PLANTING PLAN FOR A PERENNIAL BORDER (ten cents)

For all of these helpful booklets write, enclosing money in stamps, to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



S W I F T



Many women say they cannot decide which is the more tempting—a special dish in which the distinctive, mild taste of Premium Ham is blended with other flavors, or just the tender, juicy meat served by itself. Often, however, they give new pleasure at table through some such added touch in cooking as is described on this page.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice.

### Ham Baked in Milk

Cover a thick center slice of Swift's Premium Ham with milk. Bake in a slow oven (350°F) three-fourths hour or until tender. Remove the ham to a hot platter for serving. A very delicious thickened gravy may be made with the remaining milk. Blend one tablespoon flour with one-fourth cup milk. Add to the hot milk, stir while cooking until smooth and creamy-like in consistency.

Swift & Company

# Built up step by step... this blended flavor

*—this shade of difference  
that has now captured  
the entire country*

**F**EW men understand how difficult it is—that devoted work of women who join ingredient with ingredient. Who carefully mingle flavor with flavor to give their families new pleasure at table.

Here, as women know, lies the secret of those rare dishes we most enjoy—not in any single food, but in a skillful blending of many.

Today for the first time, real nationwide fame has come to a coffee, because years ago Joel Cheek sought for a flavor no one had ever tasted.

A southerner of the old South, growing to manhood in a land noted for good living, Joel Cheek brought to his great work of coffee blending an unusual combination of experience and natural gifts.

*It delighted the great  
families of Dixie*

Step by step it was built up—that special shade of richness which delighted the great families of Dixie. That difference in taste which is today changing the habits of a nation.

Known to the South alone not many years ago, Joel Cheek's blend has now swiftly taken the whole country by storm. That special touch of goodness in Maxwell House Coffee has made it the first choice of the critical men and women of our greatest cities. From New York to Los Angeles, Maxwell House Coffee is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever put on the market. It is by far the largest

selling coffee in the entire United States.

All the zest of a new adventure awaits your family in the full-bodied smoothness and rich fragrance of this blend. With your first taste of its mellow liquor, you will realize why it has won the first real nationwide fame that ever came to a coffee. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

## MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

*It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale*



*"Good to  
the last drop"*



*It was the food at the old Maxwell House that made it the most celebrated hotel in the southern states—and it is the coffee served there which has brought it the most lasting fame*



*A guest for tea? You can serve  
♦♦♦ any of these dainties ♦♦♦*



*The afternoon tea hour is a time for confidences*

## PROMPTLY *At* FIVE

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

*Department of Foods and Cookery  
Teachers College, Columbia University*

THE five o'clock tea hour is the time for relaxation and the exchange of friendship. What to serve the friend who "happens in"? Here are some ideas and recipes:

### ENGLISH MUFFINS

- 1 cake yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 6 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon melted shortening

Soften yeast in combined water and milk which has been scalded and cooled. When dissolved, add sugar. Stir in 3 cups flour and beat well. Add remainder of flour, salt and melted shortening and mix thoroughly. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead until dough will not stick to board, using as little flour as possible. Put in a greased bowl and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. (About 2 hours). Shape into 12 large round biscuits, then roll to 1/4 inch thickness with rolling pin, keeping biscuits round. Bake on an ungreased griddle on top of stove about 10 minutes, turning to brown on both sides. When brown, move to cooler part of stove or turn down flame and bake more slowly until done inside. If to be served at once, keep warm in oven until all are baked. If not to be served at once, they may be reheated in oven when wanted. For afternoon tea, split, toast and butter.

### CHEESE RINGS

- 1 1/4 tablespoons butter
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons milk (about)
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup fresh bread crumbs

Cream butter and add flour sifted with salt, pepper, paprika and cayenne. Add cheese and crumbs and mix well. Add milk very slowly, cutting it into mixture with knife or pastry blender. When just moist enough to handle, turn out on slightly floured board and roll out into a



strip about 4 inches wide. Cut in narrow strips with pastry jagger. Pinch ends of strips together to form rings. Bake on top rack in moderate oven (360° F) about 15 minutes or until a delicate brown.

### CINNAMON TOAST

Slice bread 1/4 inch thick. Remove crusts and if slices are large, cut each slice in four finger-width pieces.

Cream together 1/4 cup butter and 3 tablespoons sugar mixed with 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon. Toast bread on one side. Spread mixture on other side and toast under flame until butter is melted. More cinnamon may be used if desired and brown sugar may be used instead of white.

### LEMON OR ORANGE TOAST

Slice bread 1/4 inch thick. Cut slices in rounds or in fancy shapes with a cookie cutter.

Cream together 3 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons sugar. Add slowly 1 teaspoon lemon or orange juice and 1/2 teaspoon rind, grated or shaved very fine. Toast bread on one side. Spread mixture on other side. Toast may then be placed under flame until butter begins to melt, or may be eaten without further toasting.

### BABY CREAM PUFFS

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 cup hot water
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 egg

Heat butter and water together until mixture boils. Put in flour, all at once, and stir until very thick (about 1/2 a minute).

Remove from fire and cool slightly. Add unbeaten egg and beat until well blended. Drop by teaspoons on slightly greased baking-sheet. Bake in hot oven (375° F) about 10 minutes. When cool make a tiny cut with a knife in side of puff and fill with custard, whipped cream, or anchovy paste. [Turn to page 71]

# FREED- EISEMANN RADIO

*In America's Finest Homes*



Truly electric (no batteries, no chargers, no dry-cell tubes), operates from A. C. light-socket. Spanish period walnut finish cabinet.

Now  
**LIGHT-SOCKET  
RADIO is here!**

A new era in radio has dawned. Now you can have radio that is truly electric. Just plug in on any light socket. It works with the snap of a switch. The great success of Freed-Eisemann is due to its world-wide reputation for quality. When you buy a Radio it pays to spend a very few dollars more and own the finest. Only selected better-class dealers have the Freed-Eisemann franchise.

\$60 and upwards

Console Cabinets by Caswell-Runyan

*Freed-Eisemann Radio Corporation*  
BROOKLYN NEW YORK

Licensed under patents of Latour, Haseltine, and Radio Corp. of America



In addition to quality radio apparatus, Freed-Eisemann acoustical engineers have developed a new device which will convert your old phonograph into the new phonic type. Simply replace old mica sound box with new Freed-Eisemann reproducer. The results will amaze you. Fits any make. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your check or money order and his name. Price \$7.50

# Try this method of Cleaning Teeth

Take advantage of this Free Trial Offer—

see your teeth grow beautifully clean

**T**EETH that flash and sparkle when you smile; teeth so clean you love to show them . . . you can have them quickly, easily, if you will use this simple cleansing method.

It is a scientific method, developed after thousands of experiments. It is a method that has been used by three generations. To-day more dentists recommend it and more people prefer it to any other dentifrice made.

Leading dental authorities now say that the one function of a dentifrice is to *clean*. They warn against relying on any dentifrice to correct diseased conditions of teeth or gums.

## Simple—Scientific

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is based upon a scientific cleansing



Gloriously clean teeth make that winning smile

## C L E A N

If you should tell your dentist that you were afraid of some dreadful disease of teeth or gums and expected your dentifrice to make you immune to it, or cure it, he would laugh at your belief that any dentifrice could replace dental surgery. He would tell you to quit worrying—dreadful mouth diseases are rare—and to keep your teeth clean with a dentifrice designed to clean them thoroughly.

principle. It has a dual action. When you brush Colgate's on your teeth, two things happen: First, the finely ground calcium carbonate rubs loose the clinging food particles and safely polishes the enamel to a sparkling brilliance. Second, a delicious, aromatic foam sweeps over the teeth and gums, seeks out hidden crevices, rinsing them scientifically and removing the very causes of decay.

Keep your teeth "Colgate" clean; visit your dentist regularly, and you are doing the safest, most sensible thing in the world to keep your teeth healthy and beautiful.

*Colgate*  
Est. 1806



Make this test—

See teeth grow cleaner

Send today for the generous trial tube of Colgate's. Brush your teeth with it for a week and note the difference! You will be amazed at the brilliant cleanliness which this method brings.

COLGATE & CO.,  
Dept. 205-J, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.  
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal

*There's more than Good Manners  
\*\*\* in your eating correctly \*\*\**



Distressed mother, does this look like home to you?

## Not just What—but How— DO your CHILDREN EAT?

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

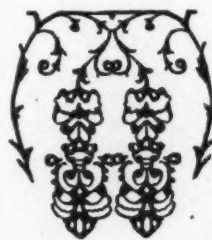
ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD T. HOLTON

**E**VEN though you may provide food for your family which is complete in every way, the adolescent boy and girl are likely to make mistakes in the choice of their food and in the way they eat it.

Take the case of a strong, healthy boy or girl with a love of activity and a keen interest in athletics. They are allowed to go out in the evening, to parties or the movies; they come home and do not get enough sleep. Then they sleep late next morning and in their haste to get off to school, or in the general disorder which attends the getting away of other members of the family to their different duties, they make their breakfast a very hasty and informal affair. If they are allowed to eat in this haphazard manner they often form the habit of crowding their mouths and washing their food down with water. Some children rush away without any breakfast and on the way to school buy candy or cookies to munch during school hours.

In some homes the meal may be very incomplete, consisting of bread, butter and honey or sirup; or a doughnut and coffee, or a piece of cake or crackers or cookies.

Under modern conditions, the mid-day meal in many homes is often little or no better than the breakfast and frequently is as hurried. It is the custom not to prepare a regular noon meal because the family who are away at their various duties do not come home at that time. Any "snack" is considered good enough for lunch. If the child goes home at noon, he helps himself to whatever the kitchen or pantry affords: bread, butter, crackers, left-over meat, sausage or sandwiches left for him by his mother; then he dashes back for an afternoon at school.

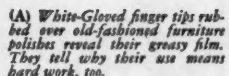


Children who are endowed at birth with good constitutions and stable nervous systems are put in jeopardy by neglect of their nutritional needs. After such a breakfast and lunch, boys and girls are so hungry when they return from school that they cannot wait for dinner so they fill their stomachs with bread and butter or a hastily prepared sandwich or two, such a short time before the evening meal that they have no appetite left for it.

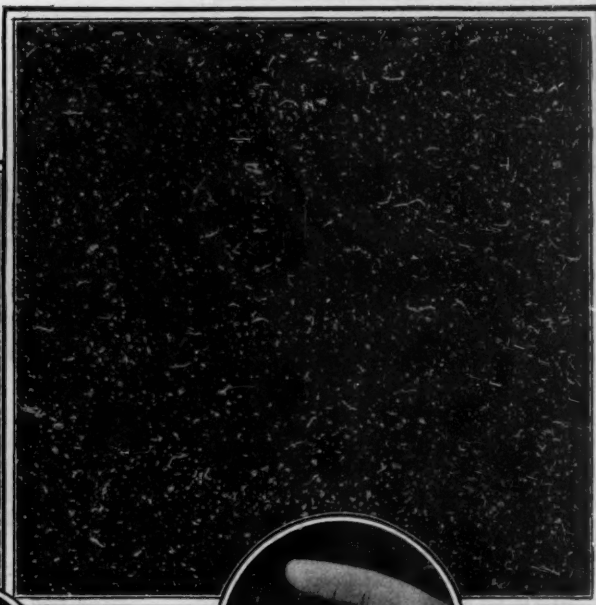
The unsatisfactory breakfast and lunch in so many homes has done much to promote the serving of mid-morning lunch in schools. Most of the criticisms one hears against the lunch are not well founded. Many healthy children who are actually hungry by mid-morning would not be so if they were given an adequate breakfast and influenced by the right home routine to eat it.

In vigorous boys and girls who are very active the appetite seems unlimited. After eating what appears to be a fair-sized meal when they return from school they are ready two hours later for another meal even larger than their fathers and mothers can eat. Many parents wonder whether such appetites are normal and they become seriously concerned about the large amounts of food their children are eating. The studies which have been made of adolescent boys and girls during recent years show clearly that huge appetites are normal to growing children. There was a time thirty years ago when it was customary to estimate that a child required half as much energy as a man. The fallacy of this view was revealed through the study of the boys in a boarding school, who were found to [Turn to page 86]





**(B) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer LEAVES NO GREASY FILM; requires no hard work in application.**



© 1927, L.V. Corp.

Tests made by The Electrical Telling  
Laboratories, New York.

ON your furniture, your woodwork, you see a dirt-encrusted film. You dust and dust to lift it off. To your constant embarrassment it still remains irremovable. Why? Embedded in the thick, greasy film of old-fashioned furniture polishes, the dirt is literally gummed to the surface of the wood.

Today these greasy polishes have been superseded by the New Liquid Veneer.

The New Liquid Veneer *leaves no greasy film.* The scientists' photographs and white kid glove tests prove that it does not. Dirt and grime do not stick to a surface polished with the New Liquid Veneer.

## Remove Dirt-Encrusted Film From Your Woodwork

On your dust cloth every day as you dust, sprinkle a few drops of Liquid Veneer. A few swift strokes and its perfectly balanced cleaning content removes the old greasy dirt-embedded film. Instantly a crystal-clear polish appears on woodwork and furniture.

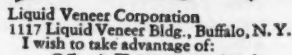
The New Liquid Veneer is an *improved* polish. Still sold in the familiar yellow package. It is the *one* polish scientifically compounded for polishing fine woods and finishes. You can get Liquid Veneer at hardware, china, drug, grocery, department, furniture or general stores, or you may wish to accept one of these offers.

2209 Liquid Veneer Bldg.

**LIQUID VENEER  
CORPORATION**

Buffalo, New York

**No need to use old-fashioned, hard-to-work greasy polish on your automobile. Liquid Veener, used regularly on your automobile, cleans, polishes and *leaves no greasy film.***



<b>Offer A <input type="checkbox"/> 30 cents enclosed</b>		<b>Regular Price</b>
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit (Includes trial 2 oz. 16c bottle Liquid Veneer and all the materials needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc. on all kinds of furniture in various woods and finishes).		<b>\$ .68</b>
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth		<b>.05</b>
Book, "The Care of Fine Finishes" . . .		<b>.25</b>
<b>Total Value</b>		<b>\$1.00</b>
<b>Special price postpaid</b>		<b>.60</b>

<b>Offer B <input type="checkbox"/> 10 cents enclosed</b>	
<b>Trial bottle Liquid Veneer</b> (Enough for two weeks dusting)	<b>Regular Price</b> \$ .10
<b>Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth</b>	25
<b>Total Value</b>	<b>\$ .35</b>
<b>Special price postpaid</b>	<b>.10</b>

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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# *The New* LIQUID VENEER

Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

## "For TEN familiar household troubles

*Handiest thing  
in the house"*

Said 2000 women

A SPECIAL JAR of "Vaseline Petroleum" Jelly ought to be kept in the kitchen of every home for these common troubles: **To prevent rust**—Pots, waffle irons, the iron parts of the kitchen stove, etc., can be kept black and free from rust by coating with "Vaseline" Jelly when not in use.

**Nickel and aluminum polish**—With "Vaseline" Jelly you can restore the brightness of aluminum and nickel finish.

**Squeaky hinges**—"Vaseline" Jelly relieves the squeak in a jiffy.

**Screens**—Prevent screens from getting rusty by oiling with a cloth in which a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly has been rubbed.

**Washing machines**—Use "Vaseline" Jelly in the grease cup. It won't drip.

**Electric fans**—Lubricate with "Vaseline" Jelly in the grease cup.

**Phonographs**—Lubricate with "Vaseline" Jelly. So easy to use.

**For fine furniture**—Rub "Vaseline" Jelly on briskly with a soft cloth. Imparts a fine finish and preserves the wood. Old furniture needs this constant oiling.

**To dress leather**—Rub well with a soft cloth and "Vaseline" Jelly.

**Shoe cleaning**—"Vaseline" Jelly is the best dressing for patent leather shoes. For scuffed black satin shoes, slick down with a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly. For leather shoes, rub well with "Vaseline" Jelly. Takes off that scuffed look all children's shoes get so easily. Also restores the softness of leather when shoes have been soaked.

And remember, when you buy, that the trademark "Vaseline" on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

Write Dept. M-10-27, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 17 State St., New York, N. Y., for free booklet containing many useful hints.



# Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
PETROLEUM JELLY



*What Is A Budget?  
Nothing more than a plan  
for using the income the family expects  
to have. It is a family matter, not an individual one, and your family can plan  
a budget in one evening.—Begin today!*

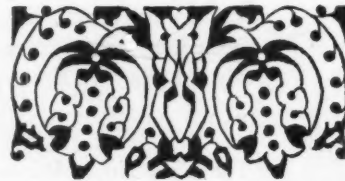
*Mr. Micawber was right  
when he said: "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen-six: result—Happiness. Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pounds nought six: result—Misery."*

## Ask Me Another ABOUT BUDGETS!

BY MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

Formerly Chairman of the Homemaker's Section  
of the American Home Economics Association

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIA BROWNEE



IT is marvelous what satisfaction comes when "both ends meet" with a tidy little sum to one's credit; and what dissatisfaction and worry ensue when both ends don't meet and the income is less than expenditures.

The golden road to this comfortable state of satisfaction seems, for most families, to be living on a budget. There are some to whom the word *budget* spells an onerous task, another burden for the already busy homemaker. This is true only for those who have listened to the edges of discussions or hurriedly glanced at budget articles without trying to get at the gist of the matter. For, really, a budget is a simple thing to prepare—much simpler and more interesting than many of the tasks a homemaker performs every day without a murmur.

It may be true that *living by a budget* after it is made is sometimes a less simple matter but even here the difficulties have been over-emphasized. For what is a budget? It is nothing more than a plan for using the income that a family expects to have during a certain period of time, such as a year or a definite number of months. A good homemaker is used to making plans for the use of a small amount of the family income for individual projects, so why should she hesitate to plan how to use larger sums?

For instance, she usually plans very carefully before she purchases a new dress for her child. She considers for what purpose that dress is to be worn, during what seasons, what colors and designs are becoming, what material is suitable, whether it is better to buy materials and make the dress herself, have a dressmaker make it, or buy it ready made. This definite plan for spending a small portion of the income is just one step removed from planning

for the use of the family's entire income.

Like most home-management problems, the question of successfully handling the finances of the household is a family matter rather than an individual one. The fact that the woman in the home is, to a large extent, the purchasing agent, because she exercises the choice and makes the decisions regarding purchases, means that she must bear a large share in handling the details which are involved in using the contents of the purse. This is, perhaps, the reason why it is she who usually has to cast the deciding vote in favor of making a budget the first time.

There are always people who insistently state that there is no use in their making a budget and they always give one or both of two reasons why. First, that their income is not a certain one and second, that they cannot live on the budget they make because all members of the family will not cooperate. In meeting the first objection, that of indefinite income, I always want to inquire how a family decides what sort of a house it is going to live in, or what sort of clothes it can purchase and what standard of food it will maintain, if it is not on the basis of what it *believes* its income will be? It is true that the budget of this family of uncertain income may have to be less definite at certain points than that of the family which knows exactly what its income of the previous year was, but the income tax law leaves all of

us somewhat certain of what our income was the preceding year.

As for the family which says it can't live on the budget it has made because some of the members do not cooperate, this is a more legitimate excuse, for to be successful a budget must be a family-concern rather than an individual matter. In defense of both families and budgets we should say that this difficulty is

not insurmountable although, in many cases, it requires persistence and tact on the part of the believing members of the household.

My experience in making budgets for my own home and in helping others to make them leads me to believe that in the beginning the secret of a successful budget is starting simply and trying to keep in mind only the essential aspects of good budgeting.

After making a few budgets and living by them it is possible to solve, with comparative ease, some of the detailed problems of budgeting.

Here is what we might call a budget primer which answers some of the first questions those of us ask who are trying to make our homes as economically sound as our husbands do their businesses.

### BUDGET PRIMER

*When can you start a budget?*

Any time of the year. If you prefer to start it the first of the year and it is now October, make your budget for three months; then make your second budget for the calendar year. The important thing is to start.

*How long will it take to make out this budget?*

If you have any records of expenditures for the past few months, a simple budget can be planned by a [Turn to page 82]

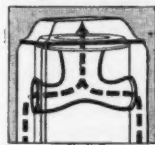


Is it any wonder that tens of thousands of women have beautified and modernized their homes with Heatrola—the home-heater that looks like a piece of fine furniture?



**A new cheerfulness  
—in every room**

The Estate Heatrola is more than beautiful. It circulates great volumes of heat—healthfully moistened—through every room in the house. The chilliest bedrooms are as cheerfully warm as the room in which Heatrola stands. No “cold spots,” no “hot spots,” no drafty floors to set the children sneezing, no arctic hallways.



This is because the Heatrola has a double system of circulating air. And the heart of this system is the exclusive Intensi-Fire. This ingenious device, built right in the path of the flame, blocks much of the heat which in a stove or furnace goes up the chimney.

Then there's the Hot Blast Fuel Saver. This device cokes the coal, burns most of the smoke, converts it into heat. No wonder Heatrola homes are toasty warm!

**So clean!**

Heatrola is ash-tight, dust-tight, smoke-tight. You shake the ball-bear-

ing grates without opening any door. When the feed door is opened, a coal chute drops into position. Really, Heatrola is surprisingly clean.

**And so easy to  
keep clean**

The Estate Heatrola is finished in a mahogany colored, vitreous enamel, grained to resemble natural wood. This finish is hard and smooth as glass, and will last a lifetime. To keep it clean, you merely dust



it with a soft cloth as you would any other piece of fine furniture.

**Cuts fuel bills almost in half**

An actual investigation, in the cold Northwest, showed that Heatrola reduced fuel bills on an average of 45%. A saving that soon makes the Heatrola pay for itself. Heatrola is today's most economical and most efficient heating system for small homes.

**See the Heatrola  
dealer**

There is a Heatrola dealer near you. Go to see him, or ask him to call on you. You'll be surprised that one heating plant can offer so many advantages. You'll be surprised, too, to learn how easily you can buy the Heatrola.

If you don't know who handles the Heatrola in your locality, drop us a card.

We'll also send you free a beautifully illustrated booklet which tells all about the Heatrola.

Just address THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, Dept. 1-B, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the branch offices.

Branch Offices: 243 West 34th Street, New York City; 714 Washington Avenue, N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

There is only One Heatrola — Estate builds it

**Estate HEATROLA**

HEATS EVERY ROOM—Upstairs and Down



**Quality**  
... is in the  
very air around

A SMALL town in a fertile country with the Mohawk River rolling by—there is quality in the very air of Canajoharie, N. Y., where Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made.

This is a delicious spread for crackers and bread—smooth and creamy. The flavor of *blended* varieties of peanuts is a source of delight. A *quality* flavor it is.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made in sun-flooded rooms. It is pure and healthful, full of nutriment for the growing child. You buy it *sealed* in glass jars.



**Beech-Nut  
Peanut  
Butter**

Exceptional quality—at moderate prices

*If you're planning a play for school, church or  
♦ club, read this discussion of the best ♦*

## TWENTY PLAYS For TWENTY MILLION

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

THERE are twenty million children in the United States, including in the word "children" those young people between the ages of six and fourteen. What are they receiving in the way of drama? Of course, the movies; but these, as the General Federation of Women's Clubs has pointed out, are not primarily chosen for children. Moreover, actual tests have proved that nine out of ten children prefer the living drama when they can get it.

But where shall children receive the spoken drama? Where, but in that most democratic of our institutions, the public school. The high school, to be exact, where older students can act plays for the children of the city or country town, and provide a Children's Theatre, just as adult actors were the protagonists of the exquisite production of *Snow White* by Winthrop Ames, in New York City; of *Treasure Island*, and of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. The answer has been solved by the Union High School of Bakersfield, California, where the educational authorities have said, in effect: "Our students are bound to give plays. Why not produce something which will fill an actual community need? Instead of producing the usual high school play, often neither fish nor fowl because it aims to be ultra-adult and ends only by being youthfully amateurish, why not take this same youthfulness and turn it into a channel where its very immaturity and freshness will be an asset instead of a liability? Why not have these young adults give the plays which the children of the community so greatly need and never obtain?"

Under the inspiring guidance of Ethel Robinson a thing came about there which all other high schools can make possible. It gives the high school students a sense of doing something for the community;



*Alice's Adventures Through the Looking Glass make fine play material for amateurs*



it gives the children a taste for the better things not only of literature, but of life.

Their production of a New England classic, *Little Women*, drew not only all the children of the community, but those baffling sixteen-year-olds of whom we read so much—*Little Women*, with its homely strength and sweetness and odd, old-fashioned clothes! As Miss Robinson says: "The success of *Little Women* paved the way for *Alice*." (*Alice in Wonderland* was their next production.)

Everything that was done in this high school could and should be repeated by other high schools throughout the country. For the production of *Alice in Wonderland* all the work was carried forward by the high school students under the guidance of Miss Robinson. From the students themselves were recruited the players, the artists, the stage crew and electricians.

In as far as possible all the work was done in school hours, though it was necessary to have a few all day meetings on Saturdays in order to cope with the problem of costuming fifty characters, and making seven entirely different sets! But the enthusiasm of the students conquered all difficulties, and Saturday afternoons found them at work over cheesecloth, cambric, paints, draperies, or cardboard silhouettes for the flower scene, with its toad-stools and huge vivid blossoms set against the background of French blue curtains that deepened or paled in color under the electrician's magic wand.

The costume suggestions were taken from the oldest edition of *Alice*, illustrated by Tenniel, and then adapted to the materials and needs of Alice Gerstenberg's play.

Designs for the settings and costumes were made by the students, passed upon by the instructors, re-discussed, finally accepted, and then carried out by those doing practical work on painting and materials. Thus no undue burden fell on any youthful shoulders. The stage space was limited, as it is in most schools. This led to great ingenuity in planning.

The production was a very real success. It had been planned as a special matinee but so great was the interest of the children, parents, librarians and grammar school principals and teachers that an evening performance had to be given too. Seven hundred children and numerous parents witnessed the afternoon performance, some of the children arriving at noon for fear they would be late! Eleven hundred people saw the evening performance. Out-of-towners begged that still a third performance be given.

In the matter of choosing a play The California Dramatic Teachers Association has several questions that are helpful.

Is the performance to be free?

If an admission is to be charged how much?

What are your expenses? Hall? Program? Tickets? Costumes? Other expenses? Do you wish to give the play for two performances? If so, two evenings, or one matinee and one evening?

Will you use two casts or one? What are your usual receipts? What type of audience?

With a five-foot book shelf of volumes on stage design, including practical works on producing, costuming and scenery, any high school can share this movement.

Note: Miss Mackay has prepared a list of plays for amateur production. This is free. Write, enclosing stamp, to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



*Alice and the Duchess*



*Enter the March Hare*





**T**ASTES change from one generation to another, no less than do other customs and practices of the times. Preferences develop and prejudices disappear. Never before have changes so swiftly come as in these days when we've just learned a lot of things that people didn't know about a little while ago.

*New things arrive.* A generation ago, for example, people knew pineapple, a fruit that grew only in a few favored localities. But it wasn't the pineapple we know to-day. When we think of pineapple now, we think of the kind that "grows in cans" everywhere. We love the flavor of it. The prejudice we once had against the can is now all gone. We know now that food sterilized in sealed cans is the safest, most wholesome of food.

*Because we've learned* that we need to be sure that food contains nothing that may harm health, we are coming more and more to use foods which are protected by sterilization in sealed containers. We are coming to like the flavor which is the characteristic mark of food that is surely safe and wholesome. Yesterday that flavor was "queer." To-day it is coming more and more to be preferred. To-morrow we shall wonder at the "queerness" of the preference, in other days, for the flavor of any other kind of food.

*Milk that has that flavor.* Evaporated Milk has a flavor that is distinctive. Have you thought it was due to some substance added to the milk? That was a mistaken idea. Nothing whatever is added to the pure milk. Nothing is taken from it but some of the water which forms the greater part of all milk. All the food elements of the milk remain in Evaporated Milk. Not one of them is harmed in any way. The taste of Evaporated



## Times Change

Milk is the distinctive flavor of pure milk that is kept fresh and sweet and clean by sterilization. You know the "cooked" flavor of boiled milk. The flavor of Evaporated Milk is that same "cooked" flavor

intensified because the milk is concentrated and sterilized.

*What the flavor adds.* Food made with Evaporated Milk has a rich flavor that is definitely due to the

flavor of the milk. This is particularly noticeable in cream soups, creamed vegetables, sauces and gravies. In pies, puddings, custards and ice creams, where the recipe calls for milk, Evaporated Milk, diluted with an equal part of water will give you richer tasting desserts. Candy made with Evaporated Milk is better because of the distinctive flavor of the milk.

*The modern cream and milk*

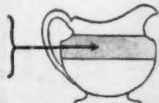
*supply.* Produced under the supervision of experts in the best dairying sections of America—received in sanitary plants while it is fresh and sweet—carefully tested for purity and cleanness—the pure, fresh milk is concentrated, put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. Undiluted, Evaporated Milk is rich enough to use in place of cream. It costs less than half as much as cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need. It costs less than ordinary milk. Every grocer has it.

*Have you brought your milk supply up to date?*

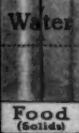
Evaporated Milk is the favored milk and cream supply to-day in millions of American homes. And there the flavor of the milk has become the preferred flavor. *Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating* the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cows' milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



Ordinary Milk



Water Removed

Evaporated Milk

In Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.



It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

**ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED**

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION

231 SO. LASALLE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

## Could you use an extra \$1000.?

An extra thousand dropped in your lap! . . . How many wonderful ways to spend it! A new car! A trip abroad for two! Of course you could use that extra thousand. So, right now, make up your mind to be one of the winners—

# 1001 cash prizes in POSTUM'S \$10,000 Contest

Three big contests in one! Three first prizes of \$1000 each! 998 other prizes! No tricks! Just a little easy writing! Read the details. They may mean a \$1000 to you!

### The 30-day test contest

THOUSANDS have made this famous test—used Postum in place of caffeine beverages for a month and noted their progress—and become regular Postum users forever after! Hundreds had written us about it before this contest started. How wonderful it was to find a hot drink that gave them everything except regrets! Now we want to hear from you—whether you are a life-long user of Postum, or only a beginner. The best letter wins \$1000! 333 additional cash prizes!

### The Instant Postum made-with-milk contest

Teachers and mothers throughout America tell us Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk! Healthful—easy to make—and loved even by the children who “don’t like milk!” Tell us why you think Postum is the best hot drink for children! \$1000 for the best letter. Hundreds of other prizes!

### The “How I make Postum” contest

Some people are enthusiasts for Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others swear by Postum Cereal—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Then opinions differ on the proper strength of the drink—whether it should be strong, weak, or “medium.” As with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to suit the individual taste. Hundreds of cash prizes for the best letters on this subject—beginning with a \$1000 prize!

Read the rules on this page—then enter the contest while there is yet time!

### Subjects and Prizes

1. “What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me.”
2. “Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls.”
3. “How I make Postum—and why I like it best made my way.”  
(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on each subject: First prize, \$1000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, 3 prizes of \$100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of \$50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of \$25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of \$15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of \$10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of \$5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of \$3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of \$2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of \$1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of \$1 each for third subject.

### RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
- 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
- 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
- 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
- 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
- 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
- 9 Address envelopes to “P.O. Box 584—D, Battle Creek, Michigan.”
- 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.)—This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

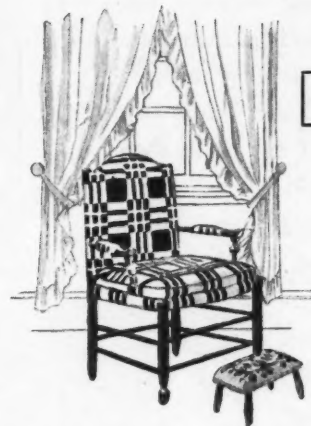
### THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

## The handy woman about the house re-upholsters her own



Center the material in the back and seat

## NEW CHAIRS for OLD

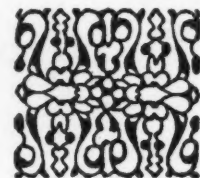
BY LUCILLE ARKINS THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SOPHIE SCHNEIDER

RE-UPHOLSTERING furniture is one of the most important decorating problems which arises every fall. It may be inexpensively solved by doing the work at home yourself. Minor repairs may be done with very little expense and new fabrics substituted for shabby or faded ones. Re-upholstering is fascinating work and not nearly so difficult as it sounds. Even tying down springs, replacing loose or broken webbing, and adding new hair are all interesting problems to tackle.

Before starting out, see that you have all the tools that may be required in the work. The following list includes only the most necessary items: An upholsterer's hammer with the face of the hammer about one-half inch in diameter, a ripping chisel, various upholsterer's needles with oblong eyes, one circular needle about three inches long, one circular needle six to fourteen inches long depending upon the type of work. (These needles are measured from tip to tip across the bow). One packing needle three or four inches long, one double-pointed needle six to fourteen inches (good for stitching through hair), webbing stretcher, one gross of ten or twelve-ounce tacks, one gross of three-and-one-half-ounce-tacks, yardstick, tape measure and a two-foot flexible steel ruler.

When there is repair work to do on the



upholstery you will need the following: A ball of heavy stitching twine, three- and one-half-inch webbing (this size is practical for almost everything), a pound or so of hair, if there are any holes in the upholstery that require filling in (white curled hair is the softest and best grade and also has the best wearing qualities), burlap too, and some unbleached muslin.

When springs need repairing it is merely a question of rettying those which have become untied either at the top or bottom. Springs which sag below the seat of a piece of furniture have become untied at the bottom, while those which protrude up into the upholstery need rettying at the top. When the wire coil is broken or very misshapen, it is necessary to get a new spring to replace it. Measure the untied size of one of the good springs and procure another the exact size in height and thickness of the coil.

Start with something simple at first, a chair, for instance. With the ripping chisel, gently remove the gimp and outside covering, taking care not to scratch the woodwork. Notice just how the material was put on. Use the old chair cover as a pattern for cutting the new material. When there is a large pattern in the new material, it should be centered in the middle of the chair seat and back. Since the greatest amount of wear is from back to front on the seat and [Turn to page 72]



The equipment  
is quite simple



Observe how the old  
covering was put on





One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you



# A new advance in the art of baking —“kitchen-tested” Flour

More than 2,000,000 women now  
eliminate 50% of the cause of baking  
failures—this new way



Blitz Torte—A Luscious dessert for special occasions. One of the unusual recipes created in the Gold Medal Kitchen. Kitchen-tested Flour and Kitchen-tested recipes—perfect results always

**Says a Husband!** “A bride next door is a convert to Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour. Her husband says she never baked anything fit to eat until she began to use Gold Medal.”  
MRS. E. L. KREISER, Oberlin, Ohio.

**No Uneasiness!** “I am never uneasy about the results because with Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour there is no failure. The fact that it is an all-purpose flour makes it easy to recommend.”  
MRS. JOHN ZIKA, Edwardsville, Ill.

**A Transformation!** “A friend of mine tried Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour and her cakes which had always been heavy and coarse were light and fluffy.”  
MRS. ANNA E. GIBBS, Cleveland, Ohio.

**B**ECAUSE it is proved beforehand that this “Kitchen-tested” Flour will always “act” right in the oven—good cooks are experiencing many new thrills from their baking—while the chances of less experienced cooks for perfect baking results have actually been doubled. This is why.

Recently chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that flour is 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists’ tests might prove two batches of the same brand of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time.

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous “Kitchen-test” for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means one flour for all your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

## Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn’t act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is “Kitchen-tested” before you receive it. The words “Kitchen-tested” are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn’t.

## Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is “Kitchen-tested” with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

## Special Offer

### “Kitchen-tested” Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these “Kitchen-tested” Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We will be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only \$1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer is only good if you live in United States.)

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will be glad to send selected samples, including Blitz Torte—FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker



Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER  
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.  
Dept. 292, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for your box of “Kitchen-tested” Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes free.)  
☐ Please send me selected samples of “Kitchen-tested” Recipes—FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

# GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

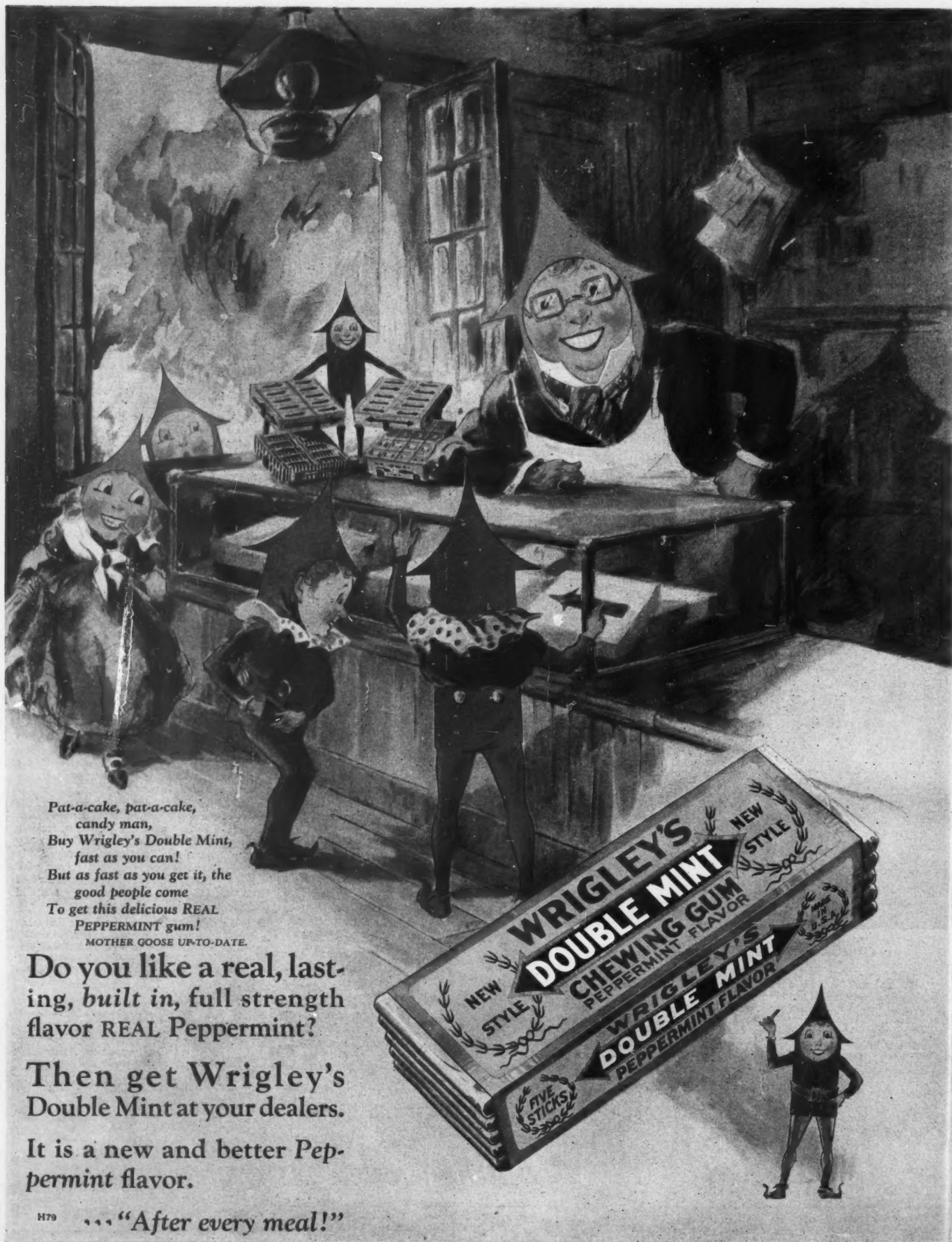


Listen for Betty Crocker and her  
“Kitchen-tested” recipes over  
your favorite radio station.

## Kitchen-tested

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS

MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO,  
LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN  
Copyright 1927, Washburn Crosby Co.



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,  
candy man,  
Buy Wrigley's Double Mint,  
fast as you can!  
But as fast as you get it, the  
good people come  
To get this delicious REAL  
PEPPERMINT gum!  
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Do you like a real, last-  
ing, built in, full strength  
flavor REAL Peppermint?

Then get Wrigley's  
Double Mint at your dealers.

It is a new and better Pep-  
permint flavor.

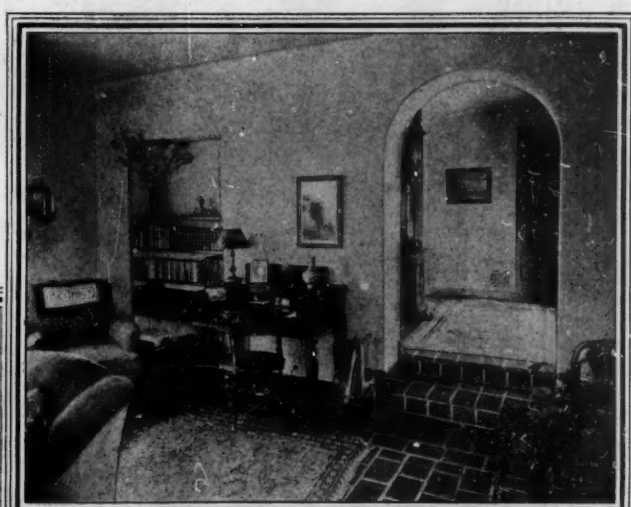
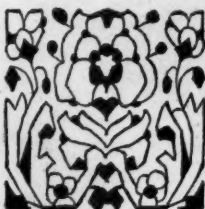


# XXX A CORNER FOR BOOKS XXX

*No Living Room is Truly Livable Without a Place  
For Your Friends Between Covers*



Mott Studios



Mott Studios

IN this long, narrow room whose chief interest is a big window with a view, (above) the small panels between the window casing and the side walls provide a place for books whose richly colored bindings are far more decorative than spotty pictures would be. These shelves were planned as an integral part of the house at the time of building, and were recessed.

IN the California living-room pictured above, a recess partially fitted with shelves painted a Chinese red serves not only as a book case, but provides a gay decorative note. Another suggestion would be to tint the plaster back wall and sides of the recess red, Adam green or robin's egg blue to contrast with the walls which are a pale gold color.

THE corner beside the fireplace is a favorite place for books. Shelves fitted into the recess of the chimney jam can be treated architecturally—panelled in wood, to appear like part of the mantel decoration even when the other walls of the room are plastered or papered.

If you are considering the purchase or building of new book cases this fall send for our new leaflet "Book Cases and Book Shelves." Write, enclosing stamp, to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

THE space below the built-in shelves shown above is devoted to cupboards for old magazines, clippings and the children's dog-eared school books. If the cupboards are partitioned off, each member of the family can have his own place for his pet treasures, thus helping to keep the living-room tidy.



Mattie Edwards Hewitt



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

# From Neglected Country Attics Come The Treasures City Decorators Sigh Over



For your true antique hound there's no fun that can equal the country auction — ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

## THIS ANTIQUE BUSINESS

BY ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK, *Author of The Next-to-Nothing House*

COUNTRY auctions, do you know them? If you don't, you have missed the highest moments of existence. They are such human things; sad and glad and annoying and exciting all at once. Sad because, inevitably, there is melancholy in seeing an old home, perhaps one of those tranquil white houses, green-shuttered, low-roofed, which has stood for a century and a half, despoiled of its familiar, everyday tokens; pots and pans, brass preserving kettles, Bennington cider-jugs and crocks, and ancient chairs and tables that long-dead hands have polished and set in order over and over again.

And they're glad because they're a rustic festival, the whole neighborhood thronging, old folk, young folk trooping all together. I remember Rollin Lynde Hartt in his "New England Hill Towns" said that in the country, by way of diversion, you took your girl to funerals and fires. I can add auctions to the list! Of course, oftentimes these happy couples come with really serious intentions, bent upon securing household gear for a beginning home, but, in general, youth and maturity both are there for a good time; everybody friendly, everybody knowing everybody else, and all intensely interested in whatever is said or done or bought, sitting in amicable groups, eating a paper-bag lunch; crackers and cheese and brown doughnuts and coffee, served steaming from thick

white cups, all the lavish hospitality of the family who are selling out.

Again auctions are annoying because—though this is a purely personal feeling—there is nothing so hateful to a middling purse as to see the desire of your soul, be it Windsor chair or shining door-knocker, mount and mount in price, soar out of your reach, and be snatched by some avid dealer or affluent Summer visitor. And they're exciting, wildly exciting, because collecting—especially at auctions—is the one really respectable form of gambling that I know. No breaker of banks at Monte Carlo ever thrilled as I did when I bought my Pembroke table for a dollar seventy-five! So, you see, whatever your chosen emotional foible, it may be indulged at a country sale.

And, to go back to advantages, we still have a decided one in our North Country, although of course, we have less fine furniture, our settlement being late, and the emigrants from

Connecticut and Massachusetts, on the whole, not conspicuously prosperous. Our auctions aren't planted, and, as a rule, if your taste and judgment are equal to your desire, you may bid with complete confidence. Besides, we have them all the year round, too; more of them, naturally, in the Spring and Autumn when folk are flitting, but, then, we do have Summer and Winter auctions. One of my greatest pieces of luck came when L..., the other one of the "antique ladies" and I waded and ploughed through deep white drifts to that blessed little village of many bargains, straight across the wide, frozen river from Our Town. My reward was a charming pair of carved Empire chairs, as simple and suave in line as a Greek *klismos*, just like a set Daniel Webster had when he first went to housekeeping in the very early nineteenth century. And I bought them for five dollars!

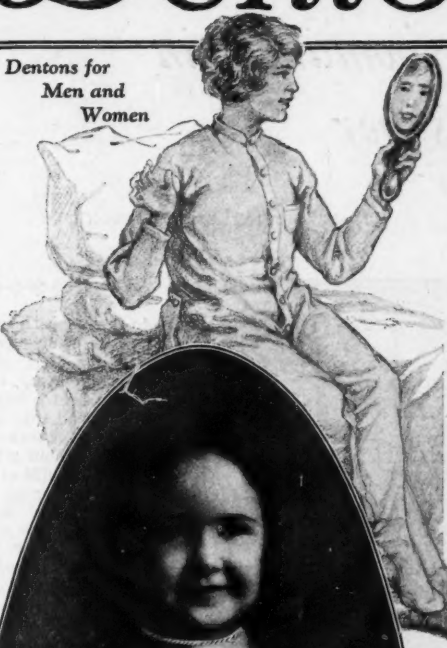
While I am on the subject of auction advice, may I present you with a few maxims of antique-ing? In the first place, it is always wiser to go early, the day before, if possible, for then you can look over the plenishings at leisure, know what you want to bid on, and not get excited, as I am apt to do, and so buy a pig in a poke. Next, follow the crowd into the barn; for the barn is the half-way house to the rubbish heap, and in that you will frequently find, tucked away and quite unconsidered, a slat-back [Turn to page 86]





# Dentons for All Ages

Dentons for Men and Women



Dentons for Children



Sizes 3 to 14 open down front

All Sizes have Drop Seat



Back View Sizes 3 to 14

Sizes 0, 1 and 2 open down back, and have turn down cuffs



New Two-Piece Dentons button entirely around waist Sizes 0, 1 and 2 ONLY



Denton Sleeping Hoods

Two sizes for Adults Three sizes for Children



## Denton Soft-Knit Fabric

All Denton garments are made of our Special Denton fabric, wonderfully soft and warm. Made of high grade unbleached cotton, double carded, with a little fine, soft, natural colored, virgin wool to carry off perspiration.

Our loosely spun yarn, knit in an open stitch, provides the ventilation for the skin to function healthfully. Denton fabric is truly hygienic.

## Extra Heavy Romper Feet (patented)

Double the life of Adult and Children's Dentons by giving great durability where most needed. Soles and uppers are die-cut, giving shapely, uniform, well-tailored feet.

## Flexible Rubber Buttons

Do not break in wringer. Do not cut threads. Do not readily come unbuttoned. Delight mothers, for the old bother of sewing on buttons is almost gone.

## Extra-Full Drop Seat (patented)

Prevents binding when sleeping with knees drawn up.

## Dentons Do Not Shrink

When washed as we direct. Body, limbs and feet are covered (also hands in sizes 0, 1 and 2) giving full protection even if bed covers are thrown off.

## Infant Sizes—0, 1 and 2

Have Drop Seat and open down the back, are extra wide at hips to allow for diapers and have turn-down cuffs.

## Children's Sizes—3 to 14

Have the drop seat but open down the front as is more convenient for boys. Children from 3 up delight in buttoning their own garments. In special cases, in the smaller of these sizes, if the mother prefers not to have them open all the way down, it is easy to sew the front opening part way up. These sizes have plain cuffs. Adult sizes are the same pattern.

Dentons are amply proportioned, finely tailored and thoroughly well made in every way.

Strong seams, collars double thickness, buttons well sewed, strong button holes.

## Ideal for camping, touring or for fresh-air sleeping.

Dentons have a mottled, light gray color, not readily showing soil.

Insist on genuine Dentons. If your dealer does not have them, write us.

Sold by over 5,500 leading Dry Goods and Department stores in United States and Canada.

## Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,

Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

For Two Generations the Children of America Have Slept in Dentons



This oval picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Denton Garment

Denton Sleeping Bag for Babies One size, 26 in. long



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page 86]

# IF YOU'D BRING YOUR BEAUTY TO LIFE AGAIN!

*The most revealing mirror for every woman is in  
the eyes of the man who loves her*

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

THERE'S a point in the life of every one of us when a mirror, instead of being a cheerful check-up on our appearances, suddenly turns against us. Almost overnight it becomes our enemy instead of our friend. If we're not watchful we find ourselves slipping into the habit of taking only the merest glance into the glass every morning instead of a long, thoughtful look that brings a brave analysis of the inevitable marks that life makes on our faces.

And life does leave its mark; why shouldn't it, anyway? How silly of us to rebel against the very evidences that we're no longer children, that we have known happy days and sad days, that we have worked and played; in short, that we have lived. I hate empty faces, but there's a fundamental difference between the marks of developing character, maturing experience, and the ordinary signs of neglect. When we begin to fear our mirrors, it's usually because they accuse us of this very neglect.

A wise young matron I know confessed to me that she had to take herself in hand whenever her mirror looked back at her with an accusation. Usually she finds a friend who also admits that she is slumping, and together they fare forth in search of youth and a new zest for life. They arrange to meet their respective husbands in town for dinner—usually, she says, at a restaurant where they dined often before they were married.

In the hours before luncheon she goes to a spacious, quiet salon and submits to the ministrations of a brisk young physical training expert whose business it is to keep figures slim and lithe. Clad in a one-piece bathing suit she stands up in a queer machine equipped with rollers that slide over her figure with a tingling sensation, pressing the flabby tissues firm around the hips, making her feel young and firm again. Then the young attendant (looking like Artemis in a purple tunic and purple suede sandals) takes her into the exercise room, where they go through the rather strenuous movements which this salon advocates. She is reminded that these exercises are obtainable in record form for home use, with excellent photographs and detailed instructions. After this comes a massage at the hands of a Swedish girl, and then a shower. When she steps into her clothes again that slumpy feeling has slipped from her; she feels eager and refreshed and vows solemnly to keep up the routine of exercise which the girl in purple has prescribed for her.

Then comes luncheon at a very special small tearoom; after this there is the question of clothes. Sometimes, says this wise young matron, a new corset will change her whole outlook on life. It is when the figure begins to show mature lines that a corset becomes increasingly important. A corset isn't only a means of slenderizing the figure; it's also the basis of the normal silhouette. Clothes these days are made to conform to the current mode, and corsets are designed to be a foundation on which fashionable lines are correctly draped and hung.

Since the years change not only our figures but also the



*By the bright look in Tom's eyes as he greets me, I know I look as young as I feel*



lines of chin and neck, we must remember that we can't go indefinitely with the same boyish bob, the same cut at the neck and above the ears. I agree with this young married friend of mine that there is nothing worse than that hard line at the back of the neck, so unbecoming to the early thirties. A visit to the hairdresser's reveals the particular needs of her changing profile. By swirling the hair in a softer line at the back the coiffure can be made to conform to the maturing lines of the face.

"Every time I am 'done over,'" says the young suburban housewife, "I learn something new about myself. There was the contour treatment I had last time which showed me how I could pat up my facial muscles and keep them from sagging. The woman who gave me this also showed how, by putting pink powder on my cheeks instead of the shade I usually use, I could blend a make-up that even my keen-eyed husband couldn't detect. Then there was the manicurist who massaged my fingers separately with cuticle oil, down to the second joint. It's the most soothing thing in the world for jumpy nerves, and I can do it myself, too. She explained that the orange stick with a flat point was prefer-

able to the one with the sharp point which often pierced the skin. As for steel files, she never uses them, choosing long emery boards instead.

"Often I find that by buying a few accessories I can stay smart without getting an expensive new outfit of clothes. A fresh flower for my coat, a dashing pin for my hat, gloves and a purse that exactly match a new pair of palest beige hose, and I feel well-dressed again, though before I came in to town for my day of rejuvenation I felt all dowdy and démodée.

"Of course," she added, smiling as if at a pleasant memory, "the climax of my day comes when I meet Tom for dinner. Away from the children (who are dears, but demand such a lot of attention) we sort of slip back into our engagement days. I never tell him all the mysterious things I've done that day; he thinks I've spent the day shopping for clothes and household goods instead of shopping for youth! And the reflection that I see in his eyes makes up for all the trouble I've gone to in order to erase the signs of neglect. It all makes me realize anew how terribly important it is to watch my own dressing-table mirror sharply every day, lest I slip back into that dragged-out, harassed state that every mother gets into when children and household cares pile up around her.

"Though he's worked hard all day, Tom begins to feel like a party after dinner, and we drift away from Pietro's to the theater. Sometimes I wonder if women don't lose 'that party feeling' too quickly after they're married.

After a day in town, being 'made over,' I feel just as peppy as I ever did when I was single and free of domestic cares. Perhaps I'll have to take a few naps the next day to make up for it, but it's always worth it. When I remember that interested, bright look in Tom's eyes as he greets me, I feel lots younger, and I know I look as young as I feel."

After I had talked with her, I began to notice a group of young married women in the little suburban town where I live who went into the city periodically on these "shopping for youth" expeditions. As I walked up and down the station platform, I could hear their eager questions. Where was the best place to get a manicure? What about that new facial one of them had tried? Did Henri's new permanent wave really leave the hair soft and lustrous afterwards? All these and other discussions about fascinating modern methods for looking one's best I heard. Now, most of them have children and homes to take care of; two of my loveliest looking neighbors have big boys and girls in High School. But this has not kept them from building up for themselves a standard of good looks efficiency. They're not in the least frivolous about it; but they're modern, and they know that keeping one's beauty alive is the spark of a woman's happiness. They also know that it directly affects the happiness of those about them.

When I hear these modern young mothers called selfish I want to rage. Selfish? No, the selfish ones are those who let the fires of youth and beauty die down without making the supreme effort to keep them burning brightly.



# MUST YOU HIDE YOUR SKIN

under a concealing coat of cosmetics?

*If you care for it regularly—according to the scientific method of Elizabeth Arden—it will be healthy and naturally lovely, without need of a concealing make-up*

ALL the modern trend is toward naturalness, a physical perfection that is more beautiful than the cleverest artifice. Smart women have abandoned rouge in favor of exercise. Instead of concealing skin blemishes under make-up, they have learned to care for the skin with a scientific effectiveness that keeps it *naturally* clear, firm and smooth.

The Elizabeth Arden Treatment supplies every need of the skin to keep it healthy. The cleansing—with *Venetian Cleansing Cream*—removes all dust and impurities which would distend and darken the pores. The toning—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* and *Special Astringent*—clears the skin and firms the muscles. The nourishing—with *Orange Skin Food* or the delicate *Velva Cream*—keeps the tissues smooth and full and unlined. Follow this same method in the daily care of your skin at home. It will keep your skin so lovely that you will have no need of resorting to cosmetics. Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia and the Far East, South America, West Indies and the U. S. Possessions.



Elizabeth Arden  
recommends these Preparations for  
your care of the skin at home

**Venetian Cleansing Cream.** Removes dust and impurities from the pores. Cleanses thoroughly, and soothes the skin, leaving it soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

**Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic.** Tones, firms, clarifies the skin. A gentle bleach and astringent. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

**Venetian Orange Skin Food.** Keeps the skin well nourished. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

**Venetian Velva Cream.** A delicate skin food for sensitive skins.

Keeps the skin soft and smooth. Recommended for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

**Venetian Special Astringent.** Firms the tissues, tightens the skin. Important for the treatment of a fallen contour or flabby neck. \$2.25, \$4.

**Venetian Pore Cream.** A greaseless astringent cream which contracts open pores, corrects their laxness and refines the coarsest skin. \$1, \$2.50.

**Poudre d'Illusion.** Powder of superb quality, fine, adherent. Tinted with "pure food" colors. Illusion (a peach blend), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana and White. \$3.

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# 86%

of these Domestic Science Teachers say: "I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder"

Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste.



Rich Chocolate Cakes—You'll find dependable recipes for several kinds in the Royal Cook Book

**ORANGE SPONGE CAKE:** Beat the whites of 3 eggs and  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. cream of tartar until stiff and add the yolks one at a time, beating well before the addition of each yolk. Then add 1 cup granulated sugar gradually, still beating with the egg beater; remove beater. Add 2 tps. grated orange rind and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice. Fold in  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups pastry flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tps. Royal Baking Powder and  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt sifted together. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) in two-layer pans for about 18 minutes. **Filling:** Put  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tps. flour and  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt in top of double boiler and mix together thoroughly; add 2 tps. grated orange rind and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice. Add 2 tps. butter and 1 egg yolk and cook until smooth and thick. Remove from fire and add 1 tsp. lemon juice. Spread between layers and ice top and sides of cake with the following icing. **Icing:** Place in top of double boiler 1 unbeaten egg white,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup granulated sugar, 3 tps. cold water. Place over boiling water and beat with beater for 7 minutes. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. flavoring and  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. Royal Baking Powder; beat and spread on cake. Grate a little orange rind on icing before it cools. Makes 1 two-layer cake using 8" tins.



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Dept. M, 105 East 42nd St., New York City  
Please send me my free copy of your famous Royal Cook Book—over 300 recipes.

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From the land of the best cooks  
♦♦ in the world come these ♦♦



Photograph by G. W. Harting

Michel's Birthday Cake, simple enough for any small child to eat with safety

## FRENCH DESSERTS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

BY DAY MONROE AND MARY I. BARBER

SUCH excitement as there was in our French household! Denise, the married daughter, was coming home to visit, with her six-year-old son, le petit Michel, who was Madame's only grandchild.

Madame was eagerly preparing for them, especially for Michel. The evening before the momentous arrival we found her poring over her cook books. These were guarded in Madame's desk, and only brought out on special occasions. "Are you searching for something sufficiently wonderful to serve such an unusual child?" we asked her.

"He likes sweets, the little boy," Madame declared. "Yet the doctor's book says, 'No pastries, no tarts, and no cakes with rich butter frosting.'"

Here was a housekeeping problem, but Madame is a born diplomat, so she planned her strategies to follow the rules of a tyrannical book and yet to delight Michel. We began a new section in our note book which we called "French Desserts for All the Family." Below are Madame's recipes which you will like if you must serve simple desserts because of the children.

### THE PIE WHICH WAS A PUDDING

At dinner the first night Michel gravely finished his vegetables and then looked across at Madame, his eyes sparkling with anticipation. Perhaps he knew his grandmother well enough to be sure he could trust her to produce some culinary marvel; perhaps he had been investigating the kitchen. No matter, his expectations were not disappointed, and we are sure we looked quite as happy as he did when the dessert appeared.

It looked like a pie, for it was baked in a shallow dish and covered with a mer-

ingue just the right shade of brown. But pies are not decorated with bright colored candies and besides they were forbidden to Michel.

"Only a rice pudding, my dear," murmured Madame, looking at the apprehensive face of Michel's mother. "Rice Pudding de Luxe," we decided, for never had our family standby appeared in so glorious a guise.

In the shallow buttered baking-dish Madame had spread an inch thick layer of rice which had been cooked in milk until tender, sweetened and flavored with vanilla—just creamy rice pudding, which anyone can make. But before it was placed in the baking-dish, half a glass of tart currant jelly had been stirred into it. Over this layer of rice was a thick layer of sliced canned peaches. Sweetened fresh peaches can be used instead when they are in season. The whole was covered with a meringue, baked to a delicate brown and served cold.

### APPLES À LA BOURGEOISE

Apples à la Bourgeoise are made as follows: Pare and core four apples, cut them into halves and cook them in a thin sirup made with one cup of sugar and one cup of water. To this add a half cup of seeded raisins and a small stick of cinnamon. The apples must be watched carefully and taken from the sirup before they are cooked enough to lose their shape. They should then be drained and arranged in a buttered baking-dish, flat side down. The raisins are also drained, mixed with an equal quantity of apricot preserves and spread over the apples. Over this pour a boiled custard, slightly thickened with cornstarch, so it will not separate in the oven, and will be firm enough to support the layer of [Turn to page 76]



a family  
matter - it's  
25¢



## This family saves \$12 a year on tooth paste — and has whiter teeth

Now with 50 years experience to guide us and new methods of manufacture to cut costs we are able to produce a perfect dentifrice at a price that appeals to all.

The name is Listerine Tooth Paste. Your druggist has it. The price is 25c for a large tube.

Using a tube a month, you pay \$3 less per year than you do for costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Think of what a saving there is when there are several in the family.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains sixteen ingredients to meet every requirement for healthy teeth, gums

and a sweet condition of the mouth. It whitens teeth as never before—with less effort and in less time because of a new polishing ingredient contained in no other paste.

Because of its marvelous results and its amazing economy, thousands now use it in preference to older and costlier dentifrices.

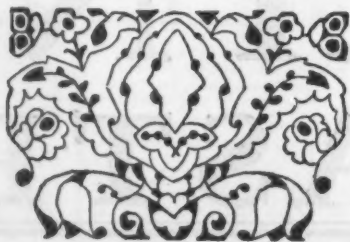
Get a tube at your druggist. Note its large size. Try it. See how it makes teeth gleam. How good your mouth feels. How little polishing is necessary. You will be delighted.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"October Weddings and Autumn Honeymoons are most fashionable," says America's authority on etiquette, replying to countless letters from McCall's readers which ask: "Shall I marry now, or wait for June?"



October is beginning to rival June as a month for weddings



## THE POST BOX

✂ BY EMILY PRICE POST ✂

Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS



THIS month weddings and honeymoons lead all other interests. Indeed, October has begun to rival June as a month for weddings. One correspondent writes:

Dear Mrs. Post:

Mine is not a bride-to-be problem but the problem of where to go when we drive away after the reception on that journey of enchantment—our honeymoon. The word honeymoon has such a wonderful sound and we want always to remember it as having been wonderful! But we are really at a loss as to how to plan it because neither of us knows the first thing about traveling. Where shall we go, and how do we make our arrangements for accommodation? Can you help us?

Your question is very much like asking me what color I think best suits you, when I do not even know whether you are dark or fair. Choosing the scene of your "beautiful adventure" is entirely dependent upon the sort of things you like to do and see. Do you love the quiet of the country? Do you love the excitement of a city like New York? I suppose I shall be looked upon as insensible to romance if I say: Whatever you do, don't be bored!

That a honeymoon couple could be bored is an unthinkable suggestion—to those who don't think. But in a fairly long life I have been told of too many wedding trips that were—perhaps not boring, but at least not the experience of complete delight that they ought to be.

I think that the really important advice, is to go to the sort of place, or take the sort of journey that you like for itself. Therefore the delight of going together is the completing addition. The reason why many wedding trips are not the most beautiful of imagined adventures, is that two people much in love think, and naturally, that all they can possibly want is each other. So they go off somewhere, because they think the "where" is unimportant, choosing the place because the distance there or the mode of getting there is convenient. And they go to stay in a place

where there is nothing to do, a place that neither of them could bear to be for a moment, were they alone! And at the end of a week or so of nothing whatever but themselves brought into their lives to even talk about, the flatness of unoccupied days becomes nothing less than boredom. To accept the country home of a friend and go off into occupationless solitude—which is supposed to be the most heavenly honeymoon possible—is Heaven to about one couple in a thousand.

Of course the most fatal journey possible, is one by rough sea to the bride who discovers she is the worst of sailors. In the same way a long journey by train is an exceedingly dangerous choice, unless unavoidable. If you love camp life, then do THAT. But don't so much as think of it unless you are an adept camper and know exactly what is expected of you.

If you live in the country, why not go to New York—or Chicago if that is nearer? The one objection to a sojourn in a great city is the cost of amusement. Museums, picture galleries and show-windows are free of course, but hotels and theaters are very expensive.

It is a rather out of date form of travel, but one of the happiest honeymoons (so they have always declared) was that of a young couple who set out on bicycles. They sent a small steamer trunk by express to a destination several days distant while they bicycled leisurely, stopping off for the night here and there until they met their trunk. Then they changed into fresh clothes, repacked their little bicycle suitcases and sent the trunk further on. My personal choice would be for a motor trip. It would make not the least difference whether the car were an Hispano or Rolls or the sidecar of a motorcycle. (I actually went in a side-car—which I shared with a seventy pound police dog, for nearly a thousand miles—and simply reveled in each mile of the way).

So if you, too, like motoring—even half as much as I do—and own or can rent or borrow a car, get a Blue Book and plan your route according to the number of miles you like. If you like cities, choose a road that goes through them. If you don't, then choose country inns for your stopping places instead.

If you are very independent of comfort you can start out and stop where and when you feel like it, but if you care much for comfort, it is better to plan your trip definitely and write to each hotel you intend to stop at in advance.

A form letter to a hotel is:

Proprietor, The Birches,

Dear Sir:

Will you please reserve a double room with bath for Tuesday evening, October the third?

Kindly confirm reservation,

42 State Street,

Brightways.

Very truly yours,  
John Smith.

However if you are not like my dog and me, and motoring has no great appeal—if instead, you both are enthusiasts of golf—then you would be happy as the day is long at an inn near a golf course. You could play your favorite game by day, and in the evening sitting by a big log fire, play the day's games again in memory.

But as I said—how can anyone plan such a trip for another? Perhaps though this list of what and what nots may help you to a choice that must be your own.



Note: If you are faced at this time of year with the problem of sending your daughters or sons to preparatory school and college, or if you have any other questions of etiquette, I am always glad to answer all letters sent to Emily Post, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamp for the reply.





H. J. H. CO. '27

## WHY HEINZ BEANS ARE OVEN-BAKED

Out of the ovens—crisp, mealy, golden brown—flooding the Heinz kitchens with their home-baked fragrance.

And when you serve them, that same irresistible aroma and a flavor that only oven-baking can impart to beans.

There are quicker ways and cheaper ways of preparing beans,

but those ways are not Heinz ways. Heinz Beans are baked for the same reason that Heinz Cream Soup is made with real cream, Heinz Vinegars aged in wood, and Heinz Ketchup made fresh from Heinz grown tomatoes—all to the end that every Heinz product shall be as supremely good to eat as Heinz can make it.

AND REMEMBER—HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE • H. J. HEINZ CO.

# Never a Hygienic Worry

No matter how strict the demands of the day  
—how filmy and sheer the frock you wear!



Easy  
Disposal  
and 2 other  
important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,\* simply by saying "Kotex."

This NEW way provides absolute protection, besides ending forever embarrassment of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

FEW women today still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday. There is now protection that is absolute—protection that enables one to meet every day unhandicapped; never a precious moment marred by slightest doubt or fear.

Wear gayest gowns and sheerest frocks under circumstances once adjudged impossible. Dance, motor, go about for hours in confidence and security. The dangers of the old-time "sanitary pad" have definitely been ended.

Protection women KNOW is real

Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with Cellucotton wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! Thus Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!



\*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

(2) Kotex is scientifically designed for safe and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering and strong gauze ends for pinning, to eliminate absolutely all chance of mishap.

(3) Kotex actively deodorizes. Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

No laundry

Kotex, too, ends for all time the embarrassing problem of disposal. One uses it, then discards it—as easily as tissue.

Ask for them by name—Kotex

"Genuine Kotex" is plainly stamped on every box. If offered a substitute said to be "like Kotex"—beware. Insanitariously made imitations are, we are told, being offered for the sake of higher profit, by some stores, as the "same as Kotex." They are not. Watch out.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex. Obtain at any store in boxes of 12 pads. Two sizes, Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super. Eight in 10 better-class women, throughout America, employ this unique and certain protection.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"

**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

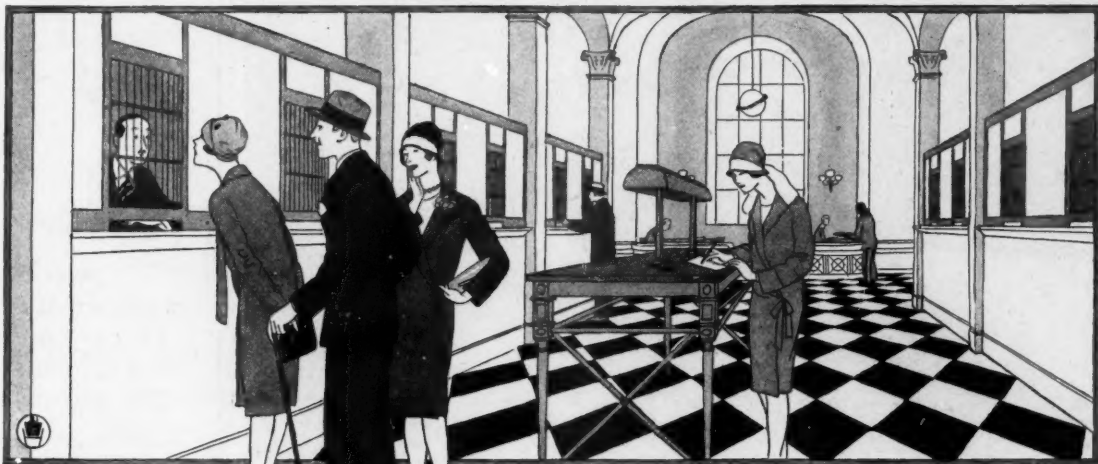
Kotex Regular:  
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super:  
90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue



♦♦♦♦ *America's Greatest Humorist*  
*who is also a Bank Director in his off hours*  
 ♦♦ *Tells What To Do* ♦♦



*There are things to know about your bank  
 beside the way to the teller's window*

## IF YOU'RE JUST A WOMAN WITH SOME MONEY

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE

ABOUT the time when the joke about goats eating tin cans went out of fashion because there were so few goats, the joke about the woman and her check-book came in because women began having check-books of their own. The favorite form of the check-book joke is the one in which the husband comes home and tells his wife that the cashier at the bank has informed him that her checking account is overdrawn.

"But it can't be, George," the wife says, "because I have a whole lot of checks left in my check-book."

Another form of this joke is the one in which the woman opens a checking account for the first time in her life and, losing her check-book, goes back to the bank for another.

"But," she says cheerfully to the cashier, "no one can use the checks in the book I lost because I took the precaution to sign my name to all of them as soon as I got the book."

Or it may be the young woman who presents a check for payment and is told she will have to endorse it. She goes to the desk and takes a pen and writes on the back of the check in firm strokes: "I consider this a very good check."

But these are all "funny page" jokes. It was a man—not a woman—who bought Liberty Bonds from us during the war and asked us how much interest he would have to pay the Government on them. It was a man who, when he wished to borrow money from us and had to make out a statement of his worth, was asked "Have you any stocks and bonds?"

"Stocks in barns?" he exclaimed. "Sure! I got two barns mit six horses und two cows in dem." So much for men depositors.



*Computing that would put a  
 captain of finance to shame*



We have women depositors who can never balance their check-books and who, with almost monthly regularity, come to the bank to have the cashier help them straighten out their tangle; but we have some men depositors who never balance their check-books at all. I spent two days with one man who went on a two-month summer vacation and took nothing but blank checks. He made no entries of them

anywhere and then was angry because our account did not agree with his. We had the cancelled checks, of course, and still he could not believe we were not cheating him, because he had started—he said—on his vacation with over four hundred dollars in the bank. I finally discovered that in the check-book he had left at home he had entered his \$213. June salary check twice—once on one page and once on another.

Only this month I had a letter from a woman thanking me for a story I wrote ten years ago. It was fiction and told of a man who could not get out of debt, so he turned his finances over to his wife, and she got him out of debt. This woman wrote me that in six years of married life, with an income of six thousand dollars she and her husband had saved nothing. In 1917 he began turning over to her his salary check. By 1923 her investments amounted to ten thousand dollars. That year her husband was retired because of ill health but her net worth is now \$14,600. She is bed-ridden.

One surprise, if you watch the figures of the Surrogate's Court, is discovering how much more money is left by women, of whom you knew something, than you expected them to leave; another surprise is how much less is left by men than you thought many of them would leave, when their estates are shaken down and the worthless items thrown out.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago most bankers wished they could have special departments for women—located two thousand miles east, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Now most banks have special departments for [Turn to page 82]

## The simpler your meals the more you'll welcome asparagus

Simple—yes—but no meal need ever be ordinary. For here is a food of such marvelous delicacy that it makes any meal distinctive and appetizing.

California Canned Asparagus—tender tips or succulent stalks—with all Nature's freshness preserved—comes to you in convenient form to give your meals new variety.

It is economical, too. With canned asparagus there's no waste, no trimming, no advance soaking or steaming. And it is not expensive, either; in fact it costs less now than it has for years.

Try asparagus tomorrow. Notice the variety, the delicacy it adds to your menu. Then keep a supply on hand to serve often. It will pay you in health, satisfaction and economy.



### Try ASPARAGUS POLONAISE

Turn California Canned Asparagus into a saucepan and heat, using liquid in can. For sauce, melt 2 tablespoons butter and add ½ cup soft bread crumbs. Fry until golden brown, add ¼ teaspoon salt. Remove from fire, add a chopped hard cooked egg and pour over asparagus.

—Recipe Book, page 19

## CALIFORNIA CANNED Asparagus



### Send for FREE book

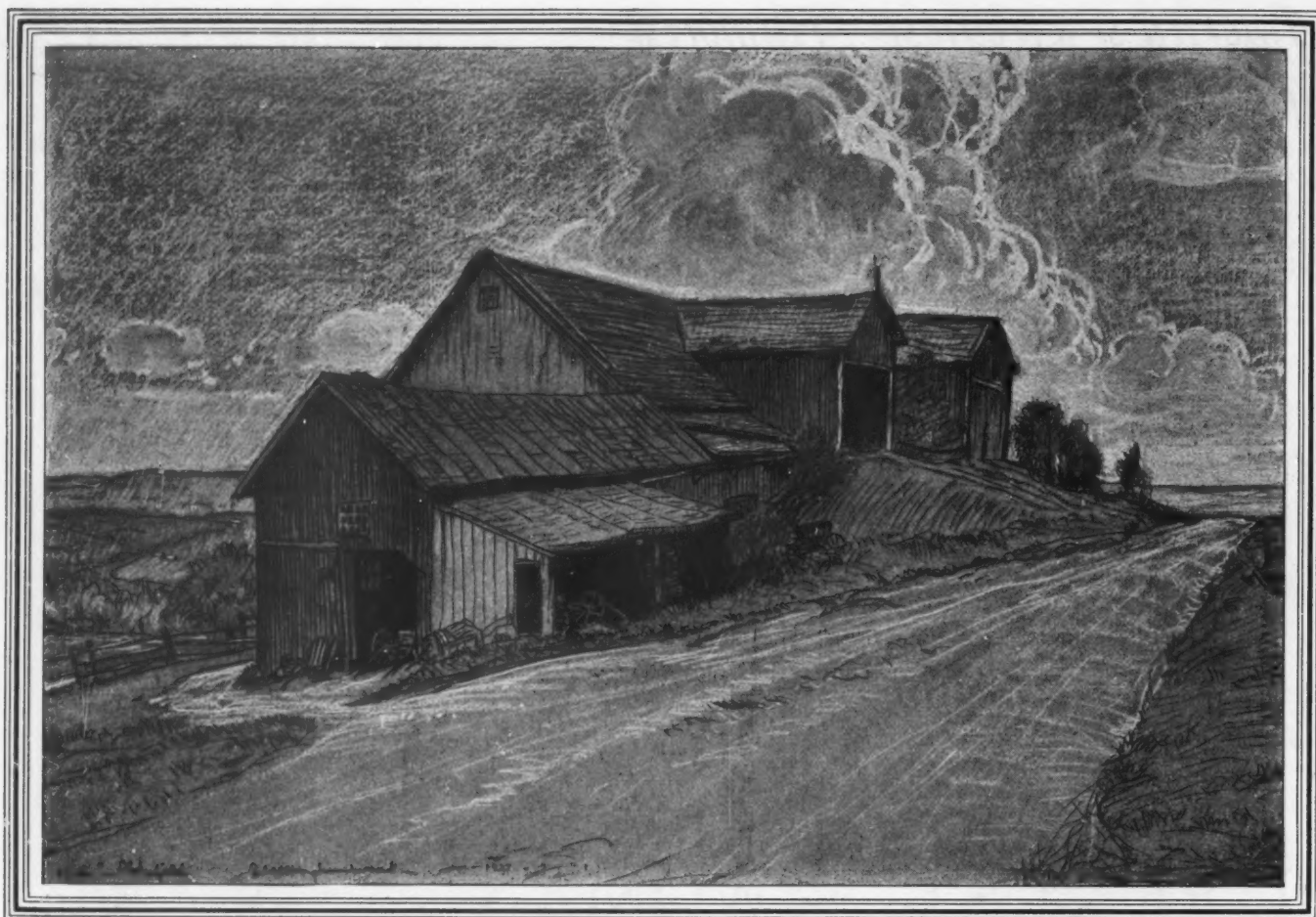
Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 525  
 451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety".

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*The road from town  
leads on past the wide  
barn, stored now with  
the harvest of our fields,  
to home and happiness*



## I BECOME A COUNTRY WOMAN

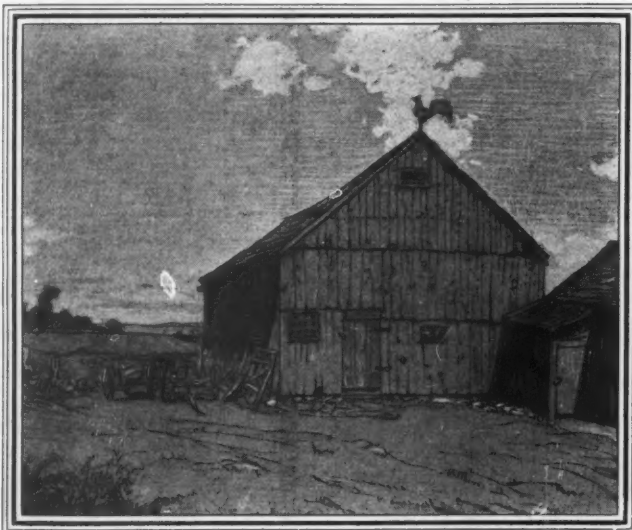
### *Forsaking Park Avenue For My Own Acres*

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ALSOP

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT STRONG WOODWARD

IT is a rare thing to choose, at any time in life, the place in which to live, for parents first have a way of bringing the child unwittingly into the world of a farm, a suburb, Park Avenue or a tenement, etc. and the first environment is made. Then reaching the age of what is called discretion, most men, and some women, must live in the place where they work, and with the other women, the married women, the large majority still—their destiny is linked with that of another individual and their environment and their whole lives may be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

A farm near the small New England village of Avon, Connecticut, was not, to put it mildly, the place where I should have thought I wanted to live when I was twenty-two years old, if I had been given a choice irrespective of the individual I had chosen to marry. I had been one of a large family and had always lived on a country place in summer and in New York in winter with a world of light and sound and laughter and people seething around me. I was an intellectual parasite enjoying everything of amusement and interest that was handed to me, and it was, figuratively speaking, handed to me on a silver platter. I knew nothing of being alone and never had any desire for solitude. A farm was a mystery and not a mystery that I wished to unravel. It meant cows with their silent stare that I had always secretly feared, and weeding, which my mother had forced me unwillingly to do as a child in a little garden that I had not wanted, and wide fields and barns with a sentinel weather cock turning to face the wind. It spelled only the things that farmers undergo—drouth and cyclones, and poverty and loneliness, and drudgery for farmers' wives. However, I took none of these things into consideration and I blithely arrived in Avon on the 19th of a dreary November, eighteen years ago, and found myself in an old New England farm house about a mile from the little village and nine miles over an



*A farm to me was a mystery — it meant wide fields and barns with a sentinel weather cock turning to face the wind*



almost impossible road from the city of Hartford, a road closed by snow and ice in winter and by mud in the spring. This was our outlet except the train, and I wish I could

give an idea of the train, for it had such an individuality of its own. This train had a patient but tired quality. It progressed wearily, and whistling its own peculiar, rather pathetic whistle, it stopped in an irrelevant fashion whenever it happened to reach one of the small stations up and down our valley. It was, however, our only definite connection with the world and we were grateful for it. I had no motor of my own for three years and to get to Hartford, nine miles away as the crow flies, I used to take this train and meander a short distance and then get out, and after a long wait in a small, frequently unheated station, I would board, if it arrived, what was known as the "dinky" and finally, after about two hours in all, reach my destination; this great distance from Avon to Hartford.

My first experience in the village of Avon came shortly after I had arrived and my husband and I walked over one late November evening to the Town Hall where the Ladies' Aid fair and supper was being held, a supper fit for the gods, and all for the munificent sum of 35 cents, eighteen years ago. I remember that evening waiting for supper, standing nervously in the middle of the Town Hall floor with a pot of geraniums I had feverishly bought, in one arm and some aprons and fancy work in the other, and having those people who have now become my real friends, watch me with a good deal of suspicion as having come from New York. My husband, seeing my dilemma, brought some of my future friends to meet me and among them was one of the finest old men that I have known, and as he was introduced to me he said slowly in that inimitable Yankee fashion: "I guess it's

hard for you to come to Avon after living in New York, but," he added, looking at me with kind and quizzical eye, "if you will remember that folks are folks no matter where you go, you'll be happy." It was good advice and with that as a guide, and for many other reasons, I [Turn to page 73]



# Admired always *the engaging* MOUTH of YOUTH

SIX little mouth glands, three on each side, provide the natural fluids which protect your fine white teeth against decay.

But modern soft food fails to give the glands the exercise they need to keep them doing a full time job. The fluids they should be supplying freely begin to slow up. Teeth start to decay, gums soften dangerously.

To prevent this the unique formula of Pebeco was worked out. An important ingredient stimulates the mouth glands and restores them to all their youthful activity.

Brush your teeth with Pebeco. It cleanses even where the toothbrush cannot reach, and its sharp tang leaves a healthy, tingling after-sensation. Your mouth feels young. Your lips take the upward quirk that so easily becomes a joyous smile.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited.

## Where the tiny Mouth Glands are, three on each side

The mouth glands are 20 times more active when we chew. The fluids they produce wash away food deposits and counteract the acids in the mouth. But soft food makes them lazy. Pebeco contains the important ingredient to keep them always working. Even where the toothbrush cannot reach, your teeth are guarded, the moment Pebeco enters your mouth.



Everyone applauds your charm when your smile is gay, spontaneous. And how self-confident you feel knowing you have the lovely Mouth of Youth.

*"Pebeco is splendid," happy users say. "Its salty taste is so refreshing and the clean, tingling after-sensation lasts and lasts."*



## PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

**Free Offer:** Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. U-18, Bloomfield, N. J.  
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of  
Pebeco Tooth Paste.  
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# ARE YOU GIVING YOUR CHILD A CHANCE?

## The BEHAVIORIST SPEAKS

♦♦♦ BY ♦♦♦  
JOHN B. WATSON

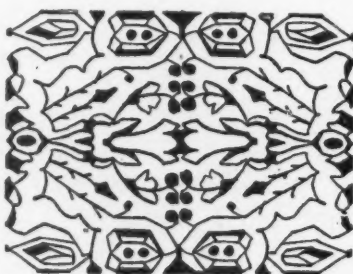
THE vocation your child is to follow in later life is not determined from within, but from without—by you—by the kind of life you have made him lead. If he has no bent toward any vocation, the reason is equally due to your method of handling him. In a few cases where the child is physically defective, certain vocations become impossible for your child, but these are so rarely met with that they need not influence our general conclusions.

Educators have been insisting for the last twenty years upon a method of training which allows the child to develop from within. This is really a doctrine of mystery. It teaches that there are hidden springs of activity, hidden possibilities of unfolding within the child which must be waited for until they appear and then be fostered and tended. I think this doctrine has done serious harm. It has made us lose our opportunity to implant and then to encourage a real eagerness for vocations at an early age. Some few thousands of undergraduates have passed through my hands. Only in the rarest of cases have I found a senior college student with his mind made up as to what vocation he will enter when he leaves college. Hence, after they graduate, there is no white heat for a certain type of career, and no organization developed for seeing that career through. The young graduate today is almost as helpless as the straw tossed by the wind. Yet there is no reason why he shouldn't pick out his career at 12 or earlier.

The behaviorists believe that there is nothing from within to develop. If you start with a healthy body, the right number of fingers and toes, eyes, and the few elementary movements that are present at birth, you do not need anything else in the way of raw material to make a man, be that man a genius, a cultured gentleman, a rowdy or a thug.

So much for the behavior that you can directly observe in your children. But how about the things you cannot observe? How about *capacity, talent, temperament, personality, "mental" constitution and "mental" characteristics*, and the whole inward emotional life?

*Is the exceeding great love of a mother for her child which poets have sung and philosophers sought to explain, sometimes a doubtful good? The world's foremost exponent of Behaviorism, that new development of psychology, and America's most beloved physician for children raise the issue here*



Let us take fear and timidity for a moment. The only things the child is afraid of at birth is either a loud sound or the loss of support. Everything else the child may fear is *built in*, is the result of the environment we let him grow up in. Until you have studied how all this comes about no one could expect you to know that you are completely responsible for all the other fear reactions your child may show. Does he avoid dark rooms, animals, strange people, strange situations? Is he timid and shy? Have you handicapped his whole future by making him shun new situations and new people?

How about temper, anger, rage? We have seen that only one simple situation will call out temper, anger, rage, namely constraining the child's movements, [Turn to page 74]

## The PHYSICIAN SPEAKS

♦♦♦ BY ♦♦♦  
CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

FOR thirty-nine years I have been actively engaged in the practice of medicine of infants and young children in New York City. During this period thousands of boys and girls have come under my observations in hospitals, in institutions for children, in outpatient clinics and in the home. I have watched the careers of many with much interest down through the years. I mention this because I wish to be understood that what I shall say is based on observations made possible by the close contact of patient and physician.

The boys and girls of today are receiving not a little attention by individuals who express much concern for their future and with criticism quite in accord with that which had been made on every generation of youth for the past hundreds of years. My early youth covered the period of the 70's and 80's and there was the same criticism then as now. Time and again I have heard my grandfather discuss with a nearby neighbor, over the garden fence, the follies and shortcomings of his sons and their friends' sons and daughters, and the good old neighbor and my dear old grandfather would sadly shake their heads and wonder what the world would be like when the steady old fellows had departed. Fifty years has elapsed since grandfather and the neighbor discussed the follies of youth, and the world has progressed rather well. I find but very little difference fundamentally in the different generations as they appear on the scene. The saucy ten year old thinks he or she is quite original—your grandfather made the same remark as a small child to your great-grandfather, the only difference being that grandfather received a good spanking that you probably escaped. I have not the slightest doubt but that Noah's sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth criticized the Ark and told Noah that it was an old-fashioned tub and out of date.

Recently, I was consulted by a distressed young mother regarding her oldest son Sam, who, she stated, had developed into an atrocious liar and who would take the trouble to invent untruths when the truth would have answered his purpose better; and that some of his [Turn to page 74]



*By this I mean that the child doesn't "instinctively" love its mother*



*Play, shyness, fear, jealousy, depend on the way you let your child grow up*

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
MARGUERITE  
DE ANGELI



# "There is only one *sure* way ... *experience* has taught me"

Whether rare old fabrics or everyday silk stockings, chiffon frocks or gay sports sweaters . . . "trust nothing else"

"SCOUTING for rare old fabrics once just a hobby is now my regular business! Part of every year I spend in France buying old Toiles and Chintzes which later find their way into museums and private collections.

"The curtains in the Haverhill Room in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art were among my most treasured discoveries!

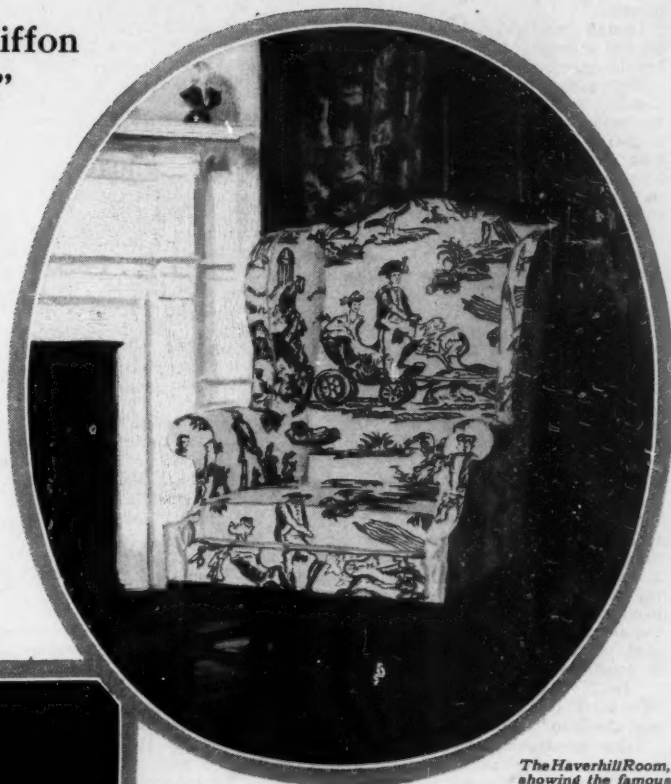
50 East 57th Street, New York City

"When I find these old fabrics they are often dingy with the grime of many years and of little value. Yet practically every one can be restored to its original beauty. Washing in Lux will do it and experience has taught me to trust to *nothing* else!"

—Elinor Merrell

71% of the women questioned in New York City wash fine fabrics in Lux

[ Three interesting letters selected from 475,000  
received this past year by the makers of Lux ]



The Haverhill Room, showing the famous Toile de Jouy curtains. The fireside chair is covered with a similar Toile.



1459 West 114th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

"AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION to a dance found all my evening dresses in a sad state and there wasn't time to get one dry cleaned. I have always used Lux for my silk stockings and underthings with great success. So I decided to try washing a white chiffon evening gown, heavily trimmed with tiny crystals. It came out like new!

"During the dance my partner told me that my dress looked like a million dollars! Now I trust my most precious things to the gentle care of Lux!"

—Elizabeth Waldron Duffy

When asked, "What soap do you use for chiffons, printed and plain silks and woolsens," 78% of the women interviewed in Cleveland said, "Lux."

If it's safe in  
water... it's just  
as safe in Lux



103 West 51st Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"I LOVE SWEATERS but I never used to wear them because they usually looked so 'skinny' after they were washed. However, I could not resist the new sweaters this season. I bought a perfect dream of a pink one and I dared to do it because the salesgirl assured me it would wash perfectly in Lux. And it did!

"On the strength of that success I also bought a white yachting sweater and a green sweater dress for my vacation. They all have been washed innumerable times in Lux without losing their trim lines or their lovely softness."

—Winifred W. Ware

In Kansas City 83% of the women interviewed use Lux for washing sweaters, blankets, silk stockings and chiffons.

country, Laura felt a chill as though the air about her had changed subtly, rarefied itself.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean . . ." Roxanne seemed to come back abruptly, "O, Laura, you are right. My life is worth more to the world than his. I am sacrificing myself. I'd like so much, Laura, sometimes, just to drop my head in your hand, like the 'lily-white doe' and let you lead me off to prosperity and rest and . . . fame."

"You'll come tomorrow."

"I wonder if you'll ask me to . . . tomorrow."

Laura's hand pressed with all its purposeful authority, but she kept secret her bewilderment.

Ted came down for supper—a tall, slender, rough-haired young man with the sullen, half-smiling look of a wild animal and the shy, sly, half-charming look of an ill-trained boy. He did not love Laura. Roxy's prompting urged him no further along the road of politeness than "Hullo, Laura. You here, eh? How's that husband of yours . . . Sam?"

Laura was tactful. In her bungalow apron she had helped cook the supper. Now, laying it aside, she allowed Roxanne to serve and sat opposite her sulky and suspicious brother-in-law making what pleasantness of small talk she could.

" . . . and there's a library for you nearby. I wonder if you've read this book of Harwell's . . . 'Deep Sea'? I brought it with me . . ."

Ted started up from the table, rubbing his hair on end. "You like that—filth!" He glared at her, his long hands gripping a chair back, then he began lashing about the room. "You mean to say a woman who calls herself intelligent will admit a liking for the vile, slimy outpourings of a dirty gutter-make like that? Why, on my soul, I should've thought that husband of yours, who's so careful of you," the snarl was more than a half-smile on that phrase—"would've thrashed you if he caught you fingering such nastiness. . ."

"Ted!" Roxanne touched his arm. "Please! Finish supper. Laura never even said she liked the book. Don't be so silly."

He stopped, rumbled his hair again. His lips were actually white, his eyes ablaze.

"I wouldn't sit down to supper with any woman depraved enough to say a good word for that filth!" He spluttered, stammered, pushed Roxanne aside and lurched out of the room like a blind man.

Laura made no comment. Roxy sat down at the table again, with her head between her hands.

"And you would say, of course . . . that's Ted!" she sighed out.

Afterwards they sat together on the western terrace. Ted still absent, talking very little, watching the fireflies.

In and out shone the golden little lights, now high, now low, tranquil, almost rhythmic variation. Against the high dark pines they seemed as large as winking candle-flames.

"Fascinating, aren't they?" said Laura. "Yes. I do love them. We used to watch them July nights at home. What did you think they were when you were little, Lolly?"

"I always knew. Some grown person, one of the instructive-natural-history-good-for-children kind, showed me one under a glass and pointed out the electric works. He killed the mystery at once."

"But when you look at them now, Laura," Roxanne went on dreamily, as a tired child talks at bed-time, "do you ever think of the little beetle-creature under the glass with his phosphorescent tail?"

"No. Of course not. I just see the 'little light' . . ."

"Yes. The little light . . . when that goes out, there isn't any firefly at all, is there? as far as you and I are concerned. He is the light, the small come-and-go brightness, isn't he? I wonder, if we are like that, I mean, if that isn't the way we are seen. God looks through the darkness and in and out we go, a small soft glow . . . the ugly little beetle body isn't visible, why should He care for that? It's just the occasional 'shining' of us. . . like sparks . . . from the fire of life. Even with each other . . . I Laura, I think of you like that . . . your love for me . . . steady, intermittent, shining in my heart. You . . . as I feel you . . . beautiful, kind Laura. And you just see my littleness, and my longing for you and all my

glow of might-have-been . . . Shall we go to bed, dearest? I'm dropping with sleep and Ted won't be in yet for hours. He was upset over your sudden coming. He can't seem to stand surprises. He'll take the cot I fixed in the sitting-room or sleep out here. He loves the pines."

Laura decided to say nothing more just then but just her warm "Good-night."

But it was hard to sleep. She kept marshalling her forces, arranging the battalions of the sharp campaign for tomorrow, conscious all the while of Roxanne's silent wakefulness beside her.

The shining of the fireflies was lost in a white late moon when Ted's step smote the porch below the window and his voice, imperious, softly violent, called up for "Roxy!" She stood up from her blankets as promptly as a soldier and slid away past Laura and down the bare cold stairs. There followed a murmuring talk which held a threat like Summer thunder. Ted's voice rose, sharply. Its tones began to have the lashing quality of an unbridled wind.

" . . . turn me out of my own room. Who asked her to come here? . . . I won't keep still. I don't care if she hears. Don't you suppose I know what she's come for?"

Roxy's murmurs as of a young tree resisting the rising of a hurricane.

"To show you what a rotten, useless, good-for-nothing husband you have. To tell you what a peon he's made of you. To make you feel like a martyr, to get you so sorry for yourself that she can take you away from me and show you what Sam, a rich, successful husband can do for his wife."

A door was shut and the hurricane shrieked its way across the night in incomprehensible fury so that Laura, shaking, came half way down the stairs, fearing physical violence, danger to Roxy, holding herself tight-strung for rescue.

Then it was—abruptly—over. Laura had hardly time to creep into her bed when Roxanne entered.

"Laura . . . awake?"

"Yes . . . Yes . . ."

The little sister came close, faltered and crumpled to her knees, rocking her head against Laura's body as it gathered her in.

"I'll come," Roxanne was sobbing, "I can't bear it! Laura, some day he'll strike me. And rather than wait for that, rather than let him come to that, I'll go away with you. I'll work over my music. I'll make a home for us both, an easier home for Ted and me, where he won't be driven mad by not being able to do anything for me, by his feeling of humiliation, bitterness. But don't ask me to come tomorrow. You go tomorrow . . . he isn't well . . . Send me the ticket if you want to . . . Leave me to arrange it all with Ted."

There was no talk next day of any plan or change. Laura carried her victory like a dark lantern under a cloak and Ted was chastened and subdued. He talked to Laura in a jerky, casual, side-long way . . . amusingly . . . about "that book." But Laura discoursed of

music, retailed the conversation she had had not long before with a famous pianist who remembered Roxanne's playing and had begged news of her. She described the symphony-concerts and Fritz Kreisler's last performance until Roxanne's eyes began to gleam. In the middle of all this, Ted slid away and was not to be found when at noon the negro, Abe, came laboring with his horse and surrey through the sand.

"Don't look for Ted," said Laura, ready to climb into the back seat, "I'll leave good-bye for him. The ticket will come in a day or two, Roxanne, and we'll be watching for you . . ."

Roxanne was white as dogwood blossoms but smiled and waved until the wagon had sifted its silent way down into the blue caverns of the pines.

No sooner was the silence and the softness all about her, unbroken—for the mocking-bird rarely sings at noon—than Laura began to be afraid. That victory of hers was not secure. She had left too soon. She ought to have taken Roxy with her. Alone there with Ted and that long, azure West, Roxy would soften, change. It wouldn't do. Some greater surety she must have.

"Stop just a moment, driver." She took out pencil, a slip of paper, two crisp bills and an old envelope. She wrote, "I've left this instead of sending you a ticket, dear. I'm counting on you absolutely, Roxanne. I have your promise. Do not fail me."

"Drive me back to the turn, please, Abe. I've forgotten something. But not all the way. I want to go back quietly without Mrs. James' knowing it, you see, and slip a note under her door."

When Laura came close to the cabin she saw that its front door stood open and that in the opposite doorway, open too, to face that West, Roxanne stood leaning, as still as a statue, against the woodwork in her gingham dress. Her hands were lightly linked in front of her, her head tilted back. There was no way of coming to the front without detection, so Laura skirted the house, using the shelter of holly trees until she came behind the angle of the wall. There was a little window above Roxanne's desk through which she could drop her envelop.

From the wall beside that window her eyes commanded the same view as Roxanne's, the little flagged terrace, the long slope, the pines. From amongst them rose a voice, clear and happy as a mocking-bird's. "Roxanne!" Ted was coming up through sun and shadow, his face bent over something that lay between his hands.

"Roxanne!" It was a voice to thrill the heart of a mother or a wife, so confident, so eager, so assured of love. Laura was not surprised to see the wife come forward quickly to meet him. They stood together, visible to her, and their heads, hers ruddy and his black, bent over the object in his hand.

"A baby mocker," said Ted, his face had the smile of a faun's. "He'd hurt his wing. I've fixed it up for him. See how quiet

he lies, Roxy, and his heart's as steady. They're never afraid of me . . ." he added, wistfully and sadly, "I wonder why," then shook off the little shadow. "Oh, Roxy," he flung his arm around her, "what a heaven of a day! No clouds. Not even mine. Let's take our lunch outdoors, shall we? You wait here with the cripple in the sun while I go in and get some lunch for us and fix a box for him. I know a slope where we can laze all afternoon. I've got Keats in my pocket . . . 'Real are the dreams of Gods and smoothly pass their pleasures in a long immortal dream . . . ' or, Roxy, 'I'll put your basket all safe in a nook; Your shawl I'll hang on a willow; And we will sigh in the daisy's eye, And kiss on a grass-green pillow . . . ' He started in, then as she stood there, pensive with her bird, he came to her quickly and fell upon his knees before her, taking her hands, bird and all, into his.

"You lovely Roxy . . . so patient . . . so heavenly kind . . . I've been thinking of you all the morning long in the woods. Roxy, if I were God and wanted to save man, I think I'd come down from Heaven to be a—pine. Of course, it's what He has done . . . a thousand times . . . A pine is . . . sometimes quite suddenly . . . translated *The Friend*. Haven't you had that happen . . . alone in the woods?"

"No . . . that doesn't happen to me, Ted, unless you're there to show me."

"But . . . not really, Roxy? Its soul step out to you suddenly, take possession of you? Call to you? Today I stood close to one for . . . an hour, I think it must have been, not moving, my hand upon it. I might have had a greater hand in mine. We just stood together, He and I, and we both thought of you. It was love running through us, love for you, that made us know each other." He looked up into her face as a young, young lover looks, and that face of hers, perforce changed to the shy, glowing happiness of a girl in her first love. "You are as kind and lovely as a tree," he began murmuring so that Laura heard only broken music . . . "sweet as cool water" . . . broken music, but not sad, although it was so strange to Laura's ears. She had forgotten the melody of such courtship. Grown men, husbands, affectionate and careful and mature, don't kneel to kiss a wife's feet and rest a cheek against her hands and murmur their own self-forgetful music to her. Roxanne with the sun on her small head and the smile on her soft mouth was self-forgetful too. She looked wonderfully rested, most astonishingly young.

And yet, Ted had made no apology for yesterday. Yesterday might have been the day of some other man, last night belonged to the conscience of another husband. Indeed, Roxanne too had become another woman. Laura saw a sort of enchantment. They stood there, the iridescence of the long pine-leaves shimmering about them like rainbows, the noon air was dazzling . . . they were difficult to see at all . . . as though etherialized. . .

Laura moved back, as softly as she could, feeling as though she closed the gilded covers of a fairy tale.

Back in the surrey, the envelop in her hands, the wheels in soundless motion, Laura told herself that Roxanne would never come, not that Roxanne, not for the price of twenty tickets north.

Laughing in a key that was meant to be mirthless but that had actually the half-inhuman light-heartedness of a mocking-bird's lyric behind it, Laura decided that she would send Roxy a piano. This was the fruit of her campaign. No woman, Laura admitted, would leave that Ted, that confident and happy lover, that poet who by the magic of his love for her had seen God in a pine.

But Sam? Well, Sam would never understand. Laura could no more explain to him that revelation, that Ted of wounded bird and cloudless sky and pine-tree intimacies, than Roxy had been able to explain him to Laura, though she had tried. Sam never saw the flash, the glimpse; he saw . . . why yes, to be sure . . . he saw the insect with its incandescent tail. Roxanne . . . yes, and Roxanne's sister, Laura . . . had God's moments, His enlightenments. Roxanne, until the end of her lost life, in spite of an hour of midnight weeping or a confession of despair—Roxanne would love not a variable human concrete man but the steadily intermittent shining of a soul.

Fireflies . . . fireflies . . . fireflies . . .

## FIREFLIES

[Continued from page 12]

## FIONON TASTES OF LIFE

[Continued from page 19]

as befitted the homage due the *premiere danseuse* of the most successful Revue of the season, yet it seemed all too small for the moment to contain the temperaments of these two persons.

"It's just another of your spoiled, high-faluting whims," snarled Steiner. "You think a star's gotta pull a lot of swank, you do. Old lady Green's plenty good enough dresser for you, yet you gotta have this—"

"Ma Green!" The turbulent Gloria kicked an inoffensive slipper half across the room. "That hippo! Say, I'd as soon have a feather bed billowing around me. I want this kid and I'll have her."

He rose, beaten but resentful. But before he could swing himself morosely out of the door, Gloria called him back.

"Aw, Marc," she wheedled, throwing him her friendly, Irish smile. "What's eatin' you? The kid won't cost much. An' honest, she's a wiz, that kid. She can make me look like a million bucks and old Ma—why, she's hopeless."

Steiner reconsidered. He was never one to pass up a good bet. "Say, Gloria, where'd you get this paragon?"

Gloria eyed him solemnly. "Dropped outa heaven, I guess. I sure needed her. Y'know, she's sortta attractive. Wanted to dance, she said. Thought we'd just put her in the chorus, green like she was, and let her learn there. I told her different. Asked her to hand me my dress for that flame dance. An' then she helped me dress. Say, she made me look different. Said she 'felt' how I should look. Said I should 'be' a flame. I can have her, can't I?"

Steiner threw up his hands. "Sure." Hardly had his footsteps died away when out from the corner where Gloria's costumes hung, popped the brilliant red head of Fionon MacCheyne. Gloria was busy with creams and lotions. "Say, kid, where'd you come from, anyway?"

Fionon waved a vague hand toward the West. "Oh, from yon mountains out there—"

"But how'd you come [Turn to page 75]



# AS AN ASTRINGENT

for  
blackheads

for  
enlarged  
pores

for  
oily skin



—delightful and *so inexpensive*

So many women have written us concerning their faith in Listerine as an astringent that we feel we ought to pass the good word along.

The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost, compared to most astringents, amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

Yet in effectiveness you'd look a long time before finding its equal. Gently but firmly it closes the pores, tightens sagging

tissues and lazy muscles. Your skin seems fresh and firm—even youthful.

There's no question of the importance of an astringent in the care of the skin, and we'll wager that once you try Listerine you'll like it above all others. Simply douse it on your face full strength.

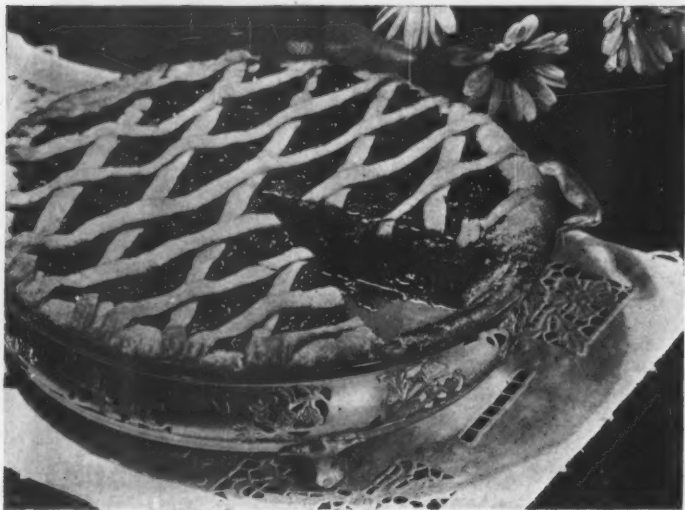
Results will delight you. Why not begin today?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

EVERYBODY'S  
TALKING  
Everybody's talking  
about the marvelous  
whiteness of teeth after  
using Listerine Tooth  
Paste a short time. You  
will be delighted.  
Large tube 25c.

# LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

# A New Pie!



**WHAT** a thrill of expectancy all round the table as your knife cuts down, down into this deep, juicy pie!

Then a joyous chorus of "Ahs!" Each bite is so tantalizingly good, with that real old-time plantation flavor you always get in Brer Rabbit Molasses.

And you can really feel virtuous when you eat it—this old-time molasses is so good for you! For Brer Rabbit retains all the iron and lime of the sugar cane—two food tonics we all need.

That's why Brer Rabbit Molasses is such a happy way to satisfy your child's natural craving for sweets. He adores its luscious, sugar cane flavor, and you can give him all he wants.

The free Brer Rabbit recipe book, offered below, is full of new, quick recipes for delicious desserts, goodies, breads, muffins and wonderful old Southern dishes. Send for your copy before you forget.

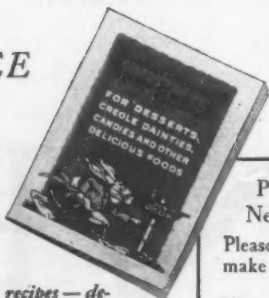
**Cranberry Molasses Pie**—A marvelous combination of flavors!—Cook over a slow fire for ten minutes 1 quart whole, ripe cranberries, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar, and 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Line a deep pie dish with pie crust. Fill with the cranberry mixture. Cover with strips of crust, criss-cross. Bake in a slow oven until cranberries are thoroughly cooked (45 minutes to one hour). This makes a luscious pie—sweet and juicy.



**Ginger Nuts:** One of the many delightful recipes in the free cook book offered below. These spicy little balls, rolled in glistening sugar and delicately browned, are a delicious nibble with tea or coffee, ginger ale or fruit juices. With cream cheese, they make a wholesome supper dessert.

## Brer Rabbit Molasses

**FREE**  
Recipe  
Book!



Many new recipes—delicious and wholesome in this latest Brer Rabbit booklet! Mail the coupon today for this free booklet.

**TWO GRADES:** *Gold Label*—highest quality light molasses for table and fancy cookery. *Green Label*—darker and stronger flavored.

PENICK & FORD, Dept. M-31  
New Orleans, La.

Please send me the free book of new and easy-to-make recipes for using Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

## Does Your Family Rebel Against The SAME OLD BREAKFAST EVERY DAY?

[Continued from page 34]



make them. It wasn't fair, I know, to give him plain toast as often as I had been doing. He likes toast made of raisin bread and Boston brown bread, so I have kept these on my new list of breakfast breads. I often toast muffins which are left over from the day before, and everyone relishes them. So I have put them next on the list. But I still haven't variety enough.

"Have you thought of using prepared flours?" I asked, remembering some delicious biscuits and muffins we had made in the Laboratory-kitchen recently. "You only need to add the liquid and eggs to them, you know." Then I gave her the names of several kinds, whole-wheat, white and some that are combinations of different flours.

"Or you can make muffins by your regular recipes," I suggested, "mixing all the dry ingredients the night before and adding just the eggs and milk in the morning."

She liked the suggestion and started some whole-wheat, raisin muffins that very night while she was preparing dinner. She even greased the muffin pans and measured out the milk and left it in the refrigerator. Next morning, without getting up any earlier than usual she had hot muffins. She lighted the oven as soon as she went into the kitchen, set the regulator, added the liquids to the dry ingredients, dropped the batter into the pans and in less than five minutes they were in the oven.

"It really is just as easy as making toast," she confided to me later.

I came back to the Laboratory-kitchen fired with enthusiasm for better breakfasts on McCall Street. I wish you could all have seen the change they made in that family. How many early morning grouches and "blue" days would never

happen if better breakfasts could be inaugurated in every home!

You may desire to carry your breakfast experiments further than my hostess did, to include the heartier breakfast dishes. In her particular family, fruit, cereal, some kind of bread and a hot nourishing drink constitute the usual breakfast menu. Sometimes in cold weather she serves bacon with eggs in some form, calves' liver, kidneys, sausage, minced lamb on toast, corned beef hash or cod-fish cakes. For those who have a strenuous day's work ahead of them, whatever the season may be, this is not too hearty a meal.

On Sundays and holidays, when the family have more leisure and an opportunity to linger over breakfasts and enjoy them, try out new griddle cake or waffle recipes or a special omelet.

I wonder how many of you realize the importance of having the breakfast table attractive? There is good psychology in having things look tempting as well as taste good. Linen should be clean and silver polished, and there should be a centerpiece of some kind. Perhaps it can't be fresh flowers always but it could often be a plate or a bowl of fruit. Just sprays of leaves, or a little fern or something "green and growing" in a pretty bowl or painted pot, add beauty to a breakfast table.

Don't think I am trying to add any burdens to your already full days, nor do I ask you to "rise while yet it is night" to prepare breakfast. It won't be necessary if you plan ahead just as you do for other meals. Set the table the night before. Prepare as many things then as you can, and you will find that after you have the new scheme of things working smoothly, often you can sleep later than you do now.



### Poem For A Breakfast Room

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

**C**RYSTAL prisms and curtain chintz,  
Wicker and silver and old delft blue,  
Open windows and sparkling air,  
Lit with gold where the sun shines through—  
There is no place for woe and gloom,  
Here in this happy morning room.

Linen fragrant from wind-blown flax,  
Flowers gay in a flame-bright bowl,  
Berries gleaming in yellow cream,  
Bread from wheat grains brown and whole—  
Here in this room—who could be sad?  
This is a place to make one glad.

Honey from far, gold-banded bees,  
Butter from meadows where buttercups bloom,  
Hungry and glad my dear ones meet  
Here in this sun-cleansed morning room—  
(God of the morning—until night—  
Keep these shining faces bright.)







Baked Limas With Marshmallows

Lima Luncheon Salad

Nétier

## Succulent, nut-flavored California Limas

*—you'll like them even better served these tempting ways*

Plump, tender California Lima Beans! They give just that extra menu touch that makes a meal remembered.

Appetizing, satisfying, distinct in flavor and goodness, these wholesome nut-flavored beans add welcome variety for everyday meals. Creamed and topped with butter—they are a treat, indeed. A Lima loaf—golden brown and savory—appeals to every palate. Or, serve them en casserole with savory, sizzling bacon. Try a Lima roast, Lima croquettes, timbales, chowder, Lima-tomato soup and dainty Lima salads.

### Easily Prepared

And California Limas are so easy to prepare—far easier than many other staple vegetables. With Limas there's no peeling, scraping, cutting nor tedious washing to be done. Just cover them with cold water at breakfast time.

At your usual hour for preparing dinner, you'll find them ready for any recipe you choose to make. Then here is a worthwhile tip: always cook up an extra cupful to be put away to cool. Next day—at luncheon time—how fine to have them all ready for a salad, soup or midday vegetable. Planned that way Limas are a real two-day food—a hearty dinner dish tonight, and a nourishing salad or tasty soup tomorrow.

### Healthful, too

Remember, too, California Limas are not only mighty good to eat; they are healthful, as well. Limas are really generous in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and essential mineral salts—basic food elements that build rugged strength and enduring vitality.

Another point: Because Limas are one of the highest alkaline-ash foods, dietitians rec-

ommend them as an excellent help to combat acid conditions of the body, quite generally referred to as some form of acidosis. Eating Limas will help keep well folks well, by giving them a large alkaline percentage to offset the acid-ash resulting from many staple foods—maintaining a better balanced and more healthful diet.

### And so Reasonable in Cost

Happily, California Limas are reasonable in cost. In fact, of all good foods, Limas are one of the least expensive. Then, there's *no waste*, for Limas are all food, every ounce. And because they *keep*, you can take full advantage of quantity prices, too.

Supply your pantry today. And be sure you insist upon *California Lima Beans*. If you want extra fancy quality, ask for SEASIDE brand.

### Easy Recipes for Tasty Lima Dishes

**BASIC RECIPE:** To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried California Lima Beans, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender—about 30 minutes. Add salt after 20 minutes cooking. (This *basic recipe* applies to either Large or Baby Limas.)

#### BAKED LIMAS WITH MARSHMALLOWS

Boil 1 pound of Lima Beans. Add while cooking 1½ ounces of butter, pinch of garlic, and salt and pepper to suit. After beans are boiled, place in oven pan to brown. Add 1½ ounces butter and 1½ ounces of brown sugar. Place several strips of bacon on top of beans and bake—keep juicy while baking by adding hot water if necessary. Dot top with whole marshmallows, place under broiler flame until toasted a golden brown.

#### LIMA LUNCHEON SALAD

Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves an individual serving of cold cooked Lima Beans, three ripe olives and two ripe tomato quarters. Sprinkle the whole with minced green pepper. Serve with French Dressing or mayonnaise.

Our new recipe book, full of interesting menus and facts about the food value of California Limas, will be sent free upon request. Address

Department 5  
CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN  
GROWERS ASSOCIATION  
Oxnard, California

# California Limas

THE BEANS WITH THE NUT-LIKE FLAVOR



# Great golden oranges, juicy and sweet give their flavor and fragrance to ORANGE JELL-O

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**F**LAVOR captured from fresh, sun-ripened fruit . . . Luscious flavor from oranges that, among their glossy leaves, have grown larger—sweeter—through hot, sunny days . . . Of course Orange Jell-O is delicious!

Jell-O's other flavors, too, come from fresh, ripe fruits. From strawberries, raspberries, lemons, cherries. Piquant, refreshing flavors that have made Jell-O tremendously popular with women everywhere.

And how they love its *beauty*—its color and sparkle and lovely clearness! They serve it, proudly, in dozens of ways. It's amazing how many different and delectable Jell-O recipes have been originated. For desserts—for salads—for entrees—oh, almost without number!

You probably know how easy Jell-O is to prepare. Dissolve it in boiling water—set it away to cool and grow firm. That's all there is to it! . . . And Jell-O is economical, too. It's nourishing and digestible. In short, it's the kind of dessert you'll want to serve often!

But be sure you get the *real* Jell-O. For nearly thirty years it has been known for the high quality and perfect purity of all its ingredients. It

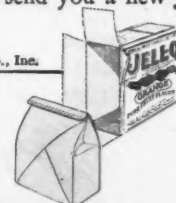
comes in a specially designed package that protects purity, freshness and flavor. You will know the package by the trade-mark name "Jell-O" printed in red. Accept no imitations! Your grocer sells Jell-O, in all five fresh-fruit flavors . . . We should like to send you a new Jell-O recipe booklet. Just mail the coupon.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

J. McC. 10-27

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INCORPORATED  
LE ROY, NEW YORK.

Please send me, free, the new recipe booklet—  
containing dozens of delicious Jell-O recipes.



Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada address, The Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.



# PROMPTLY At FIVE

[Continued from page 41]

## FRUIT-JUICE COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter or shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup orange juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour  
4 teaspoons baking-powder



Cream together butter or shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg and mix well. Combine orange and lemon juice and all to first mixture alternately with flour which has been sifted with baking-powder. Chill and roll out very thin on floured board, adding more flour if necessary. Cut in plain or fancy shapes with cookie cutter. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 12 to 15 minutes.

## CHOCOLATE TEA SQUARES

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter or shortening  
2 squares or ounces chocolate  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup nuts

Sift together flour and sugar. Beat eggs very slightly and add to flour mixture. Melt butter or shortening and chocolate and add to first mixture. Add vanilla and nuts broken in large pieces. Pour into greased square cake pan, having mixture about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. If desired, mark in squares and put a half nut meat in center of each square. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 25 to 30 minutes. Take sheet out of pan while hot, but do not cut in squares until cold.

## GENOISE CAKES

4 egg yolks  
2 egg whites  
1 cup sugar  
2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking-powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup melted butter or shortening

Beat egg yolks and whites together and add sugar slowly. Sift together flour and baking-powder and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Add melted butter or shortening last. Mix well. Pour into greased shallow sheet cake pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F) 35 minutes. When cold cut in fancy shapes and frost. Or, if preferred, bake in small muffin or cake pans in hot oven (400° F) 15 to 20 minutes.

This cake cuts better if made the day before it is to be used.

## ORANGE BISCUITS

2 cups flour  
4 teaspoons baking-powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
Orange juice  
4 tablespoons shortening  
1 teaspoon grated orange rind  
About  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk

Mix and sift flour, baking-powder and salt. Cut in shortening with a knife or rub in with the finger tips. Add orange rind and enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out on a slightly floured

board to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thickness. Cut with a biscuit cutter. Dip loaf sugar in orange juice. Press a piece of sugar into the top of each biscuit. Bake in a quick oven (425° F).

## SCOTCH FANS

1 cup shortening  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar  
1 egg yolk  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cups flour  
1 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add flour and salt and knead until ingredients hold together. Roll out on slightly floured board to  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thickness. Cut with large fluted cookie cutter, then cut each circle in fan-shaped pieces. Brush with egg yolk diluted with 1 tablespoon water. Bake in a slow oven (300° F) 15 to 20 minutes.

## LACE WAFERS

2 tablespoons shortening  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cups rolled oats  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  teaspoons baking-powder  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon almond flavoring

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Mix salt, nutmeg, rolled oats and baking-powder. Add to the first mixture and mix thoroughly. Add flavoring. Drop by teaspoons on greased pans, two inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F) 12 minutes.

## COCONUT DATE STRIPS

Plain pastry  
2 tablespoons butter  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
3 tablespoons brown sugar  
3 tablespoons coconut,  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped dates

Make up a small quantity of plain pastry. Roll out on slightly floured board in rectangular sheet about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick. Spread with softened butter. Mix sugar, coconut and dates and spread over one-half the pastry. Fold over the other half and cut into strips 1 inch wide, making them uniform in length. Bake in a hot oven (400° F) 10 to 15 minutes.

## BANBURY TARTS

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped raisins  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped dates  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped nuts  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar  
1 tablespoon flour  
1 egg  
Juice and rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon  
Plain pastry

Mix raisins, dates and nuts with sugar and flour. Add beaten egg, lemon juice and grated rind. Roll out plain pastry to  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thickness and cut in squares about 3 inches wide, using a pastry jagger or a sharp knife. Put a teaspoon of the mixture on each square, moisten edges with cold water, fold over diagonally and press edges firmly together with the tines of a fork. Bake in hot oven (400° F) 15 or 20 minutes or until pastry is a light brown.



## Already dreaming of the years you cannot share

*She cannot know how much  
she needs your care in little  
things like this*

**H**OW much you do for her day in and day out—planning and working for the years when she must face the world for herself. Years of which she, too, already dreams.

Not perhaps until she has children of her own, will she realize fully just what her mother's care has meant. Care not only in the big things, but even more in that endless round of little things which count for so much.

It is one of these seemingly small points which is now the center of interest in a nation-wide school movement. The American Medical Association and the National Education Association are pointing out the importance of school day breakfasts. They have found that children's grades and health are vitally

influenced by the kind of breakfast they eat.

This slogan is now displayed on the walls of over 50,000 schools:

*"Every boy and girl needs a  
hot cereal breakfast"*

Only a hot cereal can furnish the boundless energy which their school work demands.

You already know well that one hot cereal which authorities have for years recommended for growing children—Cream of Wheat. You probably also know why it is recognized as ideal:

First, it brings a remarkable store of mental and physical energy—just the elements needed most by little minds and bodies. Second, Cream of Wheat is so easy to digest. Third, children enjoy its delicious creaminess.

It is so simple to safeguard your children in this little thing. Begin now! Tomorrow start them off to school, ready for a good day's work. Give them a hot bowl of good old Cream of Wheat.

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

*FOR the October hostess who is planning to entertain her club, a few friends or just her own family, here is a new booklet UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING which offers ideas for twenty parties that are different from anything your town has ever had, including a novel gala time for Halloween. The price of this booklet is ten cents.*



*Festivities for the children's Halloween are outlined in a special new leaflet "October Frolics." Price two cents.*



*And for the hostess who wishes to entertain at afternoon tea Mrs. Gunn has prepared a leaflet: "How To Serve Afternoon Tea Correctly," price two cents.*



*For all these address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.*

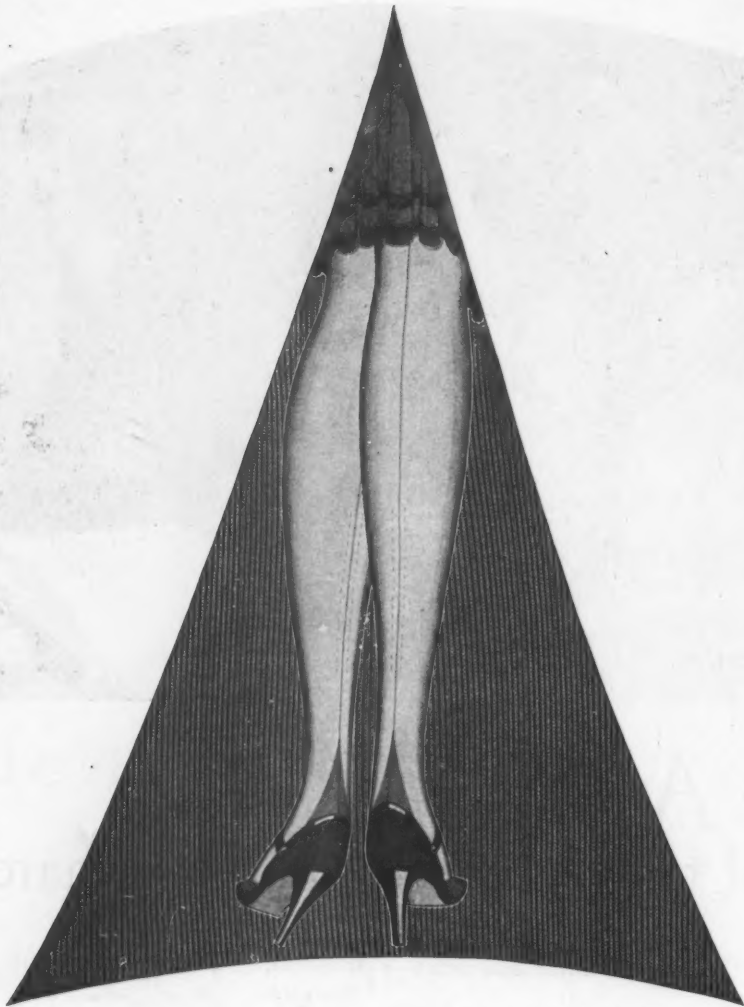


*This little girl has learned to read well because she eats the right foods. Every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast—Cream of Wheat.*

**FREE**—Mothers say this plan works wonders—To arouse your child's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in her room. There is a four week record form on it, which the child keeps herself, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Poster and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail coupon to Dept. G-10, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

For a girl aged..... For a boy aged.....

Name and address.....



Onyx  Pointex  
Silk Stockings

SMARTNESS  
BEGINS AT  
THE ANKLE  
L I N E S

The ankle that wears Onyx Pointex carries a suggestion of trimness, of smartness, of grace, that adds to the charm of the entire costume.

NEW! Style No. 505, a new Onyx Pointex stocking in chiffon weight, silk to the top, with serviceable cotton foot and patented Pointex heel—sells everywhere at **\$1.85**



*An all over new dress of cretonne rejuvenated the divan*

## NEW CHAIRS *for* OLD

[Continued from page 48]

arms, and up and down on the back, the warp, or lengthwise thread, should be run in these directions. The warp is stronger than the woof and should bear the brunt of the wear.

Three- and one-half-ounce tacks are used for tacking on the outside covering. Keep as close to the frame as possible. First, tack the material temporarily in the center of the back, front and sides, then fasten it securely. The back and front are done first, the sides next, and the corners last. Take care to keep the cover firm and smooth, stretching it always on the lengthwise and crosswise of the material, never on the bias.

In purchasing any fabric for covering furniture, buy real upholstery material. From the point of view of service, damask, mohair, rep, velour and linen are excellent. Chintzes are effective but not as durable.

When gimp is used for finishing it may be either tacked on with tiny gimp tacks or glued. While glue gives a neater appearance, it must be used sparingly or it will soak through and show on the surface. At the corners the gimp should be turned in with a neat bias fold, and, even when glue is used, it should be held in place by small slender tacks which are practically invisible. Four-ounce shoe tacks are splendid for this purpose.

When the webbing is loose or broken on the bottom of the chair and the springs have become untied at the bottom only, take off the old webbing and cut the springs loose. The webbing is woven under and over like a darn and the springs are placed at an intersection of two pieces of webbing. Remember this in replacing the webbing. In retying the springs always work from back to front. Tie a knot in a piece of heavy stitching twine and drive a tack through the knot into the chair frame inside of the bottom rail. Leave the bottom surface free for the webbing. The tack should be in line with the center of the springs in that series.

Draw the cord tightly over the nearest point of the top coil of the first spring, make a complete turn around the coil, carry the twine over the top of the spring to its opposite side and pull down until the spring is compressed to the height desired. Hold the spring so that the pressure will descend in a perpendicular line. Tie a knot around the coil. Cross the spring to the other side of the same coil and tie a knot. Draw the twine over to the second spring and repeat the process until all the springs in that row have been tied. Now drive a large tack part way into the frame and wrap the twine around it. Press the springs down to the height desired, tie the twine and drive the tack in. Use a second tack to bind the spring in place. Continue in this way until



all the springs have been tied down. This temporary tying serves to hold the springs in place until the webbing is stretched, which is the next operation.

Using ten-ounce tacks and turning a double fold of the webbing out, tack

it firmly on the bottom surface of the chair. With a stretcher stretch the webbing over the bottom of the seat and tack down. Do not stretch the webbing to the full extent of its elasticity or beyond the strength of the chair frame. The webbing should give just a trifle with pressure. Cut off the webbing, allowing enough to turn back in a double fold, and tack down. The webbing across the chair from side to side should be woven in and out, the intersections coming directly under the springs. Now, with a curved upholsterer's needle and twine, sew the springs in place at the intersections. They should be secured in three places on each spring, the last stitch taken at the nearest point to the next spring.

If extra padding is required to fill up little holes in the upholstery where the stuffing has become matted, the covering may be loosened at the back and new hair inserted beneath the original stuffing. Never add a bunch of hair between the covering and top layer of stuffing, for no matter how carefully it is done, it will always be noticeable and appear lumpy.

When the springs have become untied at the top and have gone through the original canvas or burlap covering, the situation is more serious. The only thing to do then, is to strip the entire seat of its upholstery and build it up again.

In ripping off the old upholstery observe carefully just how it was put on. Make sure that the springs are securely fastened to the webbing at the bottom and then proceed to tie down the springs at the top in exactly the same fashion as described above. Cover the springs with burlap and tack it down all around.

The next process is building up the seat with layers of hair. Pick out all the lumps in the hair and spread it evenly over the burlap, making the edges a little thicker than the center. Do not attempt to put on all the hair required at once but build it up layer by layer. The thickness of the hair should be approximately three times the actual height desired. Over the stuffing put a thin layer of cotton. This makes the upholstery a little softer and it tends to prevent the hairs from coming through. Next, a covering of unbleached muslin is tacked over the stuffing to hold it in place before putting on the outside covering.

Across the bottom of the chair tack a piece of black cambric. This gives a neat appearance and also keeps small particles from filtering through onto the floor.

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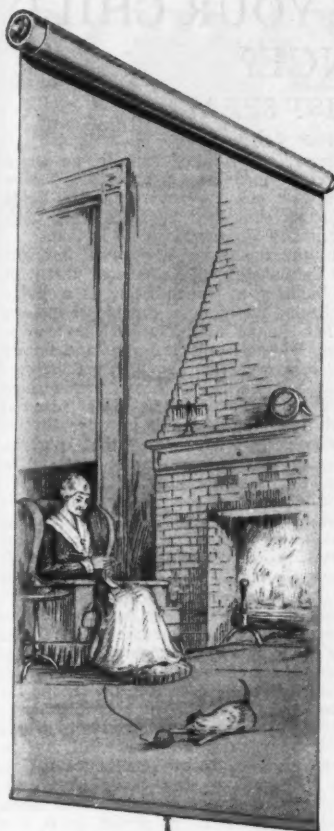
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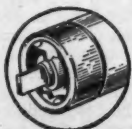
*Up and down—up and down—all through the day—every day—shutting in the cheer of the firelight's glow—letting in the glories of dawn—*

**S**UCH is the task of the window shade. Yet, we seldom think of it until it refuses to respond to the will of the hand upon the shade cord.

So, specify Hartshorn Rollers the next time you order shades for your home. They'll never balk or sulk when you grasp the shade cord. They won't roll the shade up askew, nor let it down that way, either. And specify, too, Hartshorn Shade Cloths that share the same quality reputation and that come in every desirable coloring. Let your dealer tell you not only how much they'll cost, but also how long and how well they'll serve.

STEWART HARTSHORN CO.  
250 Fifth Avenue New York

**Hartshorn**  
SHADE  
PRODUCTS  
Est. 1860



A shade is only as good as its roller

Made by the Makers of Hartshorn Shade Rollers

## I BECOME A COUNTRY WOMAN

[Continued from page 62]

have been very happy.

I am convinced that you can have fulfillment in any environment, but my point is that if poor it is better to be poor in the country, and, if rich, there is a greater chance for happiness. To be without any capital, without any automobile, without a telephone, without neighbors, without schools for children, are problems that I have not had to face except in part, but these are getting more infrequent for everyone all over this country.

I remember the first meeting of the Grange, when after a supper at home we went to the meeting and at the witching hour of 9:30 sat down to a second supper which included baked beans and cold meat, salads of many varieties, quantities of delectable cakes, numberless pies and deadly and delicious coffee. It was only with the thought of the nightmares that might follow that I resisted two varieties of pie having already been helped generously by one of my neighbors to three different kinds of cakes and having indulged in everything else that had been offered to me. French cooking has a great fame but it is only renowned with those who have never lived to taste a Grange supper or a chicken pie dinner in a New England village.

I have other delightful memories of cold winter afternoons when I would walk to Avon and stop in at the combination post office and store where everything from rubber boots and licorice and pots and pans and peas could be bought, and I would put my feet on the stove and make friends with the old men who were frequently gathered there. They were witty philosophers and I am grateful for having known them.

There was a great deal to learn about a farm and I asked numerous foolish questions of a patient farmer husband. A look of silent pain at my ignorance came over his face when I asked what a certain vegetable was that I saw gathered in a pile and which happened to be turnips—and why I had never seen large sjuaabs, not knowing that they were pig-eons—and very embarrassing questions about hens and roosters and eggs, and their unfathomable ways.

Then came babies, four of them in a row, and we had six busy years when there seemed to be innumerable small people that couldn't walk by themselves, or eat by themselves, and couldn't say in the English language what they wanted but showed it clearly in their own way, and I began then forcibly to realize the joys of country life and how enchanting a family could be even with stomach-aches, and whooping cough, and mysterious rashes, and the swallowing of buttons and terrible tempers, and how much happier it was to have them here with a place in the sun to tether them, than somewhere in an apartment. For I hear that Nature and the need of the State are forgotten in an apartment and that nobody ever wants children.

There are endless difficulties on a farm. It isn't all a rosy dream. Cows die or have tuberculosis and have to be shot, and rain comes when it shouldn't and never comes when it should, and winds blow down vital things, and fire burns the only thing that you haven't got insured, and it is inevitable and yearly that if only something hadn't happened you would have had a good crop. There is a helpless, dependent feeling about farming that is hard to express—a facing of the unrelenting and uncompromising elements. But with all this, life holds a great adventure, it eliminates all elements of the parasite and is creative. There is a close touch with those that live near, and life seems warm and human and vital.

I saw the other day a motto printed on a bulletin board of one of our Hartford churches which read: "While earning a living remember to live a life." On a farm a fortune is rarely made, and when there is no capital to put into a farm (as it would be in any other business) a living is barely made, and then follows frequently the tragedy of drudgery. But if a living is made and there can be some margin for rest and recreation, a life can be lived that holds the secret of happiness. I know, for I have tried it.



## Five articles of food Baby needs most Protect them all year with **ICE**

**Y**OUR Baby! That priceless bit of humanity, so helpless, so dependent—how you hover over him with anxiety when he is peevish and fretful.

Nine times out of ten, the trouble is due to some lack in his diet. Check over these five essentials in baby diet and see if he has them all.

He needs milk to make him strong. He needs prunes to keep his bowels active. He needs cod liver oil to prevent rickets. He needs orange or tomato juice for growth-building vitamins; and he also needs broth and soup for a varied diet.

All of these foods are perishable, extremely so. And unless they are FRESH they are harmful to the baby—even dangerous.

Take milk, for instance. That is Baby's staff of life, when sweet and pure; indispensable to his welfare. But milk has its dangers when allowed to grow stale. For this reason milk—even on ice—should never be kept more than a day or two, and off of ice it quickly loses flavor and in time becomes unfit for a child to drink.

Orange and tomato juice are relished by children and

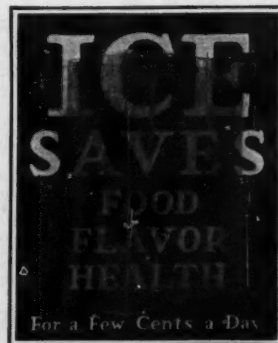
they are very good for them, being a mild laxative and containing vitamins essential to health. But they must be kept ice-cold to avoid mold or spoiling.

Prune juice is also good, as every mother knows. But it must be free from ferment. Kept ice-cold is the only safeguard.

Many mothers are giving their babies cod liver oil, not as a drug but as a wholesome food. It contains vitamins which prevent rickets. Babies do not mind taking it if served fresh and cold. Off of ice it turns rancid.

Broths and soups vary Baby's diet and are wholesome when absolutely pure. On ice they keep fresh for three days, excepting milk soups which should not be kept more than a few hours.

The empty ice chamber! If mothers only knew the extent to which insufficient ice is responsible for the ills of babyhood, they would never run the risk, just to save a few cents daily. How little do pennies count when the health of a baby is at stake! Be sure to write us for free copy of Ann Pierce's little book on "How to Care for Baby's Food."



It is a big mistake to keep food, even in cool weather, without ice. The weather is too changeable. Whenever the temperature gets high enough, food begins to spoil. It may stay fit to eat, but the delicate freshness is gone, the quality which makes flavor.

During the fall and winter months ice is extremely inexpensive, costs a mere fraction of what you pay during the summer months. Write for booklet "Why We Refrigerate Foods" by Dr. M. E. Pennington, Home Refrigeration Expert. Sent free upon request.

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## ARE YOU GIVING YOUR CHILD A CHANCE?

### THE BEHAVIORIST SPEAKS

[Continued from page 64]

holding its arms and legs. Temper and rage displayed in any other situation is home made. Parents do not realize that, when they or their nurses are dressing the youngster badly or putting it in tight clothes or teasing it by holding its hands, putting it in narrow quarters for punishment, they are organizing their child in such a way that it will show throughout its life fits of anger, temper tantrums, blows, kicks. A calmer mode of behavior would enable the child and the adult it is to become to conquer the environment instead of being overwhelmingly conquered by it.

How about its *love*—its affectionate behavior? Isn't that "natural?" Do you mean to say the child doesn't "*instinctively*" love its mother? Only one thing will bring out a love response in the child—stroking and touching its skin. It doesn't matter at first who strokes it. It will "love" the stroker. This is the base clay out of which all love—maternal, paternal, wifely or husbandly is made. Hard to believe? But true. A certain amount of affectionate response is socially necessary, but few parents realize how easily they can overtrain the child in this direction. If you are convinced that this is best for the child, aren't you willing to stifle a few pangs? Mothers just don't know, when they kiss their children and pick them up and rock them, caress them and jiggle them upon their knee, that they are slowly building up a human being totally unable to cope with the world it must later live in.

The various steps by which this building-in process or *slanting* takes place in infancy are now fairly well known. Some of the steps can be actually watched in the laboratory. At three years of age the child's whole emotional life plan has been laid down, his emotional disposition set. At that age the parents have already determined for him whether he is to grow into a happy person, wholesome and good-natured, whether he is to be a

whining, complaining neurotic, an anger driven, vindictive, over-bearing slave driver, or one whose every move in life is definitely controlled by fear.

But how do parents build in fears?

In the September McCall's I brought out the fact that all we have to start with in building a human being is a lively squirming bit of flesh, capable of making a few simple responses such as movements of the hands and arms and fingers and toes, crying and smiling, making certain sounds with its throat. I said there that parents take this raw material and begin to fashion it in ways to suit themselves. This means that parents, whether they know it or not, start intensive training at the birth of the child.

It is especially easy to shape the emotional life at this early age. I might make this simple comparison. The fabricator of metal takes his heated mass, places it upon the anvil and begins to shape it according to patterns of his own. Sometimes he uses a heavy hammer, sometimes a light one; sometimes he strikes the yielding mass a mighty blow, sometimes he gives it just a touch. So inevitably do we begin at birth to shape the emotional life of our children. The blacksmith has all the advantage. If his strokes have been heavy and awkward and he spoils his work, he can put the metal back on the fire and start the process over. There is no way of starting over again with the child. Every stroke, be it true or false, has its effect. The best we can do is to conceal, skillfully as we may, the defects of our shaping. We can still make a useful instrument, an instrument that will work, but how few human instruments have ever been perfectly shaped to fit the environment in which they must function.

Next month I shall take you into the laboratory and give you a clear picture of the kinds of sledge hammers parents are using in fashioning the fear life of their children.

### THE PHYSICIAN SPEAKS

[Continued from page 64]

friends were equally bad; and what was the world coming to with such boys to make the men of the future. Sam's grandfather, a distinguished and highly honored man was a boyhood friend, who had a most astonishing imagination, and when I had related some of grandfather's early accomplishments in inventive prevarications and assured her that the phase would pass, she dried her tears and went away comforted.

A question often asked me is something like this: "What is your opinion of the relative importance of heredity and environment in the developing youth?" I am aware of the wide differences in opinion of those who pose as authorities. Those who worship at the shrine of heredity, and of those who dilate extravagantly on the Mendelian theory and the germ plasm, practically accept predestination. The extreme environmentalist on the other hand discounts heredity influences to the point of claiming that the offspring of the untutored savages, if placed under suitable cultural surroundings would develop into the highest type of citizen.

Heredity plays a large part in the physical characteristics of the individual, in personal appearance, in vitality, and it has much to do with the capacity for effort. Character, however, an individual's most essential asset is largely the result of cultivation. Place a boy or girl with the best possible heredity at the age of two years under the influence of vicious or even careless contacts, keep him there, and though the ideal heredity may give him a strong body providing he is well fed, he will develop mentally according to his environment.

Childhood comprises the first sixteen years with the brain in the most receptive period of its existence and the child begins to register impressions in the earliest days of life. That a child may grow up honest, truthful and with social reactions properly adjusted, his mental pro-

cesses must be supplied with a soil in which such qualities will thrive.

During my entire professional life I have been associated with institutions and with social organizations that have to do with the adoption of children. Among the many hundreds that have come under my observation I recall but two or three that have turned out badly. And why? First, before the child is offered for adoption he has been proven physically perfect and second and most important, the child adoption bureaus are most careful in the selection of foster parents. They must prove that they are mentally, morally and financially fit. The adopted child is in great luck because his parents are carefully selected for him by trained and conscientious people, while all the rest of us have to put up with parents which Nature supplies and Nature is not always discriminating. Character is a response to cultivation, the registration of impressions on the susceptible brain from daily and hourly contacts. A child's reaction to society, his inclination and ability to accept discipline, the respect of the rights of others and his inspiration towards the higher culture are determined by his home life, the school, the Sunday school and his playmate associations.

The boy of two or three years of age, washed or unwashed, is not a bad character, no matter what the condition of his birth. He is a playful and happy optimist, ready for the great adventure, and you can fashion him any way you like—good, indifferent or worse. By the time he is sixteen years old he is made and he will be a good citizen—a good for nothing or a holdup man according to his cultivation. His body grows according to the nature of the food supplied and hygienic laws observed but he is unconscious of the process. His mind, likewise an entity, absorbs from his contacts. He does not know it, but all the while character is forming within.





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## FIONON TASTES OF LIFE

[Continued from page 66]

to pick on Chesterton?"  
Fionon lowered her eyes evasively. "It's  
a bonny place." Then, as if scorning her  
own subterfuge, yet shyly, "I was loving  
a lad that lives here. But he never knows  
I do—nor that I'm here, for that matter.  
But here I sit, talking about myself and  
you late as it is. 'Tis a bonny dance you  
do today. It's like its name—Enchant-  
ment. But the costume is not so good."

As Gloria flew off in response to her  
cue Fionon summed up the brilliant Gloria  
in her frank Scotch manner. "She's a nice  
little wee thing, yon Gloria Deene. But  
her taste in clothes is terrible. It's a  
love of a dance—that Enchantment—but  
she goes at it like a testy old lady rush-  
ing through the week's dusting. And in a  
gay and bright costume! Och, Enchant-  
ment should be pale and dim and cob-  
webby, to my way of thinking."

The music of the dance came singing  
in over the transom. Methodically Fionon  
kicked a clear space on the floor. Then  
reverently, going to it as a lover goes to  
the arms of his mistress, she threw her  
spirit and her heart and the lovely sweet-  
ness of her youth into the dance.

A sudden knock at the door brought her  
back to the realities of this world. She  
waited a moment, her breath coming  
quickly. Then, swift of step, she crossed  
to the door and flung it open.

A grinning boy met her astonished gaze.  
"Speshul D'livery f' Miss Deene," he rat-  
tled, thrusting a letter and a blank form  
into her hands. "Sign here, miss, thankee—"  
and he was gone.

Hardly had Fionon turned from the  
door when Gloria burst in, breathless and  
laden with flowers. "Gosh—some posies.  
Wonder what pretty boy sent 'em. Lordy,  
that's a strenuous dance."

"Here kid—open this like a good one,"  
she tossed Fionon the envelope that had  
come thrust in among the roses.

Fionon did so, reading automatically  
from the card:

"In appreciation of your dancing and  
with the hope that you may prove  
generous with its beauty,  
Adelia Ainswood Kent."

Kent! The name sent a rush of joy  
to Fionon's heart.

"Guess she's THE Mrs. Kent, isn't she?"  
said Gloria. "Old family—high society  
stuff—gobs of money—that sort of thing.  
Wonder why she sent the flowers to little  
me?"

Fionon shook her head. Then, with inter-  
est, "There now, it's an attentive person  
I am! Yon lies a wee letter that a laddie  
brought and dear knows, the thought of  
it had gone from me entirely."

Gloria tore the letter open hastily—then  
laughed. "Oh ho! So that's her little trick.  
This explains the posies. Say, kid, those  
higher they roost, the trickier they are.  
So, so, for her 'appreciation.' Here—cast  
your eyes over this!"

Fionon took in the contents of the note  
rapidly. "It's the bonny dance—Enchant-  
ment—that she's wanting you to dance.  
It's a charity ball—at Kentwood, her  
country home—in June. Och, now, those  
nimble toes of yours will dance a lovely  
building for the poor, wee orphan babies!"

Gloria chuckled. "Say, kid, she can be  
Mrs. President for all I care." She tossed  
the letter carelessly aside. "You might  
drop her a line, though. Tell her there's  
nothing doing."

Left alone, Fionon picked up the cos-  
tume that Gloria had worn that afternoon.  
She knew instinctively that this striking  
costume was never what Gloria Deene  
should have worn for "Enchantment."  
"But, dear knows, it suits the music, the  
way they rattle it off," she considered.  
"And it needing to be played slow and  
dreamy like. Och, but I'd like to do that  
dance once. I could. I'd better send a bit  
of a note to the fine Mrs. Kent. Of  
course, it could never be—just because  
it's the same name. Peter—the name  
sounds sweeter every time I say it. I'll  
just be looking it up in the wee 'phone  
book."

She ran a slim finger down the K's.  
There it was. Kent, Mrs. Adelia Ains-  
wood, 2140 Tanasie [Turn to page 78]

# CHARIS

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**M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES**  
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## FRENCH DESSERTS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

[Continued from page 56]

almonds which are sprinkled thickly over it. The almonds should first be blanched and shredded, then brushed lightly with melted butter and sprinkled with powdered sugar, before they are put on the pudding. The pudding is placed in the oven until the nuts are browned and is then thoroughly chilled before serving.

### MICHEL'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

Michel was to have a birthday and there must be a cake with seven candles. Madame baked a plain cake about two inches thick in a round pan. When cold, she sliced it into two layers. Between them she placed a filling an inch thick of prunes and apricots. To make this filling the prunes are soaked, cooked, stoned and cut into small pieces to make one cup. It is better to add little or no sugar, since the filling should be slightly tart. The dried apricots are also soaked and cooked, then put through a sieve to make a thick purée. Mix one-fourth cup apricot purée with the prunes for the filling.

Over the whole cake Madame spread a pie meringue—less rich than a frosting—into which she had folded one-fourth cup of the apricot purée. You can use less if you desire. The whole cake is placed in the oven until delicately browned, then chilled and served with all the glory of its candles.

### SURPRISE ORANGES

Madame calls this recipe Surprise Oranges. The oranges are cut in half, the interior deftly removed without breaking the skin and the shells are carefully set aside. The apples are pared, cored and cooked whole in a thin sirup (made with one cup of sugar and one of water) until tender, but not soft enough to lose their shape. They are then drained and left to cool. Measure the hot sirup from the apples and the juice from the oranges and combine them. Then, allowing  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon gelatin for each cup of sirup, dissolve the gelatin over boiling water and

stir into the combined juices to make an orange gelatin.

Chosen so carefully for size each apple was then placed in half an orange shell. The apples were small enough to leave some space around them to be filled with the orange jelly. This was poured over them and they were then left to become firm. They were served with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with half a teaspoonful of grated orange peel.

### PEARS ALMINA

Drain canned pears, cover them with orange juice and set them in a cold place for at least two hours, so they will absorb the orange flavor. Make a thin boiled custard, thickening it slightly with cornstarch. Flavor it with finely grated orange peel. Set this in a very cold place and allow it to partially freeze. This can be done in an ice-cream freezer, or packed in ice and salt. Or, if you prefer, you may just set it in the refrigerator to become very cold. Arrange two halves of pear together on each individual plate. Pour the custard over the pear and garnish with thinly sliced orange.

### PEACHES À LA SUNRISE

Probably the coloring of this dessert which is like that of a Spring sunrise gives it its name. To make it, you place in the bottom of each custard cup half a canned peach, with the cavity turned downward, so it will be on the top when unmolded. Over this pour a boiled custard, flavored with vanilla, to which sufficient gelatin has been added to make it hold its shape (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon to each cup of custard, dissolving gelatin in hot custard). When this is cold and firm, unmold and pour over it a sauce of canned red raspberries.

To make this sauce, add one cup of sugar to one cup of strained raspberry juice and cook until it forms a thick sirup. Add sirup to the berries and chill. Currant jelly may be added to sirup.

## TWO LITTLE MAIDS

[Continued from page 21]

clothing and plunged into the creek, squealing because the shade made the water so cold, slipping in the oozy muck, crying out in real fright over a leech, and so down the dark, flower-bordered little stream they made their way over shallows and around deeps until a grapevine swung temptingly near.

With a whoop that would have scared real Indians from the woods, they were on it, swaying wildly through the air. Then away chasing a gorgeous golden butterfly and so out to the fields where masses of gay, wild flowers grew.

There One began gathering great handfuls of flowers and the Other sadly announced that their father and mother were dead, they had no home, and they were dreadfully hungry. If they could not sell those flowers they would starve and have to stay by themselves in the dark woods.

So, laden with flowers, two poor little beggar girls hastily climbed the fence, trotted across a field of wheat stubble and entered the orchard of a neighbor, where for once down-dropped maiden-blush and winesap went unheeded, because of such an inviting odor floating from the kitchen. When a tap at her door made their neighbor turn from a big kettle of blue-smoking fragrant fat, before she could speak, the Other one of them said, "Please Mam, we are two poor little beggar girls. We have no home, and no mother and father, and nothing to eat, and no place to sleep. We would like to sell you these flowers for—a drink of water."

The Neighbor woman said, "Why Lord love your poor little souls! Ain't that too bad! Come right in. Of course I'll buy your flowers. How would you like to trade them for all the milk you can drink and some of these hot doughnuts?"

Then those two little maids of the

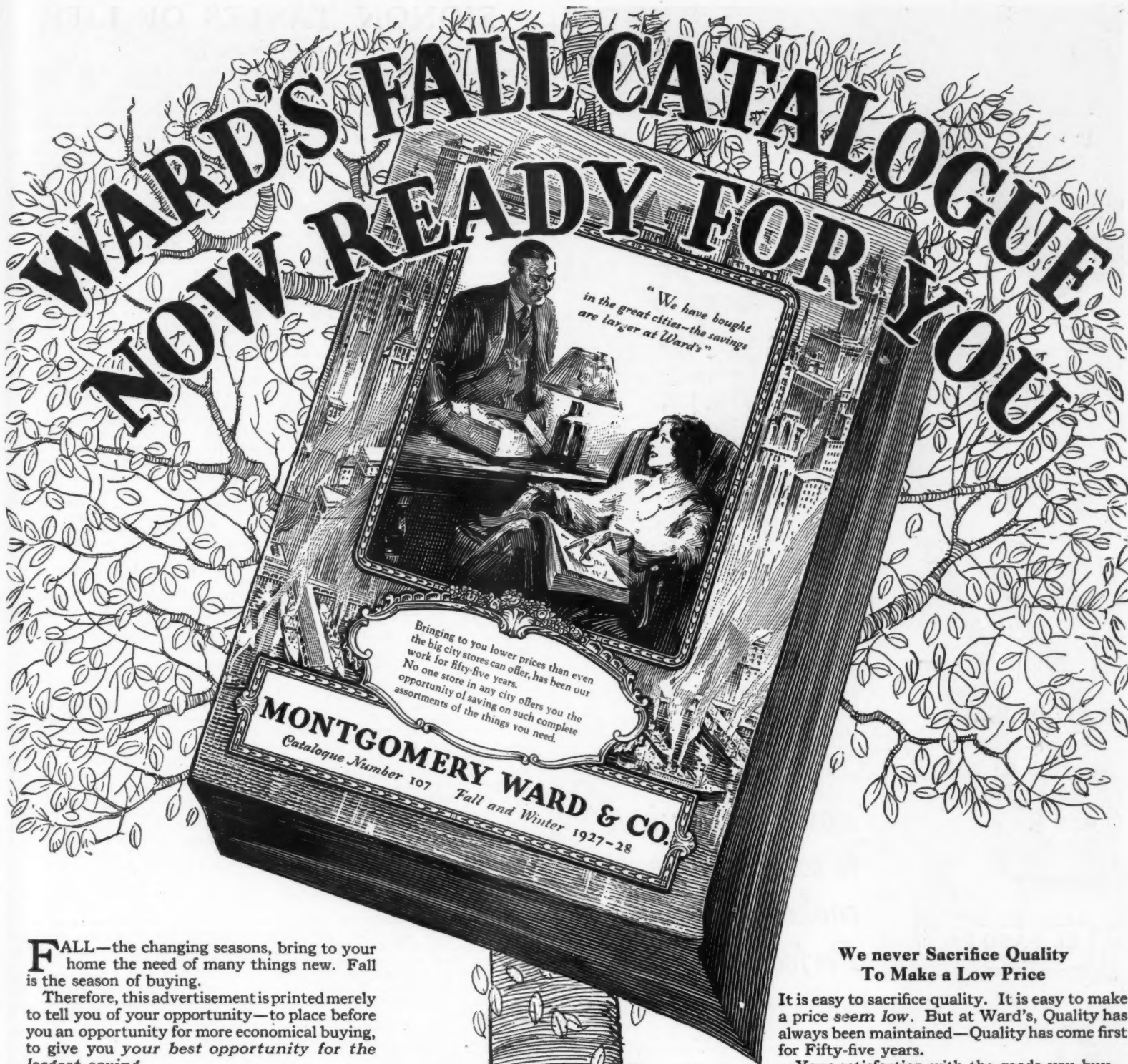
country followed to the spring house, giggling and shoving each other behind their neighbor's back and looking very prim under her eye; and they drank cool, creamy milk as long as they could swallow and started on their way with an extra big, crisp "twister," covered with apple-butter, in each hand. As they demurely walked down the path the neighbor called after them, "The woman who lives next down the road is mighty fond of little girls and if you will go to her and tell her all your troubles she will give you a fine supper and a bath and let you sleep there all night. And if you are good, just as like as not she will keep you there forever."

They said "Thank you" very primly and then almost choked to death behind a lilac bush just with thinking how they had fooled her.

I laughed with them until the sound of my own voice roused me and leaning farther from the window I waited breathlessly to see what those two little maids of the city would play.

They were in earnest conversation and at last a decision was reached. They looked searchingly all about them and then one of them flew to the clothes basket and from a loose handle unwrapped a piece of cloth about an inch wide and a foot long. The other searched the bare street and barer sidewalk, and then had an inspiration. Snatching the old hat from her head, she pulled off the last tag of faded ribbon and picked out the stitches. They secreted the basket under a small bulletin board in front of the church. Then they dipped the rag and the ribbon into little pools of water, not yet evaporated from depressions in the sidewalk and street, and one of them washed the Church of the Disciples of Christ, and the other washed the Young Men's Christian Association.





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## FIONON TASTES OF LIFE

[Continued from page 76]

Place. Fionon drew a sharp breath. Yes, it was true! The next line ran—Kent, Peter Ainswood, 2140 Tanasie Place. It seemed a miracle to Fionon.

A thought crept into her mind; lingered a moment on the outskirts of her realization; flashed suddenly before her; and in the twinkling of an eye, grew into a clear cut, finished plan. "However do I come to be such a scheming person," she gasped. "But, oh, it's life that's calling to me! I'll go mad if some of what's bottled up in me doesn't slip out through my toes; and that soon! Picture it! The grand setting it would be. And if the costume were right, why, a gump with no art at all could dance to that combination. Losh, if determination and concentration can do it, I'll be better perfect in yon dance by June."

THE train whistled loudly, as if in scorn for the small station it was leaving, and wound out of sight with a last farewell shriek.

Fionon looked about the empty station. No one was in sight. She recalled the wire that she had sent: "Will Arrive Kentwood Station Four Fifteen."

Shyly she ran a slim hand down over the modish little suit that she wore.

"There's no denying," she murmured, "that I'm quite smart enough for the famous Miss Gloria Deene, thanks to the kindness of her, lending me the bonny suit and all. And the deceit of me, going through her wardrobe and taking the laces and the veils and the blonde wig."

A shining red car purred up to the station and from it jumped the magnetic but now rather dusty person of Peter Ainswood Kent.

"Miss Deene? I'm Peter Kent." Then, smiling down at the tiny figure in surprise, he queried, "It IS Miss Deene, isn't it?"

Fionon's face as she greeted him was marvelously serene. She raised her gray eyes and he started at the low, throaty charm of her voice. "Peter Kent." She plunged. "Yes—I am Miss Deene."

"I'm awfully glad you are dancing to-night," said Peter as he led her to the car. "Do you know, I've only seen you dance once. Well, somehow I didn't recall you as being so—so small."

She viewed him steadily, then explained, "That, no doubt, is because the stage is a raised sort of a place. It makes a body look bigger. And then my chin isn't so evident there. It's pointed, you see. A pointed chin is always known to make a body seem tinier."

Miss Gloria Deene had made a distinct impression upon Peter—this particular Miss Deene who now sat so quietly beside him. He'd seen her dance once—rather recently, too—and that fact confused him. Certainly a beautiful little dancer. But hardly like this frail entrancing little thing.

Driving up through the spacious grounds of Kentwood, Fionon experienced her final panic, but greeted enthusiastically by an unquestioning Mrs. Kent, her courage came flooding back to her.

Miss Gloria Deene was scheduled to dance at nine-thirty and as that hour drew nearer, Fionon felt extremely nervous. In a panic, she tried to go over the dance in her mind. What if she forgot everything about it? What if she should fall? What if some one cried out that she was an impostor? Suddenly she burst out, "Fionon, you're naught but a wee coward. Dear knows, now you've done it, hold to your determination. What with the yellow wig and all, you're no more like Fionon MacCheyne than anything."

As Fionon stood in the shadows of the wide hall downstairs, waiting for the music of her dance to begin, she leaned forward eagerly to feast her eyes upon the beauty of the setting they had laid for her.

The lights dimmed; all was in shadow. Then faintly, like the very whisper of a song, rose the music.

Suddenly, piercing through the darkness, fell a long white shaft of light. It picked out and lay upon the pale, misty enchanting little figure that was poised beneath the swinging garlands.

With a sigh of satisfaction, two hundred pairs of critical eyes fastened them-

selves upon the beauty of the picture before them. Prepared as they were for radiance, the exquisite grace of this small figure was a delight greater than they had anticipated. Even the most worldly of them yielded to the charm of her.

Life chooses strange moments to put one to the test of character. So it was that now when Fionon's heart was singing the song of her love for Peter and her twinkling toes were dancing to the song that filled her heart. Life chose to answer the prayer that she had so often made—"I want to live! Everything!"

The music softened and Fionon, dancing with infinite grace, let her eyes rest upon Peter. And then it came! An icy hand that clutched her throat. Dully, she tried to remember what her feet must do. Only her eyes seemed alive. Those eyes that had seen Peter bend over the beautiful girl at his side.

With one final, magnificent effort, Fionon caught and held the spell of her dance through the final bars. Then, turning, she fled.

Peter, hurrying through the dim conservatory in search of her, came suddenly upon the small, huddled figure.

At his touch, she started and her gray eyes lifted. He was amazed to see them dry and brilliant with pain.

"Miss Deene, what is it! Are you ill?"

She shrank from him. Then, wearily, "Ill? Och, if I only were! Go away from me. Oh, please go away. I want to die!"

"Want to die! After dancing as you did?"

"Yes, yes! It was terrible. I'm a failure—artistically and morally. Oh, whatever for did I come here!"

Peter felt her despair. "Failure! You must know you danced wonderfully. Please, Miss Deene—"

She wept, despair in her voice. "I'm not Miss Deene."

"Not Miss Deene! Why—what—"

She found a dull pleasure in baring her sin to him. "No, no. However could I be. I'm naught but Fionon MacCheyne and I belong in yon mountains. But I wanted to dance and to find life and so I came away. But nobody wanted me and so I had to be Miss Gloria Deene's maid. And I watched her dance. But she wouldn't come here—and—and so I came. And, dear knows, I've been a fearful liar and a cheat and now I'm being punished."

Peter Kent reached down and gathered the small figure up in his arms. As he bore her to a near-by chair, Peter's arms unconsciously tightened about her and her contradictory statements flashed like pictures before his mind. Not Gloria Deene. Fionon MacCheyne. She had come from the mountains.

Bewilderment turned to amazed belief in Peter's eyes, yet as he placed Fionon on the chair, he caught her by the shoulders. "Look at me. Who are you?"

She lifted tear-wet eyes. "Can't you remember?"

"I remember this. Last November a little girl with ardent eyes and lovely, glowing hair, twisted through with mistletoe, sat on a fence rail and told me that she wanted to run away from her mountains and find life."

Eagerly she broke in. "And you told her to stay!"

"Then it was you! But your hair?"

With a quick movement, Fionon tugged at the blonde wig and down about her shoulders fell her own bright hair.

At the sight of her thus, all the unconscious longing that Peter had felt for her, found expression in his eyes.

"You wonderful, small thing," he said unsteadily. "Oh, Fionon, I went back—but you had gone. I've been yearning for you—wanting you—all this time!"

"Wanting me, Peter?" Bravely then she forced the question. "But her—the beautiful girl in there—what of her?"

Peter laughed. "What! Why, that is my sister! Who else could she be? Don't you know that there isn't—there never could be—anyone but you?"

She closed her eyes for a moment as if only by shutting out the world could she realize this thing. Then, wonderingly, "Peter, Peter, this is life! A storm—and if you weather it—a rainbow at the end."

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**HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, Honolulu HAWAII**



# THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 9]

seigneur's little daughter. With the coming of Paul, who was two years older and a head taller than himself, and who paraded all the fine and courtly manners taught to young gentlemen in Quebec, she had regarded him more haughtily than ever, and that very day had made no effort to hide her amusement when Paul had said, with a sneer on his dark face, "Doesn't it make you tired to walk all this way in from the woods, little boy? And does your mother allow you ever to load that old gun of yours with powder and ball?"

It was the memory of this moment which rankled in his breast—a moment in which he had stood speechless, his face hot and red, his tongue hopelessly tied, his heart only half beating as the Quebec boy walked away with Toinette, strutting like a turkey-cock and looking back contemptuously as he went. It was the knowledge of his own failure to reply, or to do anything but stand red-faced and dumb, like a fool, accepting the insult without protest, that deepened his gloom and increased his bitterness.

He was glad when his mother and father paused to rest on the edge of a great rock near the trail, for this interval gave him opportunity to go on alone, and when he was alone he could tear and thrash Toinette's cousin in a much more admirable way than when the others were tramping close at his heels. Suddenly Odd stopped so that his gaunt body made a barrier against Jeems' knees. He stood with his pawless leg off the ground, and when he slowly rested it to earth again it was in a manner which sent a thrill of anticipation through his master. They stood at the edge of a flower-strewn open among the chestnut trees, a dancing place for the wood-fairies his mother had called it that morning, and all about this lovely open was a thick growth of hazel, like a fence put there by the fairies themselves to shut out prying eyes from their frolics. It was a hundred yards across this little sun-filled playground of the wild, and on the far side of it, concealed in the bushes, Jeems knew there was game of some kind.

He dropped to the earth and drew himself behind the decaying mass of a monster log that had fallen a hundred years before. Odd crouched at his side with his muzzle level with the top of the log. Thus a minute passed, and after that another, and more on top of them, yet Odd gave no sign of discouragement, nor did Jeems. They were so still and motionless that a red-squirrel studied them curiously for a sign of life, and a chickadee almost stopped to rest on the end of Jeems' gun.

Another minute of this rustling stillness and a magnificent turkey-cock strutted majestically out into the sun. He weighed twenty pounds if an ounce, thought Jeems. His head was like blood, his beautiful body a gold and purple bronze, and his gorgeous breast-plume touched the ground. In this moment Jeems thought again of Paul Tache, for the Quebec boy was like this turkey-cock, always flaunting his gorgeously colored clothes and disporting himself with the importance of a man.

He caught his breath short as a slim, brown female bird came out from the bushes to join her red-headed monarch. A flutter of velvety wings followed her, and in as many seconds six more females joined the gathering in the open. The turkey-cock paraded more proudly than before and puffed himself up until he was twice his honest size, and it seemed to Jeems that the lady-turkeys were all crowding about him like so many Marie Antoinettes attracted by his fine clothes and his manner of making himself big in their eyes. At the sight before him Jeems hated Paul Tache more than ever, and all at once he was possessed with the inspiring thought of wreaking his first vengeance upon his rival's head by killing the turkey-cock.

Slowly he withdrew the long-barreled gun from the top of the log and tautened the string of his bow. He waited until the big bird stood less than eighty yards away. An inch at a time he rose higher on his knees, and Odd's body grew stiffer with his movement. A choking sound came from the dog's throat as the long bow was bent. The twang of the string was like the ring of a steel tuning-fork

and across the open sped a grayish flash. There followed a mellow sound, a great commotion, a leaping of gorgeous color high into the air, then a wild beating of wings and a speeding away of seven brown forms to the safety of cover. Paul Tache, the turkey-cock, was down and dying, and in the space of a dozen seconds his seven Marie Antoinettes were gone.

A moment later Jeems and Odd stood looking down on the turkey-cock, and gladness leapt once more into the boy's face and eyes—for here was not only a splendid dinner for tomorrow, but also, in his imagination, the first blow struck against his enemy.

THERE was a point on the ancient Indian trail over and beyond Tonteur's Hill where a narrow path made by generations of Caughnawaga, Algonquin and Ottawa feet ran close to the edge of a precipitous height with miles and miles of glorious country under it. Viewed from where Catherine and Henri paused to rest, the valley under them was a huge oriental rug of greens and golds and blacks and silvers—greens where the meadows ran in and out and the hardwoods were bursting into tender leaf, golds where the slanting sun struck floods of yellow light upon poplars and birch, blacks where the thick evergreens grew in deep masses of darkening gloom, and silvers where the still waters of three small lakes gleamed with the warm splendor of jewels. As they sat on the rock there came to them a faintly exquisite and lulling melody, a droning and unchanging cadence which enchanted and rested the senses, mingling as it rose with sweet air laden with the delicate fragrance of flowers and the gossamer breath of growing things. Only in the early morning or at an hour when the sun was poised for its drop behind the curtain of the western forests did this sound rise out of the valley—the song of thousands of squirrels. And as it was this afternoon so it must have been from the beginning, for as far back as the oldest Indian story went the huge gray stone had been called Squirrel Rock.

As Henri's eyes rested upon the pleasant scene below him he told the story of Jeems, and he was still chuckling over the humor of what had happened when he discovered the clouded and serious look in Catherine's face. "It is what I have been guessing of late," she said, and there was no laughter in her voice. "Madam Tonteur hates me and she has been training Toinette to hate Jeems!"

"What are you saying?" cried her husband. "Madam Tonteur hate you! It is impossible. Of all people in the world not to like—"

"I am the one," said his wife. "And you, poor Henri, with your foolish notion that everyone must love us, have never been able to guess the truth. She hates me so much that she would like to poison me, and not being able to do that she has turned little Antoinette's mind against Jeems."

"She cannot hate you!"

"No more than she can hate bugs and snakes and poison."

"But—Tonteur. It is impossible, I tell you! He does not feel that way."

"No, I am sure he does not," said Catherine.

"If Tonteur likes us and treats us so finely why should his wife dislike you?" he demanded.

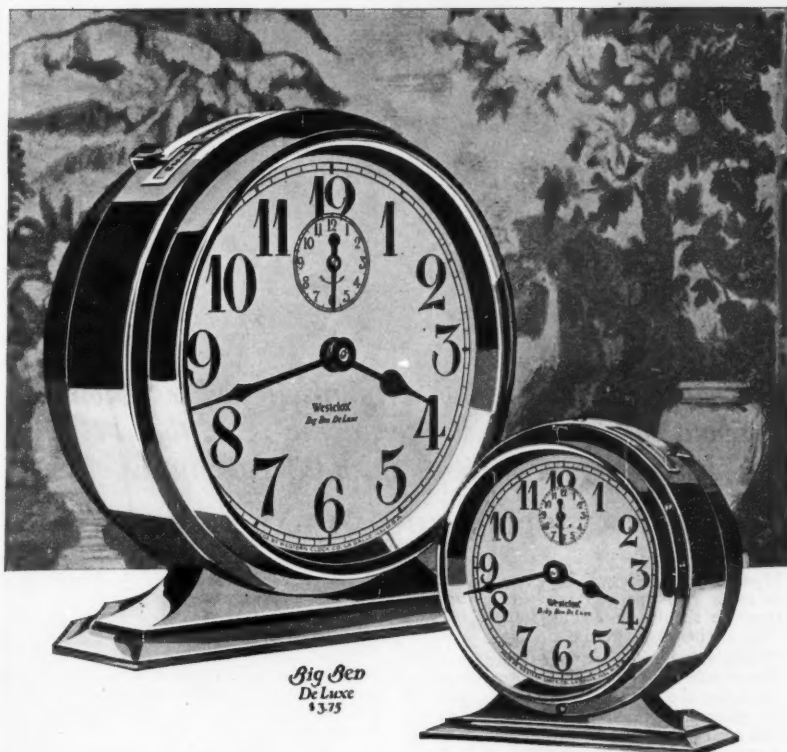
"First, because I am English. You must always remember that. Though I have come to love your country as dearly as my own, I am still English, and Jeems is half English. We are of a people who are your country's enemies. That is one reason why she hates me."

"And there is another?"

"Yes. She hates me because her husband sees fit to look upon me in a kindly way," answered Catherine. She was ready to say more, but the big, glad laugh which she loved came from Henri's lips, and in a moment she was tightly held in his arms.

Then he thrust her from him with playful roughness and pointed down the valley. "As long as we have that, what do we care about Madam Tonteur and all the rest of the [Turn to page 83]

## New Westclox de luxe models



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YOU will like these de luxe Westclox. They set a new and higher standard of beauty and excellence among alarm clocks.

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## WE OFFER YOU A 3-DAY TEST

If your child is underweight or nervous or hard to make eat, this mother's experience with Ovaltine should be an inspiration to you. Here are her exact words:

"I wouldn't be without your Ovaltine—think it is wonderful. Have bought two cans, since receiving the sample, for my nine-year-old daughter who refused to drink milk and after a sick spell was very run down. She now drinks a quart of milk a day with Ovaltine in it and is 'wild' over it. She has gained 2½ pounds in two weeks."

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**FIRST**—It stimulates lagging appetites. Digests very quickly. Twice as quickly as milk itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

**SECOND**—It supplies certain health-building essentials which are often missing from children's daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

**THIRD**—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Quick assimilation follows. Building up new brawn and buoyant health.

### Nature's danger signals

Underweight, restlessness, fretfulness, listless appetite, or a whiny voice—these are Nature's danger

signals. Unchecked, they may lead to ills that will ruin your child's whole future!

### Quick restoration

Ovaltine supplies the needed essentials for healthy growth. It restores normal appetite in a natural way. Thus, "free to gain," children pick up weight almost at once. They store up vital energy to grow on. They are bright-eyed and happy—filled with the zest of life. (Note the unsolicited testimonials.)

Ovaltine taken at night brings children sound, restful sleep. Morning finds them fresh, clear-eyed and buoyant. Ovaltine taken daily, keeps them in the pink of condition. A tremendous aid to normal growth.

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Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....  
(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day test

# IF YOU ARE JUST A WOMAN WITH SOME MONEY

[Continued from page 61]

women and solicit their business as well.

It is only recently that many women have had the handling of the man's kind of money. Until a few years ago the only kind of money most women had was "pin-money" or, to use another name for it, "spending-money." The only money a woman got her hands on was money to spend, and by the time she got \$14.75—handed her by her loving husband or father—she needed things for herself or the house to a total of \$96.50. If she came back from down-town with twenty-five cents for the Sunday contribution plate she felt that she had hit off a first-class triumph in finance, and so she had.

Now and then an especially liberal father or husband would give his daughter or wife \$50 all at one time. If everything she needed only came to \$45 she saved the other five dollars for Christmas. Toward Christmas she sat down with her purse and a list of sixty-four relations and did some computing that would make a captain of finance look like an amateur.

But that was the sort of money that woman's money was—"spending-money." She never had a chance to do anything with her money but spend it. It was given to her for that. She never had quite enough to buy all the things she needed. The result was that her purse was merely a tube for money to pass through; she never had any free money. I suppose hundreds of millions of women have died without, any one of them, having had one hundred dollars in real money at any one time. Their training was in spending only. As soon as women began to earn money they began to know how to handle it, how to bank it, how to invest it and how to borrow and repay it.

Almost invariably, when a husband dies and leaves some money or a respectable life insurance policy, the first thing his widow does is buy clothes. The amount left her may be a million dollars or five

thousand dollars but she almost invariably buys clothes. It is her first and very natural reaction upon receiving money after more or fewer years of receiving only "spending-money." She has money, so she spends it. She is merely doing what she has all her life been trained to do as soon as money comes into her hands. But in a few days she satisfies that urge to spend and discovers that the money she has left is "man's money"—a goodly lump sum. In a year she is handling her money quite as well as a man could have handled it. Being a man, I am sorry to say that she is often handling it better.

There are, of course, women who have no proper sense of values and who never learn how to use money properly, but there is an equal proportion of men with the same failing.

Where it is possible, a man should give his wife her own bank account, starting her with an amount that is more than "spending-money." Children, too, should have some money that is "investment money" and not mere "spending-money"—even if only a few dollars in a savings bank. In most cases, I believe, it will be found that the wife with a cash surplus of her own will presently develop into a better manager of the household funds than she has been, and the children will learn that there is something to be done with money other than merely "spend" it. It is good training.

And then, too, when papa gets hard up he can borrow it!

Note: If you too are "Just a Woman With Some Money" to spend, save or invest, and if you want to know more about banks and what they can and will do to help you in your financial problems, send for our new service leaflet: How to Use Your Bank. Address, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City.

## ASK ME ANOTHER ABOUT BUDGETS!

[Continued from page 44]

family in one evening's cooperation. What is the difference between budgets and accounts?

Accounts are the records of expenditures from which it is possible to determine a budget for some succeeding time.

Under what headings should the budget be made?

The first year or month try these, then change them to fit your needs:

Income: Savings (future income). Food. Shelter. Operating Expenses. Clothing. General Expense or Advancement or Family Progress.

What are the main items which would have to be considered under each heading in order to make up the budget?

Income: Salary or estimated income from fees or profits. Interest from bonds. Dividends from stocks.

Savings: Deposits to savings accounts. Insurance. Investments.

Food: All food purchased. Meals. Ice. Shelter: Rent. Taxes. Insurance. Up-keep.

Operating Expenses: Fuel. Light. Cleaning supplies. Telephone. Cleaning and laundry. Carfare. Replacement of equipment. Postage. Stationery.

Clothing: Ready-made. Materials. Dressmaker and Tailor. Cleaning.

General Expenses: Education. Books and Magazines. Recreation. Gifts to friends, to church or to charities. Taxes on personal property and income taxes. Personal allowances for adults and for children. Travel. Health.

Should the amount to be allowed for each item be specified in the budget?

The allowance made in the budget may be just the totals for the large divisions. After careful accounts have been kept for a year you may wish to make more definite allowances for the sub-groups. Should allowances be made for miscellaneous expenditures?

Sometimes it seems necessary to make a small allowance for items which do not seem to fit in anywhere else but if this is done it should not amount to more than a

few dollars a year because the fact that the expenses grouped here will not be definite will make it impossible to tell at the end of the year how the budget has fitted the situation and how to adjust it for the coming year.

Is it legitimate to place Life Insurance under Savings?

Life Insurance may be listed as savings, although it is sometimes estimated under General Expenses, especially when it is "straight life" because this is carried primarily for protection purposes. Other forms of insurance such as endowment and annuity are for most families definitely a form of savings, which are to assure a future income as well as protection.

How does such a budget as is given here allow for emergencies?

It provides for them by providing adequate savings which when accumulated from year to year care for emergencies, providing it is not possible to cut down on other items of the budget to cover them. In what form will the budget appear when it is finally made?

Item	Amount Allowed	Amount Spent	Difference if any
Income	\$2500.00	....	....
Savings	250.00	....	....
Food	....	....	....
Shelter	....	....	....
Operating Expenses	....	....	....
Clothing	....	....	....
General Expenses	....	....	....

Would you like help in planning a budget for your family?

Mrs. Wood has prepared a leaflet showing how a budget might be worked out for different sized families, whose income is just average. You can secure it free if you address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Please enclose a two-cent stamp for mailing.



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320 Broadway, Dept. 6, New York



## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 81]

world?" he cried. "Let it fight, I say, and let women like Tonteur's wife quarrel and hate if they must. So long as you are not unhappy in a land such as this we look upon yonder, I would not trade my place for all the kingdoms in the world!"

"Nor I, as long as I have you and Jeems," said Catherine, and as Henri turned to his corn again, she added, "But I am not thinking of you or myself. I am thinking of Jeems."

They started slowly up the trail, side by side. "Madam Tonteur's dissatisfaction with me has been amusing and I have had my little frolics out of it, like today, for instance," she continued, in the silence of her husband's pondering thoughtfulness. "With you and Jeems and everything about us I need no other company to keep me happy, and so Madam Tonteur's dislike has caused me no special pain. I have even liked to tease and plague her, for which I should properly feel shame. Today I let my braids down, feigning a bit of headache as I did it, but truthfully to let her see how long and thick they are and how skimpy her own hair is, for she is only a little older than I. I may be wicked, Henri, but I tried so hard to be her friend, and when at last there ceased to be a hope, why, I began to see the humor of it, just as you have always taught me to catch the whimsies in unpleasant things. But with Jeems and Toinette—it is different. He has dreamed of her for a long time and has made her a spirit-companion in his adventures and play."

Henri looked at Catherine. "I know—I can see—I was stupid to laugh at him down there. But Tonteur laughed, too. I did not think a boy so young would take it to heart."

"A child is like a woman," said his wife. "Both are more easily hurt than man ever dreams."

"I will hurry up to Jeems and tell him how sorry I am," said Henri.

"You will do nothing of the kind," replied Catherine. "You will keep it to yourself—this once." So he waited discreetly, and after a moment she said, "Henri, I know that Louis Tonteur is a good and noble man, and that in his heart is a great loneliness and want of something, although he worships Toinette. No man could love his wife, even with her blue blood and high ways. He is so pitifully lonely that I am going to ask him to come to our place often and bring Toinette with him."

"You think he will come?" asked Henri eagerly.

"I am sure he will," replied his wife, and now that she was thinking only of Jeems she was glad she had not told her husband what had been at her tongue's end a little while ago—the secret of her discovery that afternoon. "He will come," she added, "and I am sure, if I ask him, he will bring Toinette."

Henri laughed his pleasure. "Tonteur is one man I love," he said.

"He is a man made to love," agreed Catherine.

They had come to the edge of the woodland open, and ahead of them Jeems and Odd were standing over their slain turkey-cock. The wild, hot pride of youth and achievement possessed the lad as his father and mother came toward him and, like a bristling gargoyle on four legs, Odd stood joyously wagging his stump of a tail. Here was triumph, and the boy's eyes lighted up when he saw his mother's interest in what he had done, and the unfeigned amazement in his father's face.

Unobserved by the two whose hunting instinct drew their eyes to the fallen game, Catherine regarded her boy. Her own eyes were shining, and after a moment Henri saw what she was seeing and thinking, and placed one of his big hands tenderly on his son's slim shoulder. Yes, Jeems was like his mother, except for his blonde hair and gray eyes. And in these two things he resembled his mother's brother, that worthless, wandering, always fighting and forever lovable vagabond, Hepsibah Adams. Henri's heart was happier at his wife's [Turn to page 84]

## STOP the maddening pain of Burns!

ward off SCARRING..

One mother says: "My little girl was terribly scalded. The skin came off in patches. The doctor applied Unguentine. The pain ceased magically—at once; the wound healed with marvelous speed... Today not a single scar can be seen!"



THE hazard of burns—can you neglect it? At any time you may face it, in your own home—agony beyond measure—infection, disfigurement... And oh, the suffering of little children!

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Use Unguentine thick on burns or open cuts. In severe cases, spread on gauze, apply, and bandage lightly. Keep a tube close at hand—in your own medicine chest; you will find a hundred uses for it, with all the family. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. At your druggist's, 50 cents.

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## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 83]

proud contemplation of her son, and he burst forth in praise of the lad's exploit. "What a shot!" he cried, bending low to examine the bird and the arrow. "Straight through from wing to wing as clean as a bullet—and right up to the shaft of the feathers! I'd swear you did not have that strength in your arm, lad! Yet the arrow was sped from back there at the edge of the open, you say? I scarce believe it! It is a shot for Captain Pipe and White-Eyes and Big-Cat and not for you!" These three were the Caughnawaga Indian friends who had taught Jeems how to shoot, and it was Captain Pipe who had made his bow of choice seasoned ash.

They went on as the sun was setting behind the wilderness, and the golden pools of light grew dimmer about them and shadows grew heavier and more velvety dark among the trees. To the boy and the dog this timbered country which lay between the seigneurie and their home was a silent and mysterious realm of adventure, a place filled with whispers of mighty things to happen, and with ghosts—ghosts everywhere—of promising and lureful things of which neither was afraid. To the man and the woman it was different, for to them, with their experience and understanding, the beauty and greatness of God in nature had never grown common or old. In this great forest, with its age-old trees and battlemented tops, Catherine's heart beat a little faster and her soul rose to the awe and majesty of an unseen spirit which she could not see, but which, like a warm presence closing in softly about her, she could clearly feel. A little more and there was sky to see again with its glow in the west, and then small opens and scattered maples and chestnuts and beech, with green meadows running like ribbons between them, and at last, coming to a broader meadow that looked down a gentle slope into the forbidden valley which they had viewed from Squirrel Rock, the four saw their home.

It lay in a sheltered dip which was like a diminutive child of the larger valley, a low and cheerful looking cabin of peeled logs, with more windows in it than a cautious man would have had, and with a huge chimney of clay and stone at the end. It was not a "rolled up" house, with logs standing endwise in a trench, and possibly built around the stump of a great tree which could be used for a table within—but a home of beauty and comfort and luxury, as those things were measured on the frontier. Catherine's love for this home was next to her love for Henri and her boy. Close about the cabin was her own little domain—her flowers, her gardens of shrubs, her bird-houses built of chestnut bark, her little box-hedges among the thinned-out trees, with pretty paths edged with whitewashed stones winding in and out among them. Her daffodils and wild-flower plots were now in bloom, and from this day until the white frosts there would be no end of flowering things. Most of all she loved her kit-run-about, which Jeems called Johnny-jump-ups, and her sweet-williams and bouncing-bets, the last of which was the plumed ancestor of all the carnations. From daffodil-time until the autumnal marigold there would be hollyhocks, celandine, roses, lupins and candytuft larkspur and sweet-scented peas, sun-flowers and catchfly, pink and Queen Margarets and a score more of grasses and flowers in her gardens, until a stranger coming upon her wilderness home would scarcely have believed that it lay at the edge of a raw frontier.

Running up to the borders of these gardens were Henri's work-fields, beginning first, because of Catherine's artistic eye, with the gentler growths of husbandry—carefully groomed and platted soil for herbs and vegetables, lettuce, sorrel, parsley, mallows, chevril, burnet, thyme, sage, carrots, parsnips, beets, radishes, purslain, beans, cabbages, squashes, asparagus, musk melons, cucumbers and pumpkins; and beyond these marked-out patches lay the broader fields for heavier grains and foods, ten acres of well-tilled land in all, ending up against the hard-maple wood out of which, in the preceding month of April, Henri had taken his year's supply of fifty gallons of maple

syrup and four times as many pounds of sugar.

Catherine was smiling at her husband, and in Henri's eyes was an answering light of happiness when out of the peace and beauty which lay about their home rose a piercing and blood-curdling cry—a cry which seemed to stop every sound that was in the air, which reached the pigeons and swerved them affrightedly, which startled the phlegmatic ox at the gate, a cry of monstrous depth and vastness, and with that cry a wild figure came toward them from its hiding-place in the greening shrubbery of Catherine's garden.

With a lurch of his shoulder Henri sent his bag of corn to the ground, while ahead of him Jeems swung his long gun into the crook of his arm, and Odd stiffened and let out a sullen growl. Fiercely and threateningly the scraggy and mysterious figure advanced up the slope, and Jeems had looked to his flint and priming, and stood with a ready thumb on the hammer of his weapon, when from behind her husband and her boy Catherine gave first a startled gasp, then a little scream, and sped past her protectors to meet with open arms the advancing stranger.

"It's Hepsibah!" she cried. "It's Hepsibah!"

THE stirring words had scarcely fallen from his mother's lips than Jeems laid his gun on the ground and ran after her, but with all his haste she was ahead of him and in her brother's arms before he could overtake her, while his father, carrying the turkey-cock, but without his corn, came hurriedly out of his amazement and down to meet them. When he arrived, Hepsibah Adams was holding Catherine closely with one arm and with the other had hoisted Jeems half way to his shoulder. In a moment he freed himself enough to hold out a hand as rough and knotted as the old oak tree which sheltered the cabin from the afternoon sun.

If ever a man bore an affinity to an oak, with all its cheer and strength and rugged growth, that man was Hepsibah Adams, the Indian trader. There was also something about him which made one think of Odd-and-Ends. With all this he was as cheerful a creature to look upon as friend or enemy could want to meet. He was not as tall as Henri by half a head, nor did he have his leanness. His shoulders were wide and his body thick, and his face was as round as an apple and almost as red, with marks and mars of stress and battle set upon it, but in such a way that its jolly vivacity and the good humor of its twinkling eyes were enhanced rather than spoiled by the vicissitudes of fortune. He wore no hat and on the top of his head was a saucer-like space as bald as an egg, but under this beauty spot, as Hepsibah called it, his reddish blonde hair grew thick and rampant, with its end curling up, so that with a very small effort of imagination he might have been taken for a shaven friar who had been at hard grips with the disciples of Satan.

When the excitement of first greetings was over, Catherine stood back from her jolly rogue of a brother and viewed him with a pair of eyes bright with affection, but which glowed at the same time with an appraising and speculative questioning which her lips at once put into words. "Hepsibah, I'm so happy to see you that it makes my heart choke when I look at you, and yet I observe you have not kept your promise to stop fighting, for one of your ears is nicked and your nose is crooked and there is a mark over your eye which was not there when I saw you two years ago!"

Hepsibah's weather-stained face broke into a broad smile. "I can't say as much for your nose, Catherine, for it grows prettier each year," he said, "but if a Dutchman's ham should happen to come up against it, as one hit mine in a little joust in Albany-town, why, I'll say there would be a bend in it, or no nose at all. And as for the ear with a nick in it, what can you expect from a Frenchman—excepting your sweet-tempered husband here—when he gets a chance to use his teeth instead of the hands [Turn to page 85]





# Lemon Juice

## for Hair Beauty

**A** LEMON rinse gives your hair the beauty of absolute cleanliness. The mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of the lemon cuts the curd formed by soap and water, leaving each separate hair faultlessly clean. No amount of rinsing with plain water can remove this curd.

Try it after your next shampoo and feel this delightful fresh cleanness for yourself. Your hair will be silky, fluffy and soft, and full of a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Thousands of women are following this one best method of insuring the full beauty of their hair. Whether they wear it bobbed or long they know that a lemon rinse means that shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary wash-bowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

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## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 84]

which God gave him to fight with? The slit in the face is only a crease left by an Oneida's knife when he misled himself with the thought that I had got the best of a bargain, which I never do get, or I'm a sinner! But is that all? Do you keep no better account of me than that?"

"The bald spot is a little larger, Hepsibah, and so even and round that it amazes me!"

"That is because I gave a Seneca hair-dresser a good hatchet and holder to pluck out the hairs in the Indian way, and make it so, sister. I hated that bald patch, which was as uneven as a candle-dripping on the top of my head, but now that it is round I like it."

"And I saw a tooth gone when you laughed."

"Only a second dose from the Dutchman's knuckles. Heaven love me, but you should have seen that Albany Dutchman fight!"

"And your clothes," said Catherine, coming to the main point in her mind at last. "You look as though a bear had played with you. Hepsibah, has anything happened—near here?"

"A mere trifle, sister. A few miles back I ran into a bunch of Frenchies who said this was a long way from New England, and who had it in their minds to turn me t'other way. But that was nothing, nothing at all. I am a bit ashamed of you, Catherine, for you have missed the main thing!"

"And what is that?"

"My stomach," declared Hepsibah, holding his ample paunch with both knotted hands. "It is sunk and shrunken, as you may clearly observe. It has fallen in on itself until it hurts my backbone, and has withered and wasted itself to the dimensions of a lady's. It is dwarfed, shortened, circumscribed and reduced—fairly warped and strangled from lack of food! And if I do not eat very soon—"

The rest was smothered in Catherine's arms and laughter. "Dear old Heppy!—hungry—always hungry, and you never will be any other way; and so are Henri and Jeems hungry, and I am, too, so we shall have supper almost as soon as smoke can be made to come out of the chimney. Oh, I am so happy you have come!"

"And I," added Henri, getting in a word at last.

Jeems was tugging at the hand of his roving vagabond of an uncle, who was his greatest hero in all the world, and dragged him back to get his gun.

Then Catherine saw that a film of smoke was rising from the top of the big stone chimney. "Hepsibah has already prepared us a fire," she said.

When they came through the wide double-door of the kitchen Henri drew a deep breath of satisfaction and Catherine gave a pleased cry of surprise. It was a great kitchen, thirty feet from end to end and twenty in width, with the last light of day coming through its western windows. To this fading illumination was added the rosier glow of a flaming back-log and a huge mass of hard-maple coals which faced them as they entered. Henri had spent a month in the building of their fireplace, and the proudest seigneurie along the Richelieu could not boast a finer one. He had housed Catherine and Jeems with an aunt in Three Rivers while constructing their home, and when Catherine first saw the fireplace she walked straight into it without bending her head, and so wide was it, as well as high, that Henri had built seats within the chimney-place on either side, and over these were hooks on which to hang firearms, and even little drawers set into the stone for his pipes and tobacco; and farther back, never in the way of smoke or soot, were many other hooks for Catherine's treasures of pots and kettles and pans, so that the chimney-place was a kitchen in itself and a cozy snug-corner for wild wintry nights as well.

It was the aliveness of this fireplace which had drawn an expression of surprise and pleasure from Catherine—that and the aroma of cooking things which greeted them. From Catherine's earliest memories her brother had

[Turn to page 87]

## "Good Night"—that brings good rest DOUBLE MALTED



## HOT MALTED MILK

(PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOR)

### at home

A little conspiracy goes on in millions of homes each night. Bed-time is "let's play soda-fountain time." Out comes the can of Thompson's, and the shaker or a double boiler—for sometimes they like it hot, sometimes cold. The milk is poured. And in fifteen seconds a rich, creamy, "real professional" Malted Milk is ready for the whole family... The game is over. The little troop marches off to bed, and to restful sleep.

### A New Health Game

The family doesn't know why mother is so eager to play soda-fountain. They only know how delicious this new Malted Milk tastes. But Mother knows that a household that would never touch milk before now takes three glasses a day and loves it!

### The Secret of Thompson's

Thompson's is so good for children and grown-ups alike because, by a secret Thompson process, the vitamins are

not destroyed in the making and the activity of the enzymes which help to digest other foods is maintained. That is why Thompson's gives high energy by day and restful sleep at night.

Chocolate or plain—Hot or Cold  
30 glasses in every pound

It's always creamy and smooth. It costs so little. The best hot drink is made with plain malted milk—the best cold drink is made with chocolate.

Ask for Thompson's plain or chocolate, at any grocer or druggist, and have a "DOUBLE MALTED" party at home tonight. A shaker is FREE with each one-pound package.

### At the Soda Fountain

Your Soda fountain man deserves special credit for paying a bit more for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk so as to serve you with an extra quality malted milk drink. Look for the Thompson's serving jar at the soda fountain.



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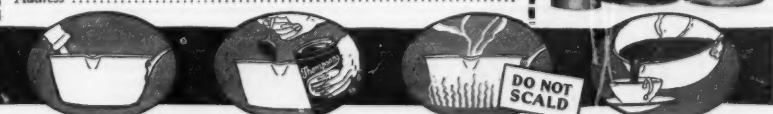
"DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk and a 25¢ value aluminum

shaker FREE. I enclose 60¢.

☐ Send me a three-day sample and an aluminum shaker, I enclose 25¢.

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IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"



## 4 out of 5 needlessly suffer

Neglect your teeth and gums, and you open wide the door to vicious Pyorrhea. That is the simple reason why four out of five after forty (and many younger) suffer its dread effects, paving the way to serious sickness, loss of health and beauty.

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Forhan's for the Gums used in time, thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

Forhan's, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

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Forhan Company, New York

## Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

You can be  
sure of this



Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouth washes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it.

## HOW DO YOUR CHILDREN EAT?

[Continued from page 42]

eat like hard-working men rather than like half-men. The man of ordinary size who does sedentary work does not require nearly so much food as the vigorous adolescent boy does.

There is a group of children sharply contrasting to those just mentioned, who are not so vigorous as they should be. They may not have a good physical inheritance, or they may have had so severe an attack of one or more of the common infectious diseases of childhood that the effects still show in poor physical development. Or their poor development and malnutrition may be, as it often is, the result of poor quality of the food they have always eaten. These children may have capricious appetites and food prejudices as the result of the unappetizing way in which the food is served; or they may have imitated from babyhood the finicky attitude of their parents about food—likes and dislikes that have no physiological basis. These undernourished boys and girls are especially likely to suffer from chronic fatigue.

Boys and girls in the adolescent period differ from each other as much as do adults or younger children, so it is not possible to lay down any rules which would apply to all. Some children are full of animal spirits, have keen appetites and are in a great measure indifferent to everything except those things which loom large in their own minds. In the minds of boys it is usually athletics and in the minds of girls it is personal appearance.

The foods which contain most iron are the green vegetables, especially spinach, lettuce, kale, beet-tops and so forth, and the red meats. Liver is preferable to all other flesh foods for promoting the formation of rich red blood. This is due

to its being rich in iron and to a peculiar quality of its fats which aids in the formation of red corpuscles. Egg yolk is also a useful food for this purpose. Whenever the lips and skin are pale and there are other reasons for suspecting thinness of the blood, it is generally wise to have one's physician prescribe an iron tonic in addition to eating regularly those foods which help blood pigment formation.

Every child should eat a wholesome and nourishing breakfast. This may well consist of fruit of some kind, a hot cereal, bread and butter and a glass of milk.

The lunch, if served at home, should include a small serving of meat and at least one hot vegetable. The root vegetables which are especially valuable are carrots, beets, turnips and potatoes. The leafy vegetables, one of which should be served every day, are cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, spinach, kale, beet or turnip tops. Bread and butter should be served at all meals and a glass of milk should be provided for lunch and dinner as well as for breakfast. The desserts which are especially desirable for the growing child of adolescent age include rice pudding, dates, custard and baked apple.

If the child has eaten a satisfactory breakfast and a hearty lunch, then a simple supper is best, consisting of substantial foods which are not difficult to digest and which will not disturb the sleep. Soft-boiled eggs, bread and butter, a glass of milk and a baked apple and cookies make an excellent supper for the average adolescent boy or girl.

Chronic fatigue causes discomfort and undermines the health. The best remedies are good food in the right amount and a system of living and recreation which permits plenty of time for sleep.

## THIS ANTIQUE BUSINESS

[Continued from page 52]

chair, lacking only a rush-seat to make it perfect, or some old rugs thrown carelessly in a corner. Why, once I got two charming drawn-in mats, floral designs in gay colors, for a dollar and a half; they had been thrust into this limbo all because they had a few slight "bracks," very easy to mend.

And then—oh, I have ever and ever so many wise counsels, for auctions have been my delight and despair for over twenty years—you must keep your eye on the ball, otherwise the auctioneer. Forget your manners, if need be, and wriggle your way through the thickest of the crowd so that you stand directly in front of him. You'll be able to see the tiny cup-plate—it might be an Octagonal Washington!—that he is holding up in a general lot, or notice whether a stone-ware crock is stamped East Bennington, that most desirable impression. I learned to my bitter cost what negligence in such serious matters could mean, for once, turning sentimentally to admire the country around, I lost an eighteenth century drop-leaf cherry table with excellently moulded legs. Somebody else bought it, in a heap of "old culch," for ten cents!

But, most important of all, is what I describe as jollying the auctioneer, who, you must understand, is a very human man, and quite susceptible to flattery. True, there are all kinds of him; the stentorian sort who stamps and shouts, pierces you with his eagle eye, and tries to bully you into bidding on any and every thing. "By Godfrey!" (a crashing North Country oath) "What you folks thinkin' about? A dollar for this fine crock'ry pitcher! Why, I'll give five myself." (By the way, he never does). And then there's the slow, drawing type, with that dry, engaging Yankee humor which seems to endow even modern objects with the glamor of old New England; and the brisk, persuasive individual who, wily as Machiavelli, lures you on and on, and, selling you a refrigerator in zero weather, can make you dream of mid-summer.

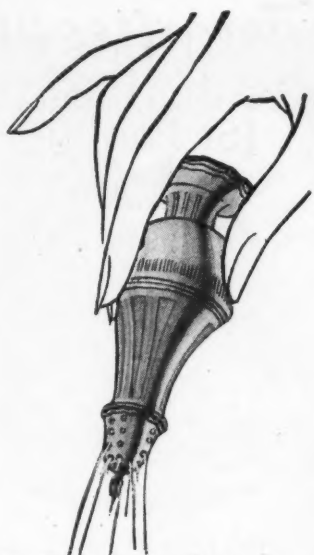
But, alluring as this respectable gambling in New England is, for opportunity it cannot hold a candle to the Pennsylva-

nia-Dutch country where the men wear broad-brimmed black hats, and rosy faces smile beneath close-fitting Mennonite caps, and all the "v's" become "w's". It's the only place in my experience, outside of London and Paris, where you can go to as many as three sales in one day. Here's what can happen between morning and night; I offer it as an instance of collector's luck, and merely add that, between auctions, we visited various antiquity shops. First we stopped at what must have been a small four-corners general store for there was so much of everything, more than an ordinary household could possibly have used. I got a milk-glass duck and a fierce eagle (both egg-dishes, of course, but the eagle very rare), and a most entrancing little Empire work-box with brass lion's-head handles for only fifty cents more, and E . . . bought a dozen Pennsylvania pie-plates, a ruddy glaze decorated with yellow scrollings, for ten cents apiece. As she gathered them in, a stout Dutch housewife who stood beside her remarked gloomily, "They make bum pies."

And I think I cannot easily forget another auction, held in a tiny Lancaster hamlet, back of beyond. Here, indeed, was the wreckage of a home, for the man's young wife had died suddenly, and he, broken-hearted, was selling all his goods and chattels, and going out West. Just a small frame house on the top of a windy hill it was, simple and plain, but as he showed us her flower-garden in the door-yard, the homespun linen sheets she had cherished, the pile of rugs she had patiently hooked, I felt myself in the presence of tragedy. Impossible to smile even when he told us that her name was "Wiolet!" He stood there, holding to his breast the last of the rugs she had made; it was worked with roses as bright as these she had planted only a few years before. "It cuts, it cuts," he said sadly, "This one I will always keep."

Country auctions, I love them! Human warps of everyday, shot with scarlet threads for adventure, and gray for grief, and blue for hope—they are the very fabric of life itself!





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Why pound the salt shaker on the table . . . why prod it with matches and pins? It's so unnecessary when Morton's Salt pours freely in damp weather.

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## MORTON'S SALT

PLAIN, OR IODIZED  
for GOITER PREVENTION

When it rains—it pours



## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 85]

boasted of his excellence as a cook, and he had most assuredly been busy since his unexpected arrival. Half a dozen chains were dropped from their bolts in the thick oak lug-bar seven feet above the fire, and from the pot-hooks at the end of these chains were suspended as many pots and kettles, steaming and boiling and giving forth a cheerful sound of dancing pewter lids against which the bubbling water was playing an animated and pleasing melody. But to Henri, who always loved the sound of these busy pots with their lively cheer and promise of supper, a still more delectable thing was the great roast of venison which Hepsibah had hung before the fire. He had ignored Catherine's Dutch oven, or roasting kitchen, of which she was exceedingly proud, and had replaced that household device with the more primitive arrangement of a stout hempen string tied to a wooden peg in the ceiling, to the end of which, in the glowing heat of the fire, he had securely fastened a haunch of young venison. By giving this string a twist now and then the meat was made to turn slowly for an interval of several minutes, while its juices dripped down into the basting-pan under it. That Hepsibah has been watchful of his roast, basting it so frequently that there was not an inch of dry surface upon it, was evident from its richly brown and savory appearance as it swung slowly before the fire, as if unseen hands were attending it.

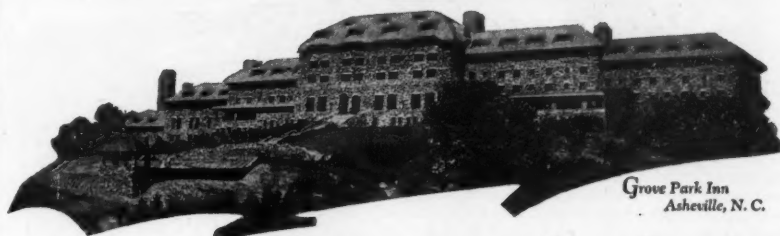
It had been two years since Catherine had seen Hepsibah, two years of yearning and praying and hoping for this irresponsible brother. Each time that he came to them Hepsibah was cheerfully full of promise, swearing upon his soul that he had made up his mind to remain with them forever, as Catherine pleaded with him to do; and then, some day or night, he would disappear with all his belongings and no one would see or hear him go, and it might be six months, or a year, or, as in this instance, even longer before he appeared again, ready to promise and swear upon his soul all over again, but sure to steal away in the end as before. Once he had confided to Henri, "I can't say good-by, not even to an Indian, and I can't say it to Catherine. I'd rather leave her smiling and laughing than crying."

Each time that he returned he bore a huge pack on his shoulders, as if partly in penance, and the opening of this pack and the distributing of its contents had come to be the biggest event in Jeems' life, and also in his mother's in a slightly less degree. But Jeems had no trespassing thought of this never-failing bundle as he went back for his gun in the company of his beloved Uncle Hep. At the most providential of moments his hero of all heroes was at his side, and, securing this mighty personage's pledge of secrecy, he lost no time in telling him about the boy he hated. Marking the grip of Jeems' hand, and catching the tell-tale tremble in his voice, Hepsibah sat down upon the bag of ground corn and did not leave it until by shrewd questioning and sympathetic interest he had drawn from Jeems' heart a large part of what it had withheld from his parents that afternoon. At a second loud blowing of Henri's dinner-horn they rose to their feet, and as Hepsibah shouldered the corn, his round, red face was like a full moon of promise and cheer.

"It doesn't take size to win a fight, Jeemsy," he said, speaking in a very confidential way. "Barring this Dutchman at Albany, I've never been rib-roasted by a big man yet, and I'm only tolerable sized, you observe. I've always had a reasonable preference for the big ones, come as come can, for they are slower to move and fall harder, and nine out of ten of them carry fat. This Paul Tache, now—I know by your telling of him that you can cob and comb him until he begs for mercy, which is the proper time, if he's down, to give him a few whops for good measure and memory. It's all what you've got your mind made up to, Jeemsy—nothing more and nothing less. And you've got your mind made up to warm him, so go and do it, I say."

[Turn to page 88]

## A Sealy TUFTLESS MATTRESS



Grove Park Inn  
Asheville, N. C.

—on every bed at  
Grove Park Inn.

The President of the Grove Park Inn writes: "I had never heard of the Sealy Mattress until I began to build this hotel in 1913. Then I bought fifteen different makes of mattresses and slept on each one a few nights, trying them out. There wasn't any question about which to choose as soon as I had tried the Sealy Tuftless. Every room in the Grove Park Inn is equipped with them, every bed in my home and every bed on my boat in Florida."

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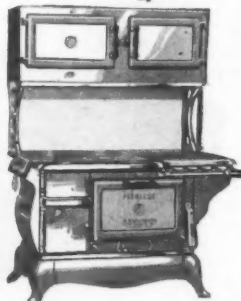
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Send for this New FREE Book

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 87]

Catherine came around the corner of the cabin to meet the plotters, and Hepsibah discreetly held back further words as he winked broadly at Jeems.

IT was the great night of two long years in the Bulain cabin, and Catherine's three Betty-lamps and her Phoebe-lamp and a dozen candles as well were lighted in honor of it, so that when darkness fell thick and starless about the wilderness, with masses of rain-clouds gathering overhead, the home at the edge of Forbidden Valley was bright with glow and cheer. The roast was cut open, and with attendant dishes of succotash, johnny-cake, potatoes and carrots, and hasty-pudding with maple syrup, gave opportunity for such feasting that an hour was well gone before Hepsibah Adams thrust back his end of the long table-bench and dragged forth his fat pack from under the stairs which led up to Jeems' sleeping-loft.

As long as Jeems could remember this had been a signal to clear the table of every dish and crumb that was on it, and while his father smoked a long Dutch pipe, and his Uncle Hepsibah fumbled with mock clumsiness at the tyings of his pack, he ran a race with his mother to see whose side would be cleaned up first. When it was done he drew a great breath, and his mother put a Betty-lamp at each end of the table, and then seated herself so that she was facing her brother, with delight and expectancy equal to Jeems' flushing her cheeks and brightening her eyes.

Hepsibah buried his hands in the mysterious depths of his bundle. "Just a few little trinkets," he began, using the identical words he had employed one year after another. "A few whimsies and baubles for the boy, a bit of trumpery for sister, and a farthing's worth of nothing in particular for you, Henri—all picked up at small cost and no trouble in the town of Albany, where lives a Dutchman with two of the biggest and heaviest skull-breakers in all the Colonies. Ah, here we have the first package, with writing upon it in the hand of the scholar who sold me the goods—a cap, a ruffe, a tucker, and a bolt of lace at five shillings a yard! Now who in this room can such sillies be for—unless—" and at Catherine's delighted exclamation he tossed the bundle to her. But scarce had she opened it, with her eyes intent upon her business, than Hepsibah unfurled in the candleglow a red silk petticoat, and this time Catherine sprang to her feet with an amazed intake of breath, for so well had Hepsibah arranged his surprise that one after another he had a white love-hood, a black love-hood and three more petticoats on the table—one of scarlet with black lace, one of colored druggat with pointed lace, and a third of black silk with ash-gray lining; and as Catherine stood gazing upon these treasures fit for a queen, he added to them two pairs of stays for an eighteen inch waist, and then showered over them such an array of lace drowlas, gorgets, piccadillies and other neckerchiefs that Catherine closed her eyes for a moment, and then opened them wide, as if there might be a chance of some clever trickery in it all.

"Dear Mother in Heaven!" she cried. "Are all of these ravishing things for me?" "Of course not," said Hepsibah dryly. "The stays are for Jeems and the druggat skirt is for Henri, to be worn when he goes to church on Sunday."

But Catherine paid little attention to his fun, if she heard it all, for her slim fingers were running swiftly over her gifts, caressing one and then another, until Henri forgot to puff at his pipe and Jeems stood up better to see the excitement in his mother's face. "They must have cost a fortune!" she exclaimed, pausing to look with wide eyes at her smiling brother, and at the same time holding up the scarlet petticoat with black lace. "This one, for instance—"

"Two pounds and fifteen shillings," said Hepsibah, opening his pack wider and working his hands quickly. "But an ounce or two of trumpery like this, ma cherry, costs more," he [Turn to page 93]

## Favorites at The Jefferson [St. Louis]



"home-tested" in New York & Texas



JUST taste this toothsome Pineapple-rice Dessert—this glorious Pineapple Pie! You'll know at once why they're favorites.

And you can taste them. It's easy enough to make them right in your home. For the

chef of this famous hotel consented to give his formulas for making them. The simple ingredients—including Hawaiian Pineapple—are on every grocer's shelves.

And we've had the formulas "home-tested"—to prove them suitable for home service. Read the comments below.

FOR PINEAPPLE CREOLE, cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup washed rice in qt. of milk, using double boiler. When milk is mostly absorbed, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, a cup of Crushed Pineapple, and mix well. Pack into buttered mold; turn out on serving dish and decorate with Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple, pecans and candied cherries. Four hot apricot sauce over all.

FOR PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE, dissolve 2 level tablespoons cornstarch in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Add beaten yolks of 5 eggs. Bring 1 pint water to boil; add cornstarch egg mixture and juice of 2 lemons, 2 cups of Crushed Canned Hawaiian Pineapple and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the beaten egg whites and 1 tablespoon butter. Fill previously baked shell; cool. Decorate with the rest of beaten egg whites, sweetened.

Says Mrs. L. MAAS, of 350 W. 88th St., N. Y. City: "My family agreed that Pineapple Creole makes a most palatable dish."

Mrs. C. ARMSTRONG of 2021 Hill Crest, Fort Worth, Texas, writes: "That's an extra good pie—economical as well as delicious."

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# ONE · TWO · THREE

*It's as simple as that.*

When the salad is served! That is the time—and the table is the place—to mix this most modern and brilliant of all salad dressings.

French Dressing! Made in a minute at the table. Like magic. But such simple magic.

With the lettuce comes a cruet of Wesson Oil, rich and clear, with little flecks of golden light all through it like sunshine.

Mix three parts of Wesson Oil and one of lemon juice, or vinegar, if you like a dressing as mild as a June day. Two parts of Wesson Oil if you like it tart, sharp with zest. But always varied to suit your taste and in accord with the strength of your particular vinegar or lemon juice. Salt and pepper of course. And be sure that you brighten it with the gay color of paprika.

And then individualize your French Dressing by a dash of mustard, a little Chili Sauce, or a few chopped olives . . .

You'll think of many interesting variations.

Just as *you* like it, freshly blended, French Dressing made with Wesson Oil is deliciously good to eat and wonderfully good for you.

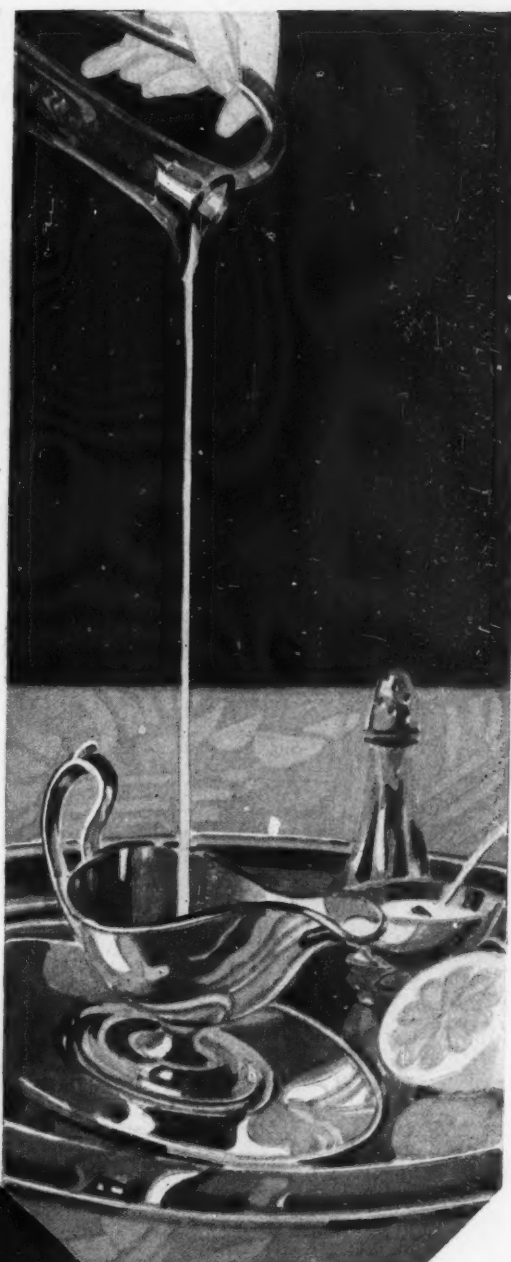
Clear. Light in color. Pure. Wesson Oil makes perfect French Dressing for any salad.



**1** Fill the cruet with Wesson Oil. This clear, delicate salad oil is then ready to be taken in to the table.



**3** Serve while the dressing is freshly blended—when it is bright, sparkling, deliciously appetizing.



**2** Pour Wesson Oil into the ewer and add vinegar or lemon juice, and seasoning. Mix well.

Write for our booklet on salads and salad dressings. Address the Wesson Oil People, 837 Gravier Street, New Orleans.

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*It fairly melts in your mouth!  
The BUTTER HORN is so rich  
and buttery-brown*



*The FILLED BUN has a center of  
delicious jam or jelly. Its fanciful  
shape and dainty flavoring make  
the BUTTERFLY BUN particularly  
appealing to children*



*Spicy! Fragrant! Delicately  
frosted! The CINNAMON BUN  
is in high favor for Sunday  
morning's breakfast*



*The PARKER HOUSE ROLL has  
a golden brown butter crust; the  
DINNER ROLL is crisp and tender.*



*With the tea hour come the most gracious moments of the day—exhilarating conversation and fascinating things to eat. In both, the secret of unfailing interest lies in VARIETY*

**N**O LONGER does bread mean one kind to be served monotonously at every meal!

Today your baker gives you a choice of dozens of delightful varieties: fascinating "small breads" both sweet and plain; rich, nutritious coffee cakes, simply irresistible with nuts and spices and candied fruits, and several types of tender, even-grained loaf breads with golden-brown butter crust.

All his breads are made of fine ingredients and baked more uniformly than most homemade

breads because his oven is scientifically adjusted.

Your own baker now makes all the breads shown here and many other delicious varieties—so that even your everyday meals need never lack for a pleasant surprise. All you have to do is to ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials."

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as your own family used to do when everybody baked at home. The Fleischmann Company. Offices in all principal cities.

Y O U R O W N B A K E R M A K E S



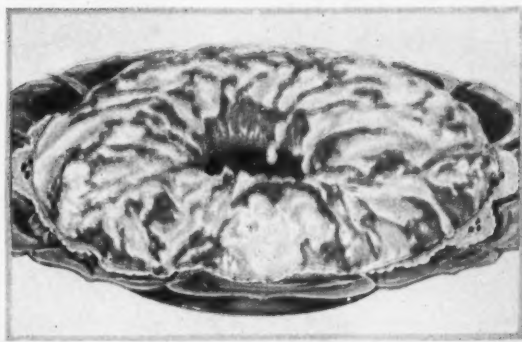
# BREAD *for every meal*



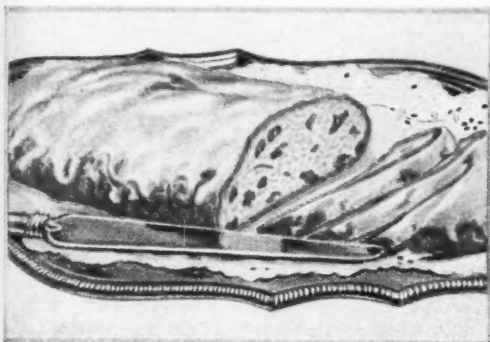
A mixture of the choicest fruits, pineapple, lemon and orange peel, citron and juicy raisins are used in making **FILLED COFFEE RING**



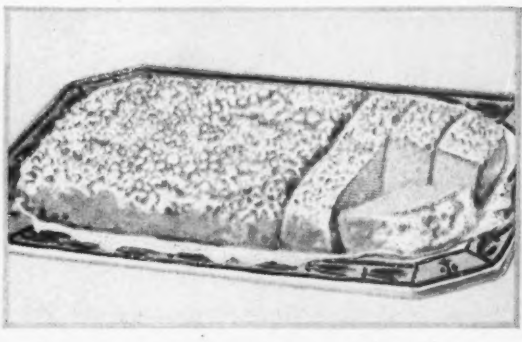
Plump, juicy, luscious raisins are selected by your baker for his **RAISIN BREAD** and **RAISIN BUNS**. Try toasting them sometime! Your whole family will applaud



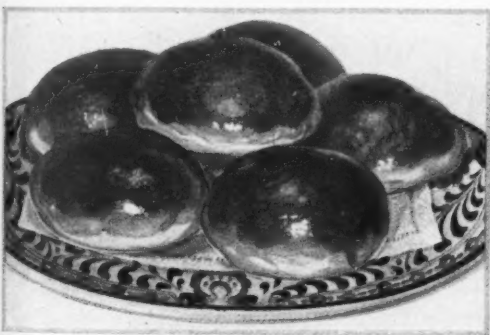
Most popular of all your baker's coffee cakes, **BRAIDED COFFEE RING** is equally appropriate for breakfast, for luncheon, tea or informal dinner



Tender citron, candied orange or lemon peel and juicy raisins make **STOLLEN (SAXON CAKE)** an enticing luncheon dessert



**STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE** with its sprinkling of butter, sugar and spices in luscious crumbly lumps wins instant warm approval



**SANDWICH ROLLS** are so convenient for late suppers! Simply cut them open and spread with filling



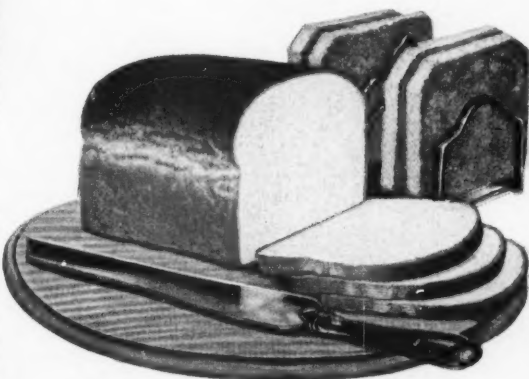
**PECAN ROLLS**—spread with caramelized sugar and thickly sprinkled with tender nut meats. Serve them at breakfast, luncheon, tea or dinner



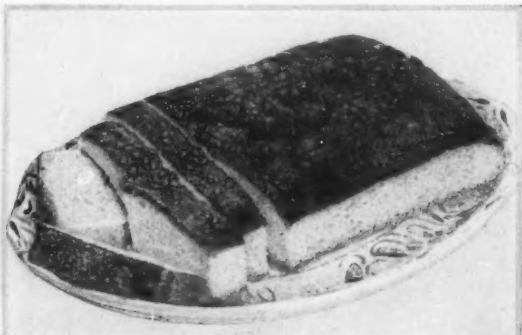
It comes to your table as a joyful change, this **APPLE CAKE** with dainty slices of fruit sprinkled with raisins



Flavored with citron, ground almonds, lemon and mace, **FORM CAKE** is often served at luncheon and dinner in place of the old-fashioned desserts



Even-grained and tender with a nutty flavored crust, your baker's **WHITE BREAD** slices smoothly without crumbling—thick, thin or medium. And it makes such perfect toast! Dry toast, buttered toast, milk toast, French toast, Melba toast—serve them all occasionally for variety



**HONEY COFFEE CAKE**, spread with honey and butter, is delicious for breakfast, luncheon, tea or dinner. Children love it, too.

EVERY ONE OF THESE BREADS



## Calico and Charm

—The beauty of a Schoolgirl Complexion is more priceless, as every woman knows, than the most costly creation of the *Rue de la Paix*. Here is a way thousands have learned to keep that beauty:

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose: to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember these facts when tempted to try an unproved soap on your skin.

TRUE beauty is beauty under *all* conditions. Charm in calico; enticement in a kitchen frock, heart-quickenning allure in a made-over gown!

*It is natural beauty*; something money cannot buy, yet which millions now enjoy. Throughout the world, it has become the Great Goal of modern beauty culture.

The basis is soap and water, a clean skin and gently cleansed pores. The only secret is in the soap you use; for only a true complexion soap should ever touch your face.

Thus Palmolive, a soap made by experts in beauty for *one* purpose only: to safeguard the skin; used the following way, is the world's most widely-followed beauty method today.

*The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal*

So largely, on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

### *Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.



Retail Price  
**10c**

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

**KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION**



# THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 88]

added, trying to speak a bit of French. "A bonnet, and the best in Albany, at four pounds ten, and here a half a bolt of tambooured muslin at eighteen shillings a yard, some lutestring at twelve shillings, calico at six shillings three-pence, and durant with the figures turned t'other side around, at three shillings six-pence—enough cloth, the scholars who sold it to me swore, to build dresses and pretties for as fine a lady as there is in the land. And to go with these dresses I have here ruffles and tuckers and threads and buttons and ribbons, and four pairs of the nicest shoes that ever came up the Hudson," and placing these last-named articles on the table with a wide flourish of his arms, Hepsibah gave a floating chuckle and paused to fill his pipe.

Jeems' heart was near breaking with suspense, and it seemed to give an audible crack when his Uncle Hep's gnarled hands went into the pack again. The method of procedure had always been the same—his mother coming first, and then he, with his father looking on until the last. But this year Hepsibah had decided upon a change, for he drew a bulky package from his store and passed it over to Jeems' father.

"Three of the finest pipes I ever laid my eyes on," he announced. "One made in Holland, one in London, and one in America, and five pounds of Virginia tobacco to go with them, Henri, all along with a hat, a coat, and a pair o' boots that may take you with honor to any soiree or gentry merry-making this side of the sea. Now, how's that?" And he stepped back as if his pack were entirely empty and held nothing at all for Jeems.

For an eternity, it seemed to Jeems, his uncle remained in this terrifying posture. Then, with deliberate and aggravating slowness, Hepsibah Adams returned to his pack. No one of the three who were watching him would ever have guessed that Hepsibah's act was one weighted heavily and tragically with the force of destiny, nor that with dramatic inevitableness it was to change the course of human lives, bringing the high down to earth, and the earthly to great heights, loosing passions and hatreds and loves, breeding tragedies and joys, and ending, at last—in what it is the purpose of this humble chronicle of human events to narrate.

A swift-coming thought, a deft return into the pack of a small bundle which he had intended for Catherine, and Hepsibah had changed a world. On such trivial happenings do the most powerful of the fates sometimes rest. Out of the farthest corner of the collapsing pack he brought this bundle once more to light, and unwrapped it as he turned toward Jeems' big-eyed, anxious face.

"Jeemsy," he said, "If I've put the notches in my memory right you were born on the coldest January day I ever saw, and that makes you just twelve years and four months old this evening, which means, if you figger it right, that only three years and eight months lie betwixt you and the day when you can be counted a man. From that day, according to law, you are a King's subject of maturity and can take life and all its belongings into your own hands, so long as you are honest about it, and can stand up in equality before the stiffest periwigged judge in the Colonies or New France. In other words, Jeemsy, I mean that in a little more than three short years you will be a full-fledged man!" \*

Having delivered himself of this introductory peroration, Hepsibah finished unwrapping the package, and never had Catherine beheld such a handsome piece of velvet as that which her brother displayed in the candle-glow. It was, *par excellence*, the finest of all the treasures he had brought, a cloth of matchless beauty, a crimson glory so filled with changing humors and colors that it seemed to be alive in his hands. Surely,

this was another present for his mother, Jeems thought. But to his amazement and Catherine's surprise Hepsibah thrust the cloth into Jeems' hands.

"For Mademoiselle Marie Antoinette Tonteur, from her devoted admirer, Daniel James Bulain," he announced. "Jeemsy, don't blush. Twelve and ten are not far from sixteen and fourteen, when you will both be man and woman, and if ever a seigneur's daughter finds herself lucky it will be on the day when she marries a son of the tribe of Adams. The writing on it, Jeemsy, tells where't came from and how much it cost; and along with it I have brought you some nankeen for britches and clothes, four shirts and a three-cornered hat with a black ribbon, six handkerchiefs and a Jack-knife, two pairs o' serge britches, as many of new shoes, and—this." And from the now completely emptied pack he drew forth a beautiful, long-barreled pistol, his eyes aglow with a fighting man's pride as he fondled it in the light of the candles and pointed out its merits to Jeems. "As long as you live you must never part with this pistol, Jeemsy," he said. "It isn't new, you see, but its record is one of glory as long as my arm, and I'll tell you about it some day. It's a killer, lad, a killer deadly and sure, good for a hundred paces with less than an inch of drop," and he gave the weapon into Jeems' hands.

An instant of disapproval gathered in Catherine's eyes. "It was kind of you to bring the cloth for little Antoinette, but I do not care for the pistol, Hepsibah," she said. "A pistol makes me think of—men, fighting men. And here we are at peace, having need only of the rifle and of Jeemsy's bow and arrows to bring us meat. I feel it is not best!"

As she spoke thus confidently of peace a cloud came over Hepsibah's face, but in a moment he had laughed it away, and was telling her that within a week she would be as proud of her boy's marksmanship as she now seemed fearful of the pistol's influence upon his future.

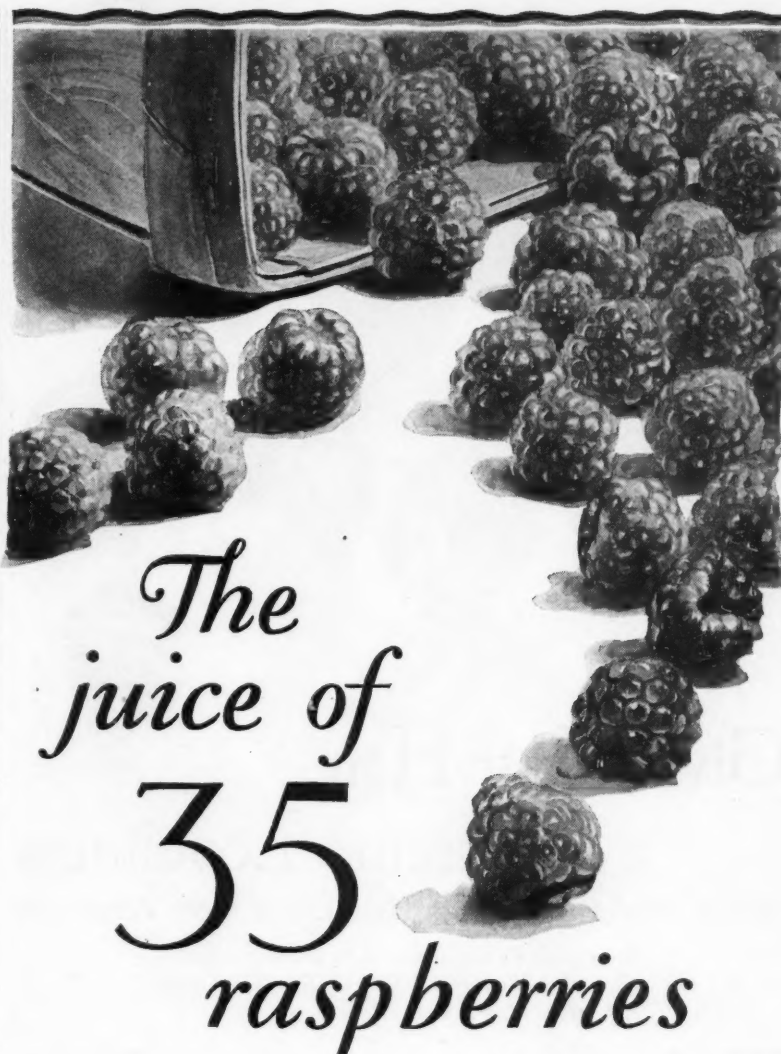
An hour later, when Jeems went to his bed in the loft, it was of neither pistol nor marksmanship he was thinking, but of the piece of red velvet which he placed close to his pillow before he snuffed his candle and laid himself down for the night. Here, at last, was the kind of gift he had tried to build in his dreams. Flowers and feathers and nuts and maple-sugar bars could not equal one square inch of its beauty. It was lovelier than anything he had ever seen Antoinette wear, and his spirit rose in such increasing exultation that in the darkness of his room his eyes opened wide, and sleep was miles away.

Tomorrow was the day of the auction sale down at Lussan's place. Lussan was a wealthy farmer at the edge of the next seigneurie, ten miles away. He was returning to his old home near the Isle of Orleans, a country he liked better than the Richelieu, and was selling most of his goods. Jeems had heard Tonteur say he intended to buy Lussan's three slaves, a mother and father and daughter, and that the young wench was for Toinette. Toinette would be with her father. So he would take his treasure-package with him to Lussan's and find an opportunity to give it to her.

And should Paul Tache be there, and dare to overlord him again, or laugh in his meanly suggestive way, or speak sneeringly, or so much as say a word against his gift for Toinette—

A rumble of fresh-growing thunder was advancing out of the west and preceding it came a roar of wind and a deluge of rain. Jeems fought in unison with the elements. His spirit mounted savagely with the turmoil. He had his enemy down and was thrusting his head into the wet and slimy mud. He was beating his face and eyes and was spoiling his splendid raiment and pulling out his hair. And Marie Antoinette was looking on. With the gorgeous red velvet in her hands, and her eyes big and starry, she was watching him as he choked and kicked and pummeled the life out of Paul Tache!

The outburst of thunder and wind and deluge, a whim of playful spring, passed as swiftly as it had come, and, in passing, it left Jeems breathing [Turn to page 94]



AT LAST—a raspberry gelatin with a flavor that is unmistakably raspberry.

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\*In the middle of the eighteenth century both male and female youth ripened early in their capacities. Boys became men by law when sixteen, girls' best marriageable years were from fifteen to seventeen, and a young lady of ten was deemed no longer a child. Experience and education so swiftly developed youth to its maturity that Governor Winthrop's son became executor of his father's will when he was only fourteen years of age.



## Gives Your Hair Extreme Loveliness

Makes Modern Styles of Hair Dress Most Attractive

*Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre.  
Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which  
makes Your Hair so much admired.*

**T**HE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective **ONLY** when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the **REAL BEAUTY**, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not

dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

### A Simple, Easy Method

**I**F you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

### Just Notice the Difference

**Y**OU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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**MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 93]

quickly and fiercely in his bed.

He had risen in these moments to inspired and reckless heights, and his mind, hot with its desire for action, had settled with grim assurance upon what would happen the next day.

First he would present his gift to Toinette.

Then he would do what his Uncle Hep had told him to do. *He would whip Paul Tache.*

**H**ENRI and his wife sat up late with Hepsibah Adams, for this time Hepsibah had come with a set and determined purpose to his sister's home. They had been talking about war. Even as early as this Spring of 1749 the great American wilderness had begun to stir with whispers of the impending conflagration which was destined soon to turn the eastern part of the continent into a seething pot of fury and death.

The stage was already set for the writing of the bloodiest and most picturesque pages in American history. Southward from the Richelieu were the bitterest of all the white men's enemies, the warriors of the Six Nations, and northward, sweeping east and west through the Canadas, were the forty scattered tribes who bore allegiance to New France. Behind these savage vassals, on one side, were eleven hundred thousand English colonists, holding the seacoast lands from Maine to Georgia, and on the other, fewer than eighty thousand souls, counting women and children as well as men, to defend and hold the illimitable domains of New France, which reached from the upper Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains.

Of this alarming disparity in power of fighting men, and of the pitiless scourge which he swore would some day sweep through all the country of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, Hepsibah Adams had spoken at length, but with small effect on Henri Bulain.

"Let war come if it must," said Henri. "The heart of our New France is set behind an impenetrable wall of rock and forest, and with these ramparts in our favor our eighty thousand will be a match for the million English if they come our way. But why talk of war, brother, when there is peace and plenty and a beautiful world all about us to enjoy? Let our kings fight or play, just as they will, but as for me, should fighting chance to come—why, I shall be a friend to both sides, and strike at neither. For no matter what cause should bring about the strife, I could not strike at the people of my Catherine's blood, nor would she have

me strike at my own. So why move from here? This is a glorious place. It is a neutral ground, and we, being neutral, are fitly placed here. Oneidas and Mohawks have eaten under our roof as well as Hurons and Algonquins, and when deadly enemies such as these meet thus on common ground what cause have we for fear?"

A light of pride glowed in Catherine's eyes, as she listened to her husband's words, and she added, "Henri loves the Indians, and I have grown to love them, too. They are all our friends."

"Friends!" sniffed Hepsibah. "Henri, it's because of Catherine and Jeems that I call you a fool. Take them where danger does not hang day and night along the edges of the frontiers. Take them to the Saint Lawrence, if you will, or bring them south into Catherine's country. But do one or t'other, for God's sake, or the day will come when Heaven itself cannot save you," and his voice shook with earnestness.

"There will be no war," insisted Henri stubbornly. "England and France have bled themselves white on Continental battlefields, and the peace signed only last October will surely not be broken again while you and I are living."

"Fools—innocents!" her brother growled. "I tell you neither George nor Louis will have anything to do with the running of this war until every mile of woods between our Colonies and your city of Quebec is red with fire and blood.\* Heaven bless me, it has already begun! French and English traders are fighting wherever they come together along the frontiers, and the hired Indians of one are taking scalps for t'other, and even white men have joined in that pretty game, for Massachusetts has sent out Lovewell and his fifty men to hunt the heads of Indians and French—it makes no difference which, though the order says redskins only—at a price of five shillings a day plus a bounty for every scalp that is taken; and down in New York country Sir William Johnson counts out English money for human hair, while the French—and you know it, Henri!—are paying a hundred crowns apiece for white scalps as well as red. It's hair the Indians are bringing in now instead o' fur, because the prices are bigger and the market surer, and our own blood, both French and English, is [Turn to page 95]

\*This prophecy of Hepsibah Adams came strictly true. England and France did not declare war upon each other until May and June of 1756, although for several years preceding this date many wilderness massacres and bloody battles occurred, including Braddock's defeat and the Battle of Lake George.

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

beauty of a perfectly turned phrase or an arresting modulation, but the eternally satisfying beauty of a thought, an idea, developed to its uttermost degree and carried to its logical and inevitable conclusion.

A Beethoven symphony is seldom pretty, any more than a cathedral or a mountain or the sea is pretty. It is an experience, not an entertainment, and at its conclusion we know the thrill of having crossed vast spaces to a distant goal.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 31]

Social workers themselves, need the sustaining sense of the sacredness of the persons whom they serve. Else their work will be either mechanical or hard-hearted, or both. Without a love for human beings, such as the Christian philosophy creates and inspires, social work loses its motive and its consecration. God be thanked for a great spiritual teacher who makes us see

our social tasks in a higher, whiter light. "My only aim," concludes Dr. Ryan, "has been to set forth a philosophy of social work compatible with lasting social progress. I have striven to describe it in such terms that it can be accepted not only by Catholics, not only by Protestants, not only by Jews, but by every person who believes in the supreme dominion of God."

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

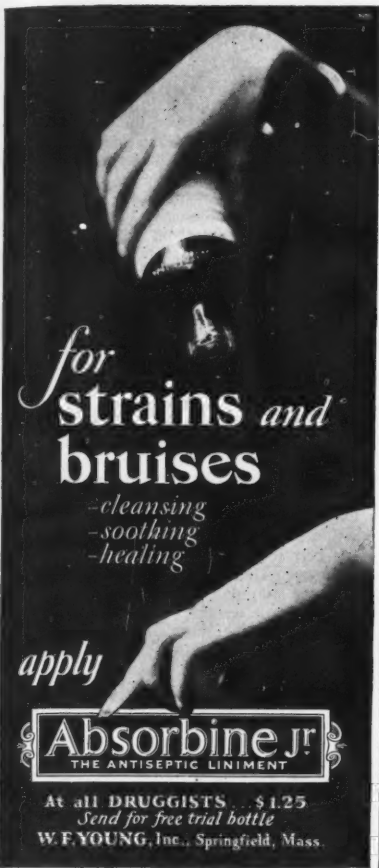
to believe that there is nothing in life above the level of the gutter. Suddenly she encounters a man—a gay, swaggering fellow—who lifts her up and shows her the stars.

The war comes, is endured, somehow or other, and is over; Diane's lover returns from the front—blinded, but as flippant,

as sure of himself, as ever. For he knows that he and his girl have found their seventh heaven and that there is nothing, no one, to dispossess them.

Such is the essence of the story adapted faithfully from Austin Strong's successful play, and converted into a singularly moving and pleasing picture.





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DULL HAIR  
spoil a pretty face!**

*So simple now to revive  
those youthful glints;  
to keep hair radiant!*

JUST as a touch of rouge on the cheek will add much to the most flawless complexion—so will this Shampoo, by reviving and accenting the hidden lustre in your hair—add charm to the loveliest coiffure. Dull hair disappears instantly! —hair becomes soft, silky, lustrous! Again those lovely glints are there to catch the admiring eye—No mystery about Golden Glint—just the finest of shampoos plus a harmless and delightful lustre for your hair! Millions use it regularly to keep hair radiant; youthful! Beauty specialists will tell you of its benefits to hair and scalp. Your friends will ask you for your secret. 25c at drug or toilet goods counters—or if not obtainable, write us direct! Money back if not delighted! J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. 1, 638 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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Willkit Hosiery Co. No. 383 Greenfield, Ohio

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 94]

working harder each day with whiskey and money and guns to turn them into devils. And here you sit like a couple of foolish doves, with a young one in the nest, your scalps worth fifty pounds apiece, your windows open, your door unlocked, your senses gone—while over the hill a few miles away this Tonteur neighbor of yours loop-holes his houses, trains his farmers with guns, barricades his windows, builds his doors of oak and makes a fort of his meeting-house. He knows what is coming up from the Mohawk country, and is preparing himself for it as well as he can."

"His business is soldiering," replied Henri, his serenity still undisturbed.

"And besides," said Catherine, "he keeps his women-folk with him, and surely if danger were threatening he would send them away."

"For Jeems you should change your home to a place where there is a school-master and more for him to learn," Hepsibah said, catching desperately at a last argument where all others had failed.

"In all of New France and the English Colonies there is no better teacher than our Catherine," answered Henri proudly. "In English and French she has given to Jeems more than he could ever have learned in your town of Albany or our college in Quebec; for there, in one place, he would have been English, and in the other, French, while here he is both, like his father and mother, and will never strike at either of the two bloods that are in his veins."

"Of that I am sure," agreed Catherine. "I pray God my Jeems will never be a fighting man."

When, some time later, Hepsibah went to his cot in the loft, he stood for a moment with his lighted candle beside Jeems' bed, where the boy lay sleeping with the cloth of velvet close to his hands. Hepsibah's lips moved whisperingly to himself, "They can't keep it from you, lad—hope nor prayer nor all their faith. It's coming, and when it comes you'll strike, and strike hard, and it's then you'll be what you're bound t'be, Jeems—a fighting man!"

[Continued in NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

## 3,000,000 WOMEN!

[Continued from page 13]

think. Where *did* Women's Clubs start from anyhow, I wondered.

A wise saying of R. H. Tawney came into my mind at this, an aphorism which runs, "The achievements of education are to be measured by its success in assisting growth, not in imposing discipline or imparting information." If everybody who looked into the history of Women's Clubs would learn that excellent aphorism, we might understand something more of their meaning, I reflected.

And yet, even that sound formula would not get you ahead very fast in discovering what the facts are. Curiously enough, little intelligent outside attention has been paid to this new "folk-way" which has sprung up out of the American soil.

In 1850 and thereabouts, in this country, the women of the working classes and those of the remaining frontier communities were still attached to the deepest of all tap-roots of life, physical necessity. Far at the other ends of the social scale, there were a very few women freed by prosperity from material labor and also allowed by the tradition of their social circle to take a few steps towards civilized, intellectual life.

Between those two classes, were the great mass of American middle-class women, still shut hermetically into their homes, body, soul, and mind, by a fixed public opinion which had grown used to seeing them there when they were needed there, and which took no heed of any changes in society.

Married women were not only forbidden any adult part in the economics of their home, they were forbidden any adult intellectual life. *Kinder, küche, and kirche* were to be their lot, [Turn to page 96]

## "Leaves Hands Soft and Smooth"

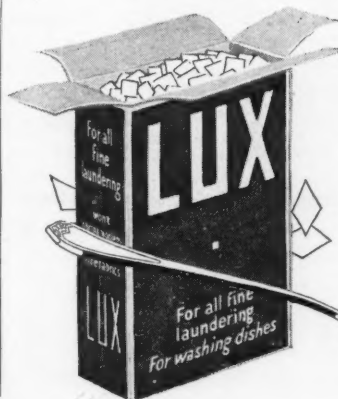


"TO keep my hands white and soft I always wash my dishes in Lux," a woman in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, writes us enthusiastically. "It saves my hands and gives shining faces to the dishes."

Hundreds of thousands of other women all over the country have discarded the old irritating soaps—flakes, chips or cakes—which contain injurious alkali. They use Lux instead!

*There's no harmful alkali* in the tissue-thin Lux diamonds. Lux leaves hands soft and smooth in spite of washing dishes.

A little Lux goes so far that one teaspoonful is plenty in your dishpan! Yet Lux is so mild you *could* use a whole package at a time without irritating the most delicate skin.



*135 dishwashings  
in the big package*



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**Guarantee**  
55 YEARS IN BUSINESS

So Expertly will the wool and other materials in the old carpets, rugs and clothing be reclaimed by our new Scientific Process—So Expertly will this material be scoured, steamed, pickered, carded, bleached and spun into the finest kind of rug yarn—So Expertly will this material be dyed with fast dyes and woven into new rugs on the big modern Olson power looms—

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**3,000,000 WOMEN!**

[Continued from page 95]

and nothing more. Literally and physically, the only steps they ever took outside their homes, unsupervised by their families, were to the sewing circle or to the meeting of the Missionary Society.

What did they do? For about a generation they languished. They enjoyed (tight corsets, frequent child-bearing, no outdoor exercise, and total ignorance of hygiene contributing) the worst health any generation of American women have known. Nobody expected a married woman of the middle class (the sort who kept a "hired girl") to be strong and alert. She was professionally an invalid.

There are less than no statistics bearing on the matter but as I looked back into my own family history, and in general, American history, noted the dates of the beginning of all sorts of new openings for women, the Civil War seems to have been the force which raised sweet-faced, pale-cheeked, dog-ignorant Mother from her invalid couch and set her on her feet.

Twelve years from that time, women's study clubs were being formed everywhere. They sprang up from spontaneous generation, apparently always with the same membership, married women of the social class that kept a hired girl and enjoyed delicate health. Timidly, under a hot fire of mockery and disapproval, without a single sympathetic voice raised, and with less than no intelligent leadership, such women crept out of their homes once a week or twice a month, and gathered together to read papers to each other on such carefully noncontroversial subjects as "The History of Holland," and "Raphael's Madonnas."

Twenty-one years from the time clubs were first started, Mother, rather tremulous with excitement, repeating under her breath the newly learned parliamentary rules of order, was on the railway train, all alone, leaving her family behind her for an eternity of three or four days, going to New York. And not to see what was the fashion in bonnets or to consult a new specialist about her back, but as delegate from her club to the meeting which became the first convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

At the next meeting, two years later, there were sixty-three delegates representing seventeen states. And two years after that, in 1893, there were two hundred and ninety-seven, representing twenty-nine states. They were a little dizzy and scared by their rapid growth, which seemed almost "unwomanly." But nobody paid any special attention to them, beyond the usual barber-shop jibing to which they were humbly accustomed as the usual tribute paid to a woman-on-a-pedestal. Nobody in fact seemed to notice how fast their numbers were growing. Eight years after their first "big" meeting, with two hundred and ninety-seven delegates, the National Federation of Women's Clubs had a membership of 720,000 mothers. And now they have three millions. Can you beat it for astonishingness?

I cannot think of any historical movement to which I could compare this spontaneous turning of American married women towards study. (No, there is no rule against unmarried women in Women's Clubs, and there are always a few such members, but the overwhelming majority are wives and mothers living at home, with no outside occupation.) These astonishing figures—three million in forty years—made it look like a Crusade. But the Crusades were ardently, loudly preached and campaigned for by the most commanding, eloquent public speakers of the time, and for political and economic reasons were secretly pushed by the rulers of the times. Every mediaeval knight who went Crusading was in fashion, with all the dazzling halo cast about a fashionable action. But no such halo gilded the first Mothers who, shamed at their own daring, quitted their invalid couches, and, avoiding notice as much as they could, stole out to the meetings of their women's club to try to learn something. They were the subject of all the caustic comments which the imagination of the cracker-box wits could invent.

What could have given those first unlettered, unled, unhelped women the courage to begin to study, and then to go on, year after year, in the face of such op-

position and ridicule? It is amazing. Could there be a more tried-in-the-furnace evidence of an instinctive desire for education in the native American heart than the birth and enormous growth of the Women's Club movement?

When one of those early Women's Clubs held its annual meeting to decide what they would "study" the next year, no outside considerations weighed on them; no questions of fashion (which hog-ties nearly all human movement); no question of authority from the outside, for the individual Woman's Club has never acknowledged the slightest authority from outside; no sense of competition (strange as that seems for Americans), no desire to get ahead of another club; no "standardized" next step on an organized treadmill. Free souls and free minds, they turned their eyes here and there upon the riches of the world. Should they "study" navigation on Chinese rivers, or the "Condition of Women in the Roman Empire," or "Our Birds," or the "Poetry of Martin Tupper?" They chose whatever beckoned.

Every popular movement has always depended on leaders, silver-tongued, magnetic, powerful, fanatically over-certain of their case in order to counterbalance the dead weight of the natural human inertia of his followers. Right through history we see them, don't we? Well, in the beginning of the Women's Club movement there were no powerful personalities to persuade those women to turn away from intensive gossip and concentration on their own affairs to try to think about Art and Literature and Current Events. They persuaded themselves. We have seen that there were no foreign examples to copy. Less than none. The Woman's Club is as native to our soil as the sugar maple. No publicity. None. Incredible, isn't it, to an American mind? Nothing on a big scale gets done without publicity. Those adult human beings had had ground into them the axiom that married women should be neither seen nor heard by anyone outside their own homes, should (even if physically outside the walls of their houses) manage to create a little portable harem in which they should be invisible to anyone but their own families; so that, far from trying to spread abroad the news of their own doings, they shut out reporters and fought against newspaper notices in a shockingly un-American manner.

I had lost myself entirely in my "meditations on an American theme" and was quite startled by the breathless return of my club-woman guide, overwhelmed by remorse for having left me so long alone, and voluble with explanations of the excellent reasons which had delayed her. I assured her with all my heart that I had not regretted having some time for thought, and we started back down the stairs to the living-room where, so she told me, the Current Events Club was having tea, after its open meeting.

As I watched the members, stirring energetically about, competently running themselves and their big enterprise, which has no other aim than to make them amount to more as human beings, I wondered if those independent, self-reliant women even knew what their pioneers had done for them. . . . let alone ever stopping to think about it. Somebody said, casually, "Oh, the House Committee has changed the position of the Julia Ward Howe portrait." There was a movement in a group near me towards the big picture of an old, old woman, plainly dressed in old-woman's clothes, gazing out from steady old eyes upon some wide serenity of spiritual horizon. The twenty-or-so brisk, energetic, self-possessed American women looked at her in silence, which became as they looked, a conscious reverence. They did not take off their modish hats, nor bow their well-coiffed erect heads. But none the less, for an instant, grandmother and spiritual granddaughters looked into each other's eyes, and I had no more doubt that at least the present generation of middle-class American women have not forgotten the hands of those who drew them out of the pit, and helped give them the chance to try to make as much as possible out of themselves and their children. That is the chance everybody ought to have. And all anybody has a right to ask.



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# THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 17]

once in self-confession. "They all insist on having a chance to come out and play sometimes!"

Stanley had ordered herself figuratively to disconnect any contact with Blair as one disconnects a wire at a switchboard. That must be easily done, she believed, for she was acting as sensibly for Blair as for herself. She wrote two letters, one of which she showed to Van Zile and who believed that it was posted instead of tossed into Tante's coal grate. The letter which Blair received was anything but the gentle you-almost-trapped-me-but-my-daddy-husband-has-come-to-the-rescue-and-don't-you-say-one-word-unless-you-wish-to-have-him-to-deal-with-goodbye-forever note of which Van Zile had approved. The posted letter was a terse stating of facts; it allowed one of the "mes" ample scope for expression. Perhaps it was the real me, Stanley thought as she read it over—rather disliking herself if this was the case.

She debated the risk of sending this letter. In the first frenzy of disappointment Blair might forget that he was a gentleman. Still, she would risk it—and keep a keen eye on Van Zile's mail before he should open it. It would have the drastic effect that was required and she should trust to her own unnamed saint of petty requests that Blair destroy it. Likely enough, he would drink himself to death—perhaps return to the stage—besides, there was always Donna.

WHILE Mr. and Mrs. Lee Van Zile were giving formal at homes following their bridal tour, Blair Britton was re-discovered and regenerated by Donna. Apparently he had vanished off the face of the earth on the day that he had received Stanley's ultimatum. Newspaper haunts knew him not, stage doorkeepers shook their heads when Donna and others from Mary Dealey's had followed up every clue.

But ultimately he returned to the only home that he knew. Mary Dealey had waved him up the backstairs, asking no questions and expressing no opinions.

It was midsummer when he was well enough to take mental inventory of the past and try to plan for a future.

"I'm not worth all this fuss and bother," Blair told Donna, half in apology, half in the hope that she would contradict him. "Anyone who is so easily duped must be terribly weak."

Donna had gathered him into her arms; she had gathered Stanley in similar fashion in the days at Miss Masters' finishing school. She thought of this as she steadied Blair.

"I love you," she told him slowly. "I know that means nothing in comparison with what you have lost. But she never loved you, dear. We can't explain why we keep on loving some one when we ought to stop or why we can't keep on when we'd really like to. It's life, Blair—so let's be friends and face it together—let's know there must be a reason somewhere . . . We'll work it out together," she whispered.

That same week Stanley had decided there was a little use planning on Van Zile's future. After due consideration, which no one suspected, she abandoned the idea. Van Zile could only become the stodgy backer of some one else. He was too limited, too much in love. Yet she was not disappointed. Being the bride of an enraptured husband was not as hard as being a half-charity pupil or living at Mary Dealey's or hedging along with Blair. The old life seemed far away; she had to pinch herself to believe that it had ever existed.

After his marriage Van Zile was dismayed to find himself strangely fagged when Stanley dragged him from party to party. Subtly she drove home the fact that he was welcomed everywhere only since his second marriage. Sometimes she took care to leave him at home—when there were to be amusing "long-haired, short-brained tea hounds."

He never knew that Stanley's good-natured contempt almost amounted to pity. He so believed in her that it was more or less of a burden she told herself during reminiscent moments when she was wondering about Donna and Blair—

they had believed, too. What would have happened had she stayed on in New York and lived in two rooms and a half with Blair?

It soon came about that the Van Zile household consisted of Stanley and her housekeeper, the trick poodle, Nero, a hairless spaniel, Sinner, her prize mount, Silverheels, her pseudo-aunt, Tante, whom she patronized and bullied as her mood willed, and her husband. She never made the mistake of treating him with open contempt. She managed him so that he fancied he was lord of all he surveyed and the king of her heart.

"But I have no heart, Tante," she confessed one Winter evening after a dinner party in the newly-frescoed banquet hall. "I've only a nice little jewel box in the corner where my heart ought to be. Instead of affectionate beats it is always asking, asking, asking for one more treasure—that's the sort of 'heart' I have." She had fallen into a habit of telling Tante what she really thought. It seemed necessary to have such a confidante. Tante was aging and her income shrinking, rheumatic trouble kept her more or less invalided and she was content to spend waited-upon days in Stanley's house.

"Do you ever hear from Blair—the man you were once going to marry?" Tante asked somewhat disconnectedly.

"Never, thank heaven," Stanley replied. "At first I was positive that I would have a time with him. He never found me out, at that—that I had a greedy jewel box instead of a flesh and blood heart. I can't quite forget him—but that's a bad habit of mine. By the way, Tante, I'm to have a child—I really ought to check up on myself. I'm wondering if he'll be like Lee, monotonous little soul sure to get seven percent on investments, or if he will be like me—cheating and selfish and covered with a veneer of smiles—I'd never want anyone to be like me—I know what it means to have to live with myself. Sometimes I'm to be pitied."

Tante saw the future as Stanley was omitting to outline it. Stanley wanted a man-child because he would be some one of her own to dominate and possess. Unconsciously, she frowned her disapproval.

"Does Van Zile know?" was her next question.

"I told him today," Stanley's face was amused. She was remembering his clumsy alarm. Heretofore she had been able to do as she liked with his money. Now that she was to bear him a child, fruit of June and December—she could do anything that she liked with Van Zile. But she was no longer interested. She wanted her son. Life had taken on a deeper meaning. Her father, Blair, Van Zile were mere stepping-stones to this glorious goal—a man-child who would be hers, all hers, forever hers. . . .

The next day she wrote a generous check for a baby crèche and began ruminating as to how she could still do something equally generous for Donna and Blair, a sort of pre-offering of thanks and a tardy penance combined. Now she was to become a mother she wanted to be as successful in the rôle as she had been in those of a fiancée, an artist, an old man's bride. . . . as for Van—he could not last five years.

THAT Summer Stanley's son was still-born. Rumor had it that young Mrs. Van Zile collapsed and had to be taken abroad.

When she returned to Dalefield—having merely passed through New York—the red brick fortress was overflowing with surprise gifts of welcome. If she had made Van Zile adore her by giving him a child she had made him an abject slave by having lost the child. His pity as well as his pocketbook were laid at her restless little feet. . . . sometimes she loathed this aging, purplish-faced man who found that to speak in the monosyllables suited better than his formerly long and ungrammatical speeches. Sometimes she shuddered lest Van Zile should find her out. Another unwelcome thought was that this might be retribution for the death blow she had dealt Donna's happiness and Blair's ideals.

Against Van Zile's [Turn to page 100]

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## THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 99]

wishes and Tante's advice, in June, 1897, Stanley became a mother for the second time. New York's best equipped hospital with its staff of specialists were at her beck and call. The middle-aged husband, tremulous and pathetic in trying to understand his wife's trend of thought, was told again that his son was stillborn. Due to a discovered spinal weakness his wife must not give birth to a third child.

"But her reason will leave her," he protested with the hysteria common to his stolid type. "My God, we can't let her waken to find her arms empty—"

"One can adopt—" said Tante timidly. "Money can do it," Van Zile's face was mottled with emotion. "My poor little Stanley—she must never know—"

"I don't know what there is—let me see—" began the surgeon as if something occurred to him.

"Tell her that it is all right; tell him that he must find a child—no price will be too great," this time Van Zile was nearing a collapse. Roughly he shoved Tante towards the surgeon. "My wife must have a son—do you hear me—a son—she must never know—"

"Take him away," ordered the surgeon. "Then come down to the superintendent's office. These are the facts which may interest you: a child was born today—a boy of unmarried, refined parents. The mother died. The boy is a healthy, well-endowed infant I am inclined to believe. The mother was an actress who gave of love too generously to a selfish man. The man is frantic with the usual remorse and passing grief—I know no other details except that the boy is up for adoption, the father wishes never to see him nor hear of him.

"It must be—it sounds plausible—and her reason will go. She has never been denied anything," urged Tante.

The next day, Stanley became aware of a mottled young son feebly moving a wrinkled fist and looking at least a thousand years old. To her pain-blurred eyes he seemed a god in embryo.

"Your son, Mrs. Van Zile," said an imperturbable nurse.

Stanley raised her eyes. "I'm so happy," she said gently to herself, as her hand stole over to find the beat of the new heart: "I knew that I would not fail; I never do. Darling precious, you belong to me."

Only Tante knew that young Ames Van Zile, the millionaire baby, as the evening papers had it, was the unwanted son of Blair Britton and Donna Lovell. The latter had died without knowing that she left him to a repentant, helpless man whose one plea was: "Take the child away, give him away, never let me see him... Donna, what have I done? What have I done?" So Ames came to Dalefield to rule over the world in general while his beautiful little mother began her rule over him!

THE first triumph of possessing a son being exhausted and the days of creeping and second-summer ailments succeeded by those of kilts and kites, Stanley began casting about for temporary divertisement until Ames was ready to take his place at her side.

Dalefield offered nothing diverting beyond the usual social affairs, a political campaign aided by Van Zile's money, concerts and the privilege of entertaining the clergy.

Periodically Stanley demanded that something dramatic happen. She admitted to Tante that she was more the actress than the aristocrat. True, there was her handsome young son who dared to hurl his four-year-old invectives against his nurse and who stampeded the drawing room to grasp his mother's lace frock in sticky, tyrannical hands, demanding that everyone else exit as hastily as if there were a fire alarm. But Stanley wished to remain Ames' ideal. It was wiser that his discipline came from hirelings while his mother remained a fairy-tale person who called him endearing names and held him in her soft, warm arms that reminded him of white violets with the sun shining on them. There were a number of monotonous years ahead before Ames would be ready to create a background. In the interim Stanley must not become too bored.

She had no desire to [Turn to page 101]

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## THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 100]

travel until she could show Ames the old world. New York was a place to be avoided. She had learned of Donna Lovell's sudden death by reading the critic's tributes to her talent. Blair was undoubtedly swallowed up in the changing mass of humans who appeared and disappeared, failed and succeeded. Characteristically she found herself wondering if he was the same temperamental idealist (and as good-looking to boot). She almost wished that she might decoy him to Dalefield.

On the morning of her thirty-second birthday, Stanley lingered before her pier-glass. It was not to admire the emerald bracelet which Van Zile had pushed towards her when she brought him his morning paper (he was having a bad time with a swollen knee) but to take inventory of herself as mercilessly as of some rival.

Stanley bent nearer to examine the shadow of a facial defect. As she patted her cheek with her small, square-tipped fingers, she heard Ames' feet scampering down the hall and his nurse in pursuit. She stopped self-contemplation long enough to enjoy a thrill of pride. In a few years what an interesting game she would play with her son—far more intriguing than being the apparent heroine herself.

For the intervening years—she went to the busy looking little desk and hunted for her best note paper. In another moment she had written to one Anthony Monroe, in care of the Buckingham Studios, Dalefield. Would he call as soon as possible? She wanted his opinion as to doing over some rooms in the house. Sealing it with rose-colored wax, she sent it off by the coachman.

Dalefield had not rejoiced that Monroe had come to be one of them. There were many drawing rooms and libraries like those of the Van Zile house before its transformation. Dalefield hesitated at being ordered to send for second-hand men so that Mr. Monroe might proceed unhindered. A few accused him of laughing at them, of being an affected fop because of the years spent abroad.

It was not until his wife with their baby daughter, Telva, had arrived, and become settled in the Buckingham Studios that Dalefield realized Mrs. Monroe's antecedents. She was one of a trio of famous sisters—aristocratic New Orleans belles whose ancestry was of the proudest and poorest of the Creoles. Orphaned at sixteen, due to an Indian skirmish and a fever epidemic, Tony had wandered about Europe with sufficient talent and personality to become a favorite in the ateliers.

He married this Creole belle because it was expedient. He wished to come to his mother's country. A wife as admirably connected as Lucille would facilitate matters.

Jealously in love with Tony, Lucille had undertaken to launch him into his new career. When her family rejected Monroe she had quarrelled with them and left for Washington.

In Washington Monroe had become the vogue. New York beckoned a finger. Monroe would have obeyed the New York gesture but his wife detested New York and all things Northern—even Washington was too bustling and cosmopolitan. During Lucille's convalescence after her child was born, Monroe found consolation in flirting with a divorcee whose handsome income enabled her to enjoy the society of those who gossiped about her.

Her jealousy inflamed, Lucille's temper flared into action. Monroe heard the ultimatum. If she was to remain his wife he must select some conservative city where his loyalty would remain untampered. Within a few weeks the Monroe's came to Dalefield. By degrees Dalefield was admitting the poor taste of its drawing rooms.

"So good of you to come at once," Stanley began with a boyish nod of the head, her bright green eyes were animated as she peered up at Monroe's face. "Please sit down; I've a lot to tell you—almost as much as you will have to do," with a deprecating shrug of her shoulders. "When I came here to live—it was quite awful!"

Before Monroe could speak Stanley swept on: "I've half an idea that you don't work like the ordinary house-and-garden variety of decorator.... I imagine that you study the [Turn to page 102]



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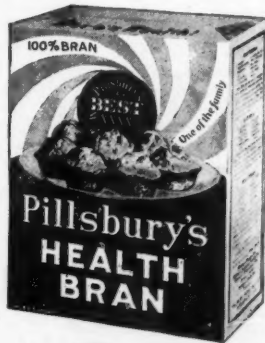
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## THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 101]

person who lives in the house before you are deeply concerned about the house proper—does it sound a trifle occult for Dalefield?" in a stage whisper.

"You're delicious," chuckled Monroe, "I've met no one so delicious since—"

"Not Paris, please," begged Stanley, "Americans have ruined it."

"Since Vienna," he finished swiftly.

"You're delectable," she rewarded.

"Dalefield will never know what to do with you—But am I not right? I mean about both things: you do study the mistress of the house in order to orient her in it rather than decide that the drawing room is to be silver brocade and azure blue and the dining room smothered by tapestries... it's a daring way to work—I adore daring people. I adore honesty even if it is brutal and devastating. To continue: if the mistress of the house proves insignificant or worse, she finds herself at home in her re-done house because it has been furnished to suit her. But the world has a merciless portrait of her as they step inside the door."

"If I can interpret you," he began, "I shall consider—"

"Ssh—not yet, not quite yet," Stanley was stimulated.

Monroe was the antidote she craved—the clever, dangerous sort of personality to counteract the reality of Van Zile's invalid routine and Dalefield's plush-and-ingrain activities. He was Blair plus experience and cynicism. She admired his hair and eyes, the Roman nose, those high, flat cheek-bones not unlike an Navajo Indian's. He was a man of the world—Blair had been a temperamental boy in danger of going to the dogs one moment and trying to vault the very gates of heaven the next.

"We shall have much to say to each other," murmured Monroe when leaving as he bent to kiss her hand.

Within the next twenty-four hours he told his wife all that he deemed wise regarding this opportunity. Furnishing draperies for a local theater and advising as to wicker furniture in doctors' waiting rooms did not constitute an opportunity in Monroe's estimation.

He must be at the Van Zile home a great deal, Mr. Van Zile was an affluent tyrant who adored his wife. His wife—well, Lucille should judge for herself.

Van Zile was informed as to the new order of events after Stanley had read the evening paper and brought him his favorite flowers—red carnations. The downstairs needed a little changing—a newcomer named Monroe was to try his hand at it.

She tiptoed away, her lips still smarting from Van Zile's coarse kiss.

IN 1905 the affair between Stanley and Tony Monroe had caused his wife to return to the tarnished splendors of her Creole family. Then Lee Van Zile had the good taste to die.

After the will was probated and Mrs. Van Zile was left the bulk of the estate, Madame Grundy's vanguard began to speculate. Monroe would have his wife divorce him in order to marry the widow, as most certainly they ought to do. With curious restraint Dalefield watched the trend of events. Van Zile had been spared any knowledge of the affair—nor could one criticize Mrs. Van Zile's correct mourning; and Dalefield was unanimous in one conclusion: in going abroad, the red brick mansion boarded up as if for eternity, Mrs. Van Zile acted discreetly. Dalefield began to consider that Monroe was acting a bit queer; he was reported to have made extravagant statements and prophecies, to be drunk more often than sober, to neglect work and to write impossible letters to the Van Zile lawyers.

When Stanley erected a ten thousand dollar monument to Van Zile's memory, the papers gave her—and it—a laudatory editorial and all Dalefield rushed to say good-by.

A year after Stanley had gone abroad, Tony Monroe was committed to a state hospital in Louisiana. His wife, more sallow and suspicious than ever, gave music and embroidery lessons to pay for his extras only to be called "Stanley" whenever she visited him.

The years slipped on and the mansion remained boarded up. Stanley's story became something to tell out-of-town visitors while driving by the old house. Occasional reports came back of Stanley's being on the continent or in Egypt, of Ames having finished a Swiss prep school and entered an English university. One January night the red house had the efrontery to burn down. Tramps had been in the stables and left a fire that crept obstinately through the walls. Dalefield enjoyed a night of thrills—with every fire engine in the vicinity pressed into service and the riff-raff of the community attempting loot.

Inside of another year—the property was well insured—there rose upon the site a little red brick house with picturesque gables and mullioned windows. When the curious demanded to know the whyfore of this transformation they were told that the little house was being completed prior to Mrs. Van Zile's return, her son to assume control of his father's estate. The Van Zile interests were then looked after by a capable young man, one Sam Russel whose mother had been a second cousin of Van Zile's first wife!

There had been so many changes. Tony Monroe was dead. His wife stayed South while Telva defied her relatives and drifted North to seek her fortunes. As for Blair . . . but he was some one no one remembered excepting Stanley.

STANLEY never ceased rejoicing over the burning of the old mansion. Here was a childish delight in this new playhouse with huge, Elizabethan chimneys shooting themselves skyward—suggesting an ingenue masquerading in somebody's high hat.

There had been more than one sharp loss to the fortune which Van Zile had willed to his wife. It was no one's fault other than that the investments shrank or failed to materialize as one had expected. Whenever she worried about their income she mentioned it to Ames in a helpless, bewildered way so that mentally he pledged her every cent that was his. Ames' plans were visionary; any promoter could catch his ear.

Even to Ames, Stanley had hedged about her financial losses. Only her broker, Sam Russel, who deplored her notion of letting Ames handle the money, realized the circumstances. The town still considered her its wealthiest widow and Ames the most eligible bachelor.

When at last she was officially at home in this play house, her first caller was an original, untidy looking girl whose shining black hair was piled into an old-fashioned top-knot, flat, jet pins thrust in dagger-wise and a great crimson shawl wrapped about her thin person.

"Im Telva Monroe," announced the young person thrusting a unique card into Stanley's hand.

It was shaped like a wine bottle. In the center in old English script, was "Telva Monroe." A telephone number was in the left hand corner.

"My dear little girl," Stanley said in her gentlest voice. "How sweet of you to come—"

"Hardly. I'm after you as client," explained Telva. "Shocked?" she continued. "So many are. I bank on you. I only know you through Sam Russel who is trying to marry me."

"Sam's a nice lamb, and he does very well," Stanley pretended to add kindling to the fire. "But Ames will really go at the thing seriously—unless he finds that he has a flair for a profession." She fancied that she had spoken in a forbidding tone, Telva mentally tabbed it as "More blah from mother."

Aloud: "Sam's taken good care of things—a little too conservative for a firebrand like me. We're dying to know if Ames will play with us; if you will let him," staring at Stanley with an imperturbable smile.

"Ames must make his own decisions—to date he has been rather fond of play. You forget that he is a man—"

"Everyone knew you vamped father," Telva without warning blurted out suddenly. "Why squirm? You're capable of hearing the truth even if your hair is ash-blond and your [Turn to page 105]



# A wealth of color information for the HOME

Practical, helpful, inspiring—a book full of interior decorating information you can use! "How to Keep Your House Young" is packed with stimulating suggestions for making your home colorful and cheerful.

You'll enjoy the story of the young couple who transformed a shabby house into fresh new beauty. What fun they did the job with Valspar Lacquer—the new waterproof finish that "dries in minutes."

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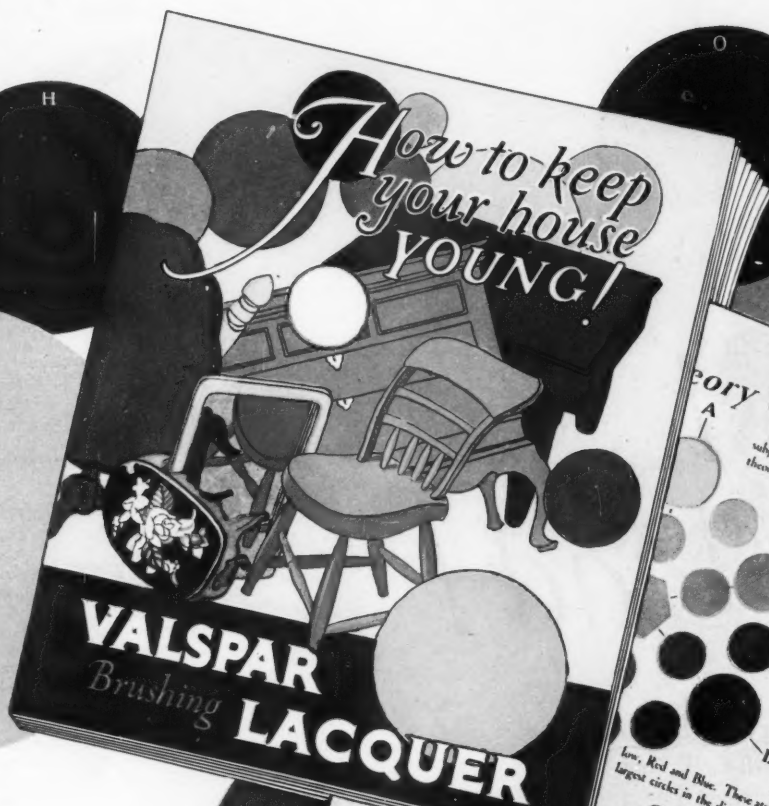
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## History of Color

Color and Color Harmony have been the subject of scientific study for centuries and many theories and conclusions have been evolved. But the one generally accepted for use with paints is that there are three Primary Colors from which an expert color mixer can obtain any other color.

## The Primary Colors

According to this law the three Primary Colors are Yellow, Red and Blue. These are shown in the three largest circles in the diagram above.

## Color Harmony

By mixing two or three of these Primary Colors of other colors, shades and tints are secured. You are in harmony with each other. You can choose from the two important types of color harmony—Analogous or Complementary.

## Analogous Harmony

If you will glance at the diagram on the opposite page you will see that Yellow has the neighbors Green and Orange, Blue has Violet on one side of it and Green on the other—and so on all around the circle. Color schemes in a room that use neighboring colors are known as analogous color schemes. They are most successful when they are limited to the colors which come between the primaries and they may include any or all of the adjacent hues. For example, between the primaries Yellow and Blue are various shades of Green that could be utilized in an analogous scheme. Analogous harmonies are usually quiet and restful and offer little difficulty to the amateur who wishes to work out a delightful decorative scheme.

## Complementary Harmony

The colors that are directly opposite each other in the circle opposite are complementary. Note the line A-B. It shows that the complement of Yellow is Violet. The line C-D shows that Orange and Blue are complementary colors and E-F shows that Red is the complement of Green. When two or more of the colors along the line A-B, the line C-D or the line E-F are used in one scheme, the result is complementary harmony. The intermediate tones are produced by mixing the two strong colors, or complementary colors, in different proportions. Complementary harmonies in a room are stimulating and vivacious. They are also much harder to work out artistically than analogous schemes. In making a complementary color scheme, the second color may vary safely from slight accents up to one-third of all the colored surfaces in the room.

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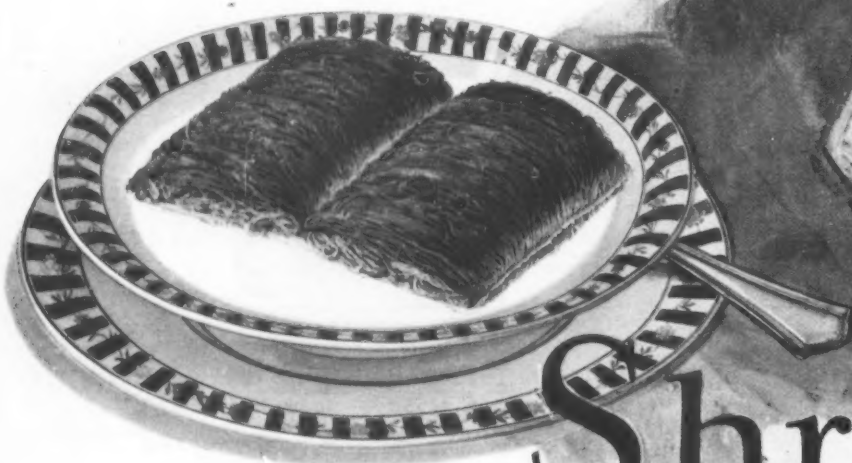
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# Shredded Wheat





# THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 102]

son thinks a word of scandal uttered in your presence might bring on a heart lesion . . . I salute you, madame—" in imagination Telva raised a wine glass and drained it. "But there is no use in not coming down to fact with me—"

"My dearest girl, you are letting your thoughts run wild. Was anyone ever subjected to quite such a torrent of impossible accusations?" Stanley was alarmed. Purposely, she had heard Telva's outburst in order to gauge her enemy.

"I'll agree not to go back into the dark ages," said Telva after a moment's shrewd reflection. "Partly, because I came on business. I'm the family friend as well as the bootleggerette."

"You mean you sell liquors, go about seeking orders, traffic with bootleggers and—" Stanley became amused and forgot to be shocked. "What an idea! But, Telva, I can't let you sell me anything and feel that you are having further success. I must report you, have you raided and then set you up in a tea room."

"Try it," Telva made a curious gesture with her right hand; it resulted in a poked hump in her shawl. "Yes, an automatic gun," she admitted . . . "I believe in having something in reserve; part of the trade as a nail file is a manicure's. What loves of primroses— You have luck with flowers, I dare say. Mother says you knew how to do the wrong thing at the right moment."

"Where do you live, you wicked and interesting bit of impudence?" Stanley had not yet decided what course to adopt.

"I'm a hotel fiend . . . where I keep my supplies is another matter. My kingdom is a courtyard room and bath of a disreputable hotel which used to swank—The Lenox."

"The Lenox," Stanley repeated. "Why I went there as a tiny thing—after my mother died—why, Telva," her voice softened without any conscious effort.

"Um . . . we have burlesque companies and some nice old parties of both sexes with annuities and crooked wigs and pearly teeth—me and these old-timers

keep the place out of the clutches of the law....now then, what may I book you for?" producing a memorandum pad and fountain pen.

"Telva," Stanley felt that she must seize her opportunity. "I am glad you are frank. Naturally I have wondered about Tony's daughter, how she was growing up and what she was going to do. I believe that you can understand the friendship which your father and I enjoyed. I tried so hard to make Lucille understand," pausing in an appealing way. "But Lucille's day and my day has ended," still ignoring the fountain pen poised in midair. "This is your day—and Ames'. I want to see you make the most of it. When I listen to you, it seems as if Tony is talking to me, rebelling, ridiculing—but you are Telva—not Tony, aren't you? Young and wilful and clever—so is Ames. You must know each other."

"Afraid I'll shock him. Sam says I will. Besides, Ames drinks. (Stanley's hurt look impressed Telva in spite of herself.) Already he is noted for the decent way he does it. If you don't give me your order, Ames will."

"We have had such golden years together. I would not trade one for a king's ransom. Now Ames must live his own life—well, what could be easier?"

Telva decided that Stanley was super, in her own line. For the first time she pitied her mother.

"If you must do this illegal, delightful thing," continued Stanley, "and if Ames will drink—although he takes care that I know little about it, I'll take the rare Tokay and the Bordeaux and some champagne—"

"I'll deliver it in Sam's jitney all done up in smart hat boxes with metal linings—and what is more, I'll come and help drink it up," promised Telva.

"Do," said Stanley with a sudden sharpness of tone that made Telva lower her cool white lids over her smouldering eyes and decide not to give Ames' mother the lowest rate for the Bordeaux after all!

[Continued in NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

## BEATING WINGS

[Continued from page 23]

There was dancing in the evenings at the Club or at several of the larger houses in the neighborhood. Mrs. Weymiss adored dancing. So Ellie had an amazingly happy time of it.

Every day after tea she and Mr. George Shoreham motored over to see how Rose was getting on, and to examine the clay figure of Africa and be certain that it was properly dampened and wrapped. Also there was the new addition to the house to inspect.

The evening before she left Ridge Hill, Mrs. Weymiss suggested that they dine at home by themselves. Her hostess' maid being ill, a hair-dresser from town had been telephoned for that afternoon. To find one, in August, was difficult. Finally the housekeeper located one by consulting the classified directory. Mrs. Weymiss sent a car in for her.

When the woman arrived she was conducted to Mrs. Weymiss' dressing room.

Ellie, in silk robe and slippers, passed her as she entered. It was Madam Felice.

Madam opened her satchel and proceeded about her business with her usual ability and loquacity.

Mrs. Weymiss was paying her very little attention. Had no notion what she had been saying until she had finished and had been paid.

Then she said: "Thank you, Madam. It is very nicely done indeed. I think Miss Lessing is waiting for you in her dressing room."

Madam laid away the last of her paraphernalia; closed her satchel with a snap; slowly, smilingly, turned the yellow evil of her eyes on Mrs. Weymiss.

"I don't do servants' hair," she said.

Mrs. Weymiss stared at her: "What do you mean? Miss Lessing is my guest."

"She was my maid, once," said Madam Felice, "until I found out about her relations with some man and I fired her."

Mrs. Weymiss remained still as a stone. But after a moment, something about her

made Madam Felice nervous.

"If you don't believe me," she said, "I can give you the man's address—"

Mrs. Weymiss rang. A maid appeared. "Show this person out," said Mrs. Weymiss.

When Felice had disappeared, hastily, with her satchel, Mrs. Weymiss stood motionless until the flush had died out on her cheeks. Then, suddenly, she laughed.

She knew, really, nothing at all about this Ellie Lessing.

She guessed, however, that young Mr. Shoreham was seriously in love with her. And if it were true that this girl had been a hairdresser's maid, and, furthermore, had lived questionably, what about the overpowering respectability of Mr. Shoreham?

Mrs. Weymiss laughed. "Well," she thought, "I don't care if George Shoreham doesn't. The girl is utterly lovely . . . And somebody ought to do her hair—"

She went to Ellie's door, knocked, entered. Ellie was curling her own gold-brown ringlets; rose, still holding a shining strand of hair with the iron.

"I came to do your hair," said Mrs. Weymiss, smilingly.

There was a bright flush on Ellie's cheeks.

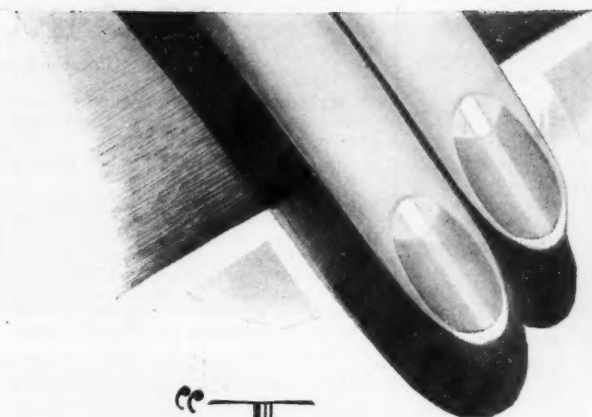
"That woman was Madam Felice," she said. "I was once employed by her."

"How interesting," said Mrs. Weymiss pleasantly. "Tell me about it, Ellie."

She seated herself; Ellie sat down again before her mirror; and while she continued to curl her hair she told Mrs. Weymiss about her mother's death, the necessity of employment, the experience with Felice.

All Mrs. Weymiss' doubts suddenly dissolved into a ringing laugh:

"My dear," she said, "it doesn't make you any less adorable. You've got the honesty of a little boy and the heart of a little girl. And the cleverest mind that ever I have known [Turn to page 106]



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## BEATING WINGS

(Continued from page 105)

in anybody between your age and mine—" She checked herself; the girl's eyes were brimming with tears.

"My dear!" exclaimed the older woman, "I didn't believe it!"

"It isn't true," said the girl, "—what she said about me. If it were I'd say so. It would be contemptible to deceive you—"

Mrs. Weymiss leaned forward and drew the girl's fragrant head against her breast.

After a while she smiled to herself, thinking it no wonder that the heart of young Mr. Shoreham was already so seriously involved.

MRS. WEYMISS drove over to see Ellie one golden afternoon in October; found her all stained with clay—all flushed and lovely with exertion; and the Africa a supple, sinuous, exotic, exquisite thing—an enchanting creation of purest delight.

The older woman was no fool. There was shrewdness as well as the aesthetic quality in her appreciations.

"What are you expecting to do with this, my child?" she asked abruptly.

"I thought I might venture to offer it to the Salon—" the girl smiled uncertainly at her own impudence.

"How would it look in the center of the great circular lawn inside the entrance gates to Three Lakes Park?"

Ellie reddened to the blond roots of her hair.

"—Banked up to the basin with a riot of blazing flowers?" added Mrs. Weymiss.

"Suppose I put it up to the board of governors? . . . Could you give me any idea at all as to what sum we should appropriate?"

"I hadn't thought—"

"Suppose we assume all expenses and offer you twenty-five thousand?"

The girl seemed bewildered; stared up at her clay creation in silence.

Mrs. Weymiss said: "I can get that much. They usually do what I suggest . . . If you wish to hear my opinion of your Africa, I think it is one of the most seductive and enchanting creations in modern sculpture that ever I have seen . . . I don't suppose there will be any question of the Salon accepting it."

They were taking tea on the veranda, later, when George Shoreham appeared—vastly to Mrs. Weymiss' amusement.

For one thing, she meant to eliminate him if she was to undertake the social creation of Ellie Lessing.

Marriage, giving in marriage, was to be no part of it for a good long while.

She said blandly and carelessly to Ellie: "As long as you've given up your quarters in town, why not come to me when you leave here?"

"I'd love to for a few days—"

"My dear, I mean for the Winter. I've a big, ugly, empty house. We can hunt up a studio for you; and you can drive down every morning and back every afternoon—"

She smiled on Ellie, rose, and, leaning lightly upon the girl's arm, walked toward her waiting car.

"These are the years, my dear," she said. "Don't neglect any opportunity. And keep men outside the picket fence . . . There will be time enough, later, for the Only Man on Earth."

Ellie laughed: "I don't believe I ever shall have time for Him."

Mrs. Weymiss, with a sardonic smile, turned toward the cottage and waved a gloved hand in adieu.

It was in January that Ellie heard from John Westall. He sent her, from Constantinople, an Herez rug of glowing sapphire, ivory and rose; very ancient.

"In years to come," he wrote, "you are to sit upon it and reflect how famous you are."

She replied: "Upon it, there is room for two—in our old age."

She went on: "I am not lonely. And if there were no people to be polite to me at Three Lakes I should not be lonely. I'll tell you something: there is no loneliness in me."

"Desire? Yes. Every emotion, probably, except only loneliness."

"Which does not mean I haven't missed you. The acute unhappiness has gone, bridged by memories and our letters. And if you return and go away again always you will be missed. Wanted. Regretted."

Awaited . . . My dear—and welcomed—married or single!

"In January—if I cast—I shall go to New York for a few weeks and stop with Mrs. Weymiss. I hope I shall be ready for many people—for gaiety and lights and theaters—for music and the opera and every pleasure designed by man. But there is a bond that ever must draw me back to quiet and leisure and freedom."

Work! That, to me, has become the only meaning of life. The one immortal pleasure."

"And, despite all these absorptions and demands upon me, my dear, I always shall have time to swim with you at Manhattan, and dance with you at Villy's, and show you the secret glades of the Botanical Gardens—our Eden of an afternoon—Your Ellie."

Toward the end of January she wrote: "The die is cast and so is Africa! A thrilling success! But it nearly killed Rose and me."

"I go, now, to Mrs. Weymiss for a few weeks. She is very kind—good, amiable. And tomorrow evening, in New York, the pink lights are to be turned on for me . . . A party! For me! Oh, my dear, if only you were there to teach us all what dancing really is—give the world one perfect lesson with—Your girl,

"Ellie."

On the morrow, young Mr. Shoreham came up from town to close the cottage and receive the keys.

He seemed, to Ellie, unusually polite, formal, attentive; unusually pale, too.

While Rose was packing the bags in the bed-rooms, he and Ellie stood on the veranda looking across the snowy grass at the car which Mrs. Weymiss had sent up for her from town.

She was thinking of nothing in particular—her clever gaze shifting over a snow-covered landscape—when, in a modulated, polite, resolutely controlled voice, Mr. George Shoreham asked her to marry him.

It was her first serious declaration—not considering Francis Tolland's. She said, rather wide-eyed: "Why, I am not in love with you, Mr. Shoreham."

He was so nice about it; so serious, so courteous. Hoped she might come to care for him in time. And then lifted her hand a little way and bent very far over and touched it with his lips.

There was no rest for Ellie Lessing during those weeks with Mrs. Weymiss. She needed none. A dance was given for her at the Colony Club. After that she was asked about generally.

The odd feature of these days was that Ellie had so instantly become merged in all that she had never known—so instinctively a part of it, without effort, without awkwardness, unsurprised, unflattered, and serenely, as of a right. Like a traveled child returning to her own, interested, enchanted, curious only because it had outgrown her infant recollection.

THEY located, finally, a barn-like studio west of Lexington in the Fifties, and by April it began to look as though Ellie Lessing had lived in it for years.

Africa had been accepted by the May Salon. The incredibly joyous news had come; and Ellie sang in her studio while she worked; played whirlwind jazz on her piano; went into the kitchen a dozen times to tell Rose about it and examine the layer cake she had baked.

And then as the apartment bell was ringing she started toward the studio once more, eating a slice of chocolate cake, and wiping her fingers on her smock.

"I'll answer the bell," she called back over her shoulder to Rose; "it's probably my blue gown from the cleaner's—"

She placed in her mouth the last morsel of chocolate cake, ran her spread fingers over her smock, opened the door, and found herself looking at John Westall.

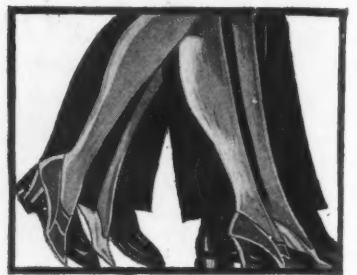
She made an odd, whimpering sound; clutching his sleeve. Dumb, she held fast to him, swallowing hard.

He began to laugh; saw the green-gold eyes glimmering; saw the rush of tears.

"My dear," he said gently, "are you really glad?"

"I'm weak with it . . . Let's go somewhere—no, not the studio . . . My room . . . I was writing to you."

She took his hat and [Turn to page 107]



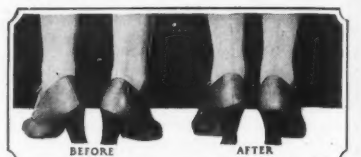
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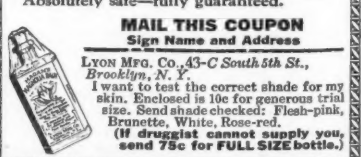
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FEELS LIKE WALKING ON VELVET

BEATING  
WINGS

[Continued from page 106]

coat he carried over his arm—as though afraid he might go away. She seemed in fear of that—kept watching him, her eyes still glimmering with tears.

"Africa has been accepted for the Salon," she said. "I've just heard. I was writing you."

She laid his hat, stick and overcoat on her bed, watching him over her shoulder. Came back swiftly, pulled a stool from her dressing table and seated herself before him, knee to knee, her hands enfolding one of his.

"You won't go away again?" she asked.

"Not for a while... Why, Ellie!"

He fell silent, conscious of the girl's emotion; unprepared, after three years—

"For a few moments," she murmured—"let me realize I have you here... I didn't know how I was going to feel... One can't guess—just by letters... I know it's three years. Do they matter to you?"

"Of course not—if you mean—"

"Yes, that. Our friendship is the same, isn't it? Mine is. More, even. I scarcely know what I'm talking about. You will stay with me, now, won't you?"

"Certainly," he said, deeply moved at the dread in her eyes... "I didn't know I meant as much to you—"

"I didn't, myself... I'm not sure whether I knew. But I do now... I've got you back; that's all I am very clear about... Tell me, are you hungry?"

He began to laugh: "No, are you?"

"Oh, no; I've had some cake... I don't know what I'm saying. Shall we sit here for a while?"

She kept gathering and pressing and smoothing his hand as though she were caressing a kitten; but there was a splendor in the eyes which never left his.

"You are no stranger," she said. "I was afraid."

"I'm quite the same. But, Ellie, you are changed... No stranger, either... But—"

"Am I not what you remember?"

"You've developed out of what I remember."

"Is it—agreeable to you?"

"Charmingly agreeable."

"Well, then—" she played absently with his hand.

"Is there any objection to our seeing more or less of each other?"

The almost forgotten phrase relaxed the tension and they smiled.

"Well," she insisted gaily, "is there? After all these years without you I'm not going to let anything stop me now!"

He was still laughing: "Villy's for us every Saturday and Sunday. Is that it, Ellie?"

"It is if I'm still your girl. Am I?"

"Don't ask me! Are you?"

"Oh, I always have been!"

"As to that," he said lightly, "you've admitted at least one relapse."

"Francis?"

"I believe that is the demi-god's name."

She smiled.

"Well," he said, "that seems to dispose of him... Who else, Ellie?"

"There never has been anybody else. And that includes Francis. All I care about anything is that—" she laughed—"you say that I'm still your girl."

"You are. That's settled. Now, go ahead with your plans."

"I'll tell you," she continued gaily; "until five, on week-days, we'll be at work. After that, I'll fit in my engagements to suit you—"

"My dear, you can't!"

"I will! When you don't wish to come here or take me out, then I'll go to their old parties—"

His laughter rang out in the little room. She suddenly pressed both his hands convulsively between her own: "John Westall," she said, "I have been developing into what you started. Oh, tell me. You haven't, yet! Tell me about myself?"

"Tell you that you are very lovely to look at?"

"Am I? That is accident if I am. You know what I mean."

"I do... It seemed impertinent—"

"Tell me!"

"Well, then, yes, you [Turn to page 108]



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Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say."

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## BEATING WINGS

[Continued from page 107]

have made good . . . The miracle is that you are unspoiled."

"You've stood on your own legs from the first. Now, if you like, you can seat yourself in a solid gold chair."

They both laughed when he leaned forward, lifted her, held her cradled.

She said: "This is the first rest I have had since you went away."

In the corridor she extended her arm to point the way, then rested it on his shoulder. In the studio he held her for a little while, still, before setting her upon her feet.

After a silence he released her. She took his hand and led him about, excited, now, thrilling at his praise; enchanted at his surprise; confiding to him all the myriad details of hope and disappointment, worry and elation, for which until he came there had been no outlet.

In the midst of it all she was suddenly possessed of the obsession that he was hungry, and rang for Rose and tea.

"Why," he asked, "do you insist that I need nourishment?"

She didn't know why. Probably it was the maternal in her.

"It's funny," she admitted, "it's funny, but somehow I keep noticing the boy in you. You are a boy! I felt that way about you long ago . . . That night you went away—"

There was a silence; then they both spoke at once: spontaneous effort to make light of something suddenly pictured. Their parting on that night three years ago.

A slight flush lingered on his cheek bones for a while, even after her gay voice had dispelled any lingering visions that seemed to have no longer any meaning to either.

Rose came with tea, toast and cake. She smiled at Westall, who smiled at her.

Ellie said: "I'm coming, slowly, back to earth. Slowly. I have a dinner party tonight. I can't decently get out of it."

"No; that's a thing you can't do."

"No; they might not fill in. But you'll come tomorrow at five; won't you?"

It seemed that he was tied up.

"Good heavens!" she said. "This is likely to be a wasted week. I'm involved. But I won't be after this. And we have Saturday and Sunday, haven't we?"

He began to laugh again; and her clever eyes seemed to divine the source of his amusement. Of a sudden she blushed brightly; strove to laugh with him—

"You're thinking I'm behaving as though we're in love! I oughtn't to, I suppose."

"Yes, go ahead," he said coolly.

"I know, of course, you understand—"

After a moment: "I do. Proceed."

"You do understand all you mean to me, don't you? You realize that what I am today you began three years ago—out of nothing—nothing! Out of a lump of ignorance! Out of a perfect fool! . . . You know that! Why shouldn't I care for you? . . . Next to my mother?"

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do."

After a moment: "That's fine, Ellie."

He got up and began to walk to and fro. Serious. There was a certain detachment in his glance.

"It's all right," he said under his breath.

"But I didn't know . . . I didn't know when I was coming back here . . . What time is it?" He glanced at the studio clock: "You have to dress. I'd better be going—"

She did not rise.

She did not rise.

## THE CANDLES OF THE LORD

[Continued from page 25]

the sorrow in the world laid hold of her and shook her—and yet she had no fear. Here, almost upon her, was the man whose flaming blue eyes had pierced her through that day above the pointed guns. The guns were present now, swung to his hips. A blur came over her vision and she put one hand upon her breast.

The man on the great horse drew him up, swinging out of the road. He took off his hat and smiled.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and at the sound of his voice her heart gave an odd, painful leap, "but ladies are so scarce out here, especially new ladies, that no woman in this country can pass one without speaking. I wish you the best of luck—"

"My hat's on your bed," he said.

She rose. They walked from the studio to her door. She did not go in; rested; leaned against the wall. She seemed suddenly tired. Drooped a little.

As he stood waiting, she said: "Don't you want to remember?"

He knew perfectly well what she meant. "I do remember."

For a few moments she remained as she was. Then she turned toward him. Came a step toward him. In his embrace she looked up at him, awaiting his kiss; welcomed it with a slight sigh.

Then she put both arms around his body and strained him to her . . . The same child's ardor; her whole heart hotly embracing him in an overwhelmed impulse of gratitude and affection.

She had become "his girl" again. She laughed up at him. She dropped her head back to look at him.

There was no smile in his eyes. Suddenly, in her own, the smile died out, and her face flamed.

In his eyes was voiceless reassurance. She understood it; understood that her fate was upon her.

Then, in this girl, leaped the first pale flame of passion, kindling her cheeks and lips, and her breath with a vague, hot fragrance.

He was saying something to her about love. She already understood. She might have known what it really was. Always had been. Always, always. In the very beginning. Now. Always.

She drew a deep, uneven breath. Her mind was on fire; her heart; her mouth. His body was burning her.

"John Westall," she said faintly.

And, again: "I didn't know—"

She let him kiss her; melted to his lips. Left what was done to him; in his keeping and discretion. Her supple limbs yielded, not offering any more, not holding.

The studio clock struck. A door opened; Rose's voice: "Miss Ellie, what gown will you—"

She said to her lover: "I've an hour to dress in. Will you lift me up in your arms?"

"Darling, hadn't I better go and let you—"

"No. Carry me into the studio . . . How can I dress for dinner now?"

And, in the studio: "I'll tell you this: we've got to re-arrange everything, now. Everything! . . . You poor boy! What are you planning to do with me?"

"Not a thing, except marry you."

"Oh! Did you know that this was going to happen? I never never dreamed it . . . You don't have to hold me, darling."

"I'll carry you to your room."

"Don't go!"

"You'll have to dress, you know—"

He walked back to her bedroom, still cradling her.

The half hour struck.

"I'll tell you this, darling," she began.

"You tell me tomorrow morning," he said firmly. "I can see your scandalized maid peeping from the kitchen." He kissed her.

"Will you come to breakfast?" she asked. "You'd better get used to it, you know."

"You mean, for life?"

"I do."

He kissed her.

[THE END]



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For the first time since her start into adventure Phoebe [Turn to page 111]



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in seedless raisins

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THE SPANISH BRUNETTE



**THE VENETIAN BLONDE**

Red-gold hair with a skin as clear as satin, and delicately brown. Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder and Oriental Pompeian Bloom.



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is delicately colored as though she had been sketched on ivory satin. Pale gold hair, and tear-rose skin. Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder and Light tone of Pompeian Bloom.



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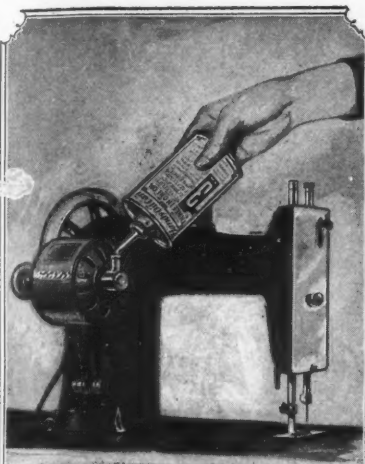
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Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories  
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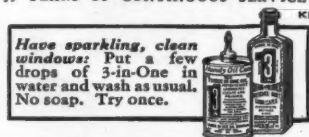
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## THE CANDLES OF THE LORD

[Continued from page 108]

Hannaford felt a sense of weakness in herself, a deep ache that set her trembling. At a rail across the sandy street she could see the big black horse waiting quietly for his master.

Of all the souls in the lone little place she alone knew him—the man with the bright blue eyes. She alone—and he was here, loose in the town, perhaps bent on Heaven knew what bold errand of crime!

She trembled under the responsibility thrust thus suddenly upon her. She hurried down the stairs and sent the little freckled waitress for the landlord.

"Please," she told the portly man when he arrived, shirt-sleeved and perspiring, "please send for the sheriff. I wish to speak to him alone. I'll be waiting in the parlor."

She stood in the tawdry room, her hands gripped tight on a chair-back—and then she heard them coming, booted feet on bare boards, and the landlord was saying wonderingly, "... seems all upset. Wanted to see you alone. Go on in, Tommy."

The Sheriff!

She opened her mouth, but no sound came from it. Her hands on the chair-back shone white around the knuckles.

"You sent for me, madam?" he asked quietly, and she marvelled at the softness of his voice.

Phoebe Hannaford bit down upon her lip which had an absurd tendency to quiver. What could she say? What could she do in the face of such a situation?

As she gazed at him like one athirst, her mouth a trifle open, her wide brown eyes suddenly filled with tears, and she put her hands over her face.

"I—," she said, weeping, "I—sent— No, sir, ... I have nothing to say to you now."

A heavy silence came in the room, broken only by the long breaths which sighed across her lips. Then the man laid down his hat and put his hand on her wrist.

"Please," he said distressedly, "please don't cry like that. If there is anything on earth I can do for you, tell me, and I'll do it."

She had a wild desire to cry. "Come back to decency—to safety—to the common plane of honest folks!" but she shook her head and moved away from him toward the door.

She stumbled up the flimsy stairs and flinging herself on her bed, cried as she had never cried in her life.

"What say, Tommy?" asked the landlord. "What'd she want of th' Sheriff?"

"Nothing, so far as I could find out, Pete," said the sheriff in the shadows of the porch below. "I think she's upset about that incident a week ago. Better send your wife up to comfort her."

And that was the attitude they took concerning her. One and all the personnel of the humble place extended to her a kindness and consideration which was touching in its wholesome simplicity. The sheriff brought her in a huge armful of yucca spikes fragrant as the winds of Heaven.

At their advent she was filled with a wide confusion, a trembling sense of ecstasy and guilt. She saw him twice in the week that followed, once at early breakfast in the dining-room, and again on the desert's edge where she had gone to walk in the twilight.

He was coming in again from some far ride on the big black horse, and once again he stopped beside her to smile down with the crinkling of eyes and cheeks, the lighting of the spirit behind his thin face.

The man swung from his saddle and stood beside her in the dusk.

"Are you afraid now?" he asked her. "Are you more happy in our land?"

"No," she said, "I'm not afraid—and I am not happy."

"Why are you not happy?"

"I—cannot tell you."

"Forgive me. I should not have asked that. Many people bring their sorrows West."

"I did not bring mine!" she cried passionately. "I found it here!"

"Can't you tell me?" he asked in a low voice. "I—would like to know."

in his speech, a hesitation at the personal touch, "to be unhappy. I—wish I could help you. Did you like the yucca blooms?"

"Loved them!" she cried instantly. "I have them still."

"They grow abundantly in this hard land," he went on, "standing straight and beautiful in sand and sun, a touch of sweetness for a people starved for flowers. The Mission Indians used to call them the Candles of the Lord. There's a superstition that they light the way for uncertain feet."

A long silence fell and deepened. Phoebe Hannaford stirred on her feet.

"Shall we—shall we go back?" she said desperately, and as the man moved she fell into step beside him.

So they walked together for the first enchanted time, and before she knew it his hands had closed on her fingers. They did not speak again, and at the edge of the mesquite the man halted and bending suddenly kissed her.

Next day she trembled at every booted step, but he was nowhere to be seen. She heard a little guarded speech among the men concerning the robbers and the chance of catching them, at which she lost her appetite completely. A week passed, and it seemed no such man as Sheriff Tom had ever come to the lone little town.

And then a dirty Mexican rode in and brought her five huge spikes of yucca. There was a bit of paper, none too clean itself, tied to one of them, on which was scrawled in pencil the words, "Dear Woman, maybe these lights of the desert will show you a way out of that unhappiness."

Time dragged after that. And then, in the end of the second month, the desperate small drama snapped to a climax. It was twilight, as it ever seemed to be when romance rode abroad, and Phoebe Hannaford, coming through the little hall toward the hotel porch, heard a man cry sharply, "By thunder, boys, here's Sheriff Tom—an' he's got his man!"

Straight in his saddle as ever, he yet rode with a different look, as if he did so with an effort, and if his horse was poor, he was a scarecrow.

Yearning and pitiful, Phoebe Hannaford gazed upon him. She scarcely saw the man who rode before him on a tired horse, save to note the gleam of nickel on his wrists where the late light struck.

Then these two, come in from none knew what wild and tragic chase and capture, shuffled to a stop before the hotel steps. In silence they dismounted.

"Well," said landlord Pete, "you got yer bird, Tom—good fer—"

The words hung aborted on his lips as both newcomers looked up.

Face for face, form for form, feature for feature, they were the same!

Sheriff Tom broke the silence.

"Yes," he said dully; "I got him."

Next moment Phoebe Hannaford had run down three steps and flung herself passionately against him.

"You!" she gasped hysterically. "You—and him! I thought—you were he!"

Tired as he was, and sad, the sheriff smiled, put a dusty arm about her.

"Yes?" he helped her gently.

"The train that day—I sent for you—the sheriff—to tell about you—when I met you on the road that first time—and then I—I could not tell!"

"Yes? You couldn't tell me—on myself?"

Phoebe nodded. "The—Candles of the Lord," she said miserably. "I thought—I hoped—maybe some day—across the Border—we—might ..."

The sheriff put his hand behind her head and shut her babbling mouth against his breast.

"Pete," he said quietly, "will you and Bill and Constable John take the prisoner in and give him a good square meal? He's pretty tired—and, after all, you see, he's my twin brother. Go on in, Ted. I'll see you a little later."

Then, with his arm still about her, he turned the woman's steps out toward the mesquite, where the dim road ran from the town and the little wind came blowing up from the south, laden with the breath of yucca blooms.

Tired to exhaustion, but faithful as its master's shadow the big horse plodded after.

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# Sal Hepatica



## YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[Continued from page 27]

put in prison?"

"It is quite true that I was in prison—and for stealing a pearl necklace."

In the sickening silence which followed, involuntarily she drew away from the man standing so rigidly beside her.

"Then you've been living a lie," she said slowly, the words seeming almost to be forced through her lips, so difficultly did they come. "You've deceived me—utterly, all this time. Oh, Blair!"—his name broke from her like a cry. "If you'd only told me—trusted me! . . . I could have forgiven it all."

"And now? You don't love me any longer, I suppose? Is that it?"

"Oh, yes, I love you. I suppose," she went on tonelessly, "I shall always love you. I can't help that."

He made impetuous, eager steps towards her.

"Then why—why can't you forgive me? . . . Heaven knows I've repented that mad act of mine bitterly enough!"

"I can forgive—I could have forgiven—what you did all those years ago. But, don't you see, what I can't forgive is that you never told me—never trusted me . . . That was a sin against our love." She twisted her hands together painfully. "Don't you see, if I'd only known, if you'd only told me, I could have stood by you, told Candy I didn't care about the past—that I trusted you . . . But you've deceived me, left me in ignorance of what my love for you gave me the right to know."

Presently, lifting her eyes to his face, she went on: "I don't think there's anything else to say, Blair, except just—good-by." Blindly she turned and walked towards the door.

**C**HRISTMAS was over, and with the early days of the new year it seemed as though fresh thoughts were springing to life in Elizabeth's mind—pushing their way through the hardened, arid convictions which had lain like iron on her heart. The thing which had hurt her most was what seemed to her Blair's utter lack of trust in her. He should have told her—that thought reiterated through her mind. But perhaps he had not told her simply because he had not been guilty of any crime, yet, since he had been actually imprisoned for theft, he could not deny the fact when Frayne challenged him with it.

Elizabeth knew that, though rare, such things did sometimes occur as that people were wrongfully imprisoned—miscarriages of justice they were called. The only thing that puzzled her was why Blair had not attempted to explain matters to Candy—told him frankly that justice had miscarried. Was it pride?

Elizabeth's mind, working ceaselessly on the problem, pushing onward step by step, spurred by the love that longed to justify her lover, lit at last upon a possible solution of the riddle. He must be shielding some one else! The more she thought of it the more convinced she became that this was the truth which lay behind his silence.

She had developed a habit of taking long constitutionals, and only she herself knew how often on her return from the Abbey she made a detour which took her past Lone Edge.

There was a certain gateway which she always passed, and today, she paused there as usual and, leaning her arms on the topmost bar, looked over towards the beloved and lonely house on the edge of the cliff, while her thoughts travelled back across the few weeks of intense and utter happiness that had been hers.

And then, looking up, she saw him coming towards her, coming across the field at the entrance to which she was standing. His face had altered. It was still leaner than its wont, lined and haggard as though from sleepless nights, and beneath the dark, straight brows the blue eyes were feverishly bright. Elizabeth felt her heart beat suffocatingly. It was almost like a physical hurt to see him so altered. Unconsciously she stretched out her hands towards him.

"Blair—" It was hardly more than a thread of sound, a mere gasped-out whisper.

But he heard it, and stopped in his tracks as though shot. Then, his glance

leaping towards the place whence that faint utterance of his name had seemed to come, he saw her. In two strides he was at her side, and had taken her in his arms, holding her as though he would never let her go.

"Oh, Blair, and you don't hate me after all?" At last Elizabeth had drawn herself partially out of his arms, and half smiling, half tearful, put her question.

"Hate you?" He laughed triumphantly. "It looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Well, I think you'd have every right to," she said, after a brief interval during which conversation was out of the question. "I've been a fool. I can't think what ever made me believe all those ridiculous things about you!"

The laughter died suddenly out of his eyes. "Ridiculous?" he repeated. "Unfortunately, they are as true today as they were when you first heard them—as they have been all these years," he added bitterly.

"I dare say they are," she replied composedly. "But"—looking up at him with eyes that shone with a secret fire of joy—"how true have they ever been?"

He hesitated. "What do you mean? I don't quite understand."

"Don't you?" Still the smile lingered in her eyes. "Then, as your intelligence is so limited, darling, I shall have to explain. I don't believe that you ever stole any pearls at all."

"I don't know what put that idea into your head," he said quietly. "I'm sorry to have to undeceive you. I was imprisoned for that offense and none other."

"Still I don't believe you were ever a thief," replied Elizabeth. "I did, at first—because you didn't seem able to deny it. I must have been mad, I think. But now I've come to my senses, and your not denying it isn't enough. I shall never believe that you stole anything from anybody unless you tell me that you did. Can you tell me that, Blair?"

Again he sought to evade the clear, questioning grey eyes. "I can't deny it," he said. "I never have denied it."

"Then will you say: 'I was guilty of theft?'" she persisted. "Look at me and say that—and on your soul be it if you lie to me, Blair! I couldn't forgive that." The young, impassioned voice ceased.

His eyes came slowly back to her face and for a long moment they stood gazing at each other in silence. Then, in dogged, beaten tones, he answered her.

"No. I can't say that."

"I knew it! Oh, Blair, how could I have been so mad as to believe it for one second! I shall never forgive myself . . . So you'll have to forgive me instead. Will you?—Can you?"

"Can I?" With a sudden inarticulate cry he snatched her up in his arms.

At last, a little pale and spent with the tide of rapture which had swept her, Elizabeth drew herself slowly and reluctantly out of his embrace. "And now," she said, "tell me—everything, Blair. I've the right to know."

"I suppose you have," he admitted. "Well, it's a short enough story. I wasn't the thief, as you've guessed. A woman, whom I imagined myself in love with at the time, had taken the pearls—and even she, poor thing, wasn't quite a deliberate thief. The detectives rounded us all up immediately after she'd handed the necklace over to me, and from that moment until the end they never let either of us out of their sight."

"And it was found—on you?" asked Elizabeth in a hushed voice of horror.

Maitland gave a short laugh. "No, it wasn't actually found on me. I saved myself the indignity of being searched, when it came to my turn, by handing it over."

"And then? What happened after that?" "What happened after? Why, the inevitable, of course. I paid the usual penalty of taking what doesn't belong to you."

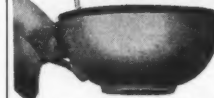
"Well, but—" Elizabeth looked bewildered. "But what was the woman doing all the while—the woman who had really taken the necklace?"

"Thanking her lucky stars that she had transferred it to me in the nick of time, I should imagine," he answered grimly.

"But now, after all this time, couldn't you tell the whole [Turn to page 113]



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## YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[Continued from page 112]

truth of the story?"

"No. The woman concerned in it is still alive. She's happily married, moreover, and, having shielded her at the time, I must in plain honor abide by the consequences."

"I can't agree. You gave up too much. But even so, it doesn't matter to me whether you've been in prison or not." Elizabeth looked up at him with a tender, tremulous smile. "I want to marry you, please, Blair."

"My dear—" He bent his head suddenly and kissed her small clasped hands. "You're more wonderful than I thought any woman could be. It's incredible! That you should be willing—I shall have that always to remember . . . But I can't let you. My lips are sealed—now and always."

"But mine are not!" she retorted triumphantly. "If you won't clear yourself, some one else must clear you. And I know that Candy will. If I tell him just what you've told me—"

"You can't do that." His reply came swiftly. "That is the one thing in the world which you cannot do. Because, don't you see, he'd want to know the woman's name, the whole circumstances, every detail."

"Then tell it to him," she besought. "No, you can't do that. Believe me, it's utterly impossible."

"But why? Give me some reason!" she exclaimed desperately.

"Then, if you will have it," he said, slowly and unwillingly, "the woman—only a mere girl, then—was Violet."

"Violet?" "Yes. Now do you see how impossible—how utterly impossible it is to clear me in your father's eyes?"

Elizabeth stared at him strickenly. "Violet!" she repeated muttering, beneath her breath. "Violet!"

She stood motionless, feeling as though she had received some stunning blow which had robbed her of all power of movement.

Violet—on whom depended the whole of Candy's happiness in life! If Violet were shown up, proved to be what she actually was, then for the second time Candy must be thrust down into the depths, be robbed of the faith and belief which he had slowly and painfully built up on the ruins of his early life. And if Violet were still to be shielded—then Elizabeth's own happiness must be flung into the balance.

At all costs, even at the price of her own happiness and Blair's, Candy's faith in Violet must be preserved. Hers could not be the hand to pull down his idol and lay his world again in ruins. Nor could there be any real happiness for her if it must needs be built up on the wreckage of her father's life . . . There was no choice.

From somewhere out of the dim recesses of memory a couple of lines forced themselves into the forefront of her mind:

"YESTERDAY This Day's Madness did prepare:  
TOMORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair."

She did not know whether it was only minutes—or hours—that passed before she came back to a recognition of Blair's tortured face staring down into hers. "You see?" he was saying thickly. "You see?"

She nodded. "Yes," she answered in a queer stiff voice that seemed to drag itself slowly out of her dry throat. "Yes . . . I see . . . Violet." She stretched out her hand as though to ward him off. "Will you go?" she said. "Please go, Blair." Then, rather wildly: "I—I can't bear it if you don't go—quickly."

BLAIR was conscious of an intense weariness. On this, the last of the three nightmare days which had dragged by since his final parting from Elizabeth, it had been only by sheer, dogged force of will that he had contrived to attend to all the details attendant upon the shutting up of Lone Edge. And now that it was over, he flung himself down in a big armchair and in a few minutes he had fallen into the heavy, dreamless slumber of utter fatigue. [Turn to page 114]



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**S**UNBURN's great—and don't we love that satin coat of tan? But now that summer skies and sun-kissed cheeks are welcoming the Fall, it's good to know Frostilla!

For much exposure ages the skin—steals away those precious natural oils—and coarsens the epidermis.

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Within this fragrant lotion are beneficial ingredients that stimulate the impoverished oil glands—dissolve all scalliness and bring to your skin the silken sheen of "sixteen."

Frostilla in the new dollar size is a good-looking, good-sized, long-lasting bottle that will befriend the whole family. And if you prefer, there's a new handy 50c size. Sold at any drug store or toilet goods counter, or by mail prepaid from us. The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.

### FROSTILLA FOR SEPTEMBER

Smooths sunburned skin • Soothes tired, burning feet • Protects from windburn and chapping • Softens rough hands and finger-tips • Ideal for Powder-base • Refreshes after shaving.

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## YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[Continued from page 113]

He awoke to the consciousness of another presence in the room and sat up abruptly in his chair. In front of him on the hearthrug, sitting cross-legged about a yard away from his feet, he discovered Poppy Ridgway.

"What are you doing here?" he asked bluntly. "Who let you into the house?"

"No one. I came in through the studio—some one had left the door open."

"And what do you want here? You know I'm in London again now—I only came back just to pack up some things." She nodded. Then slowly she uncrossed her legs and knelt up by the fire, stretching out her numbed hands to its warm blaze. "I know—at least, I guessed. That's why I came. Aren't you?"—her voice quivered—"aren't you going to want me any more?"

He stared past her, out of the window, at the grey, wintry sky.

"But, of course, you don't want me." The sudden passion which had trembled in her voice dropped into a note of pathos. "You don't, do you?" she went on wistfully, drawing herself nearer to him and laying a frightened, pleading hand on his knee. "If you only wanted me just a very little bit, just sometimes, I'd—I'd try so hard to make it all up to you. I do love you so. You couldn't do with me as—as a sort of makeshift, could you?"

"Could you? Though I know I'm not really fit to marry you, of course."

"And it seems I'm not fit to marry anyone else," said Blair bitterly.

With a swift, supple movement she nestled against him, her arms clinging round him, her hair brushing his cheek. He could feel her warm young body palpitating against his side.

"Blair, Blair, let me belong to you—oh do let me!"

The shaken girlish voice broke against his lips where her mouth lay yieldingly close beneath them. Half unconsciously his arms went round her. Something within him asked, "Why not?" Wasn't this a way out—a way to put the whole world betwixt himself and Elizabeth, a way in which to save her from herself? If she thought he could go straight from her to Poppy Ridgway, it would surely kill her love for him once and for all. And for him, it would bind him down—bind him securely, so that even should he, in one of those wild, weak moments which come to each one of us, regret the strength of will which had bade him refuse to marry her, he would have put it forever out of his power to undo this one good and decent action.

Moreover, he was terribly miserable and lonely—lonely with that forlorn, "little boy" loneliness which hides itself somewhere in the make-up of every man and reaches out, appealing and dependent, to the mother-instinct in every woman.

"Would it make you very happy, Poppy?" he asked.

"Happy?" Her voice throbbed. "It 'ud be heaven."

A measure of the passion pulsing up in her, communicated itself to him. He held her more closely and his lips moved compassionately against her hair. They were flotsam and jetsam of life, he and she—let them glean what they might of comfort from each other . . .

Some months later Elizabeth heard, casually, from a stranger, of Maitland's marriage to Poppy. Her whole world seemed to crash. . . . It was under such circumstances that she promised to marry Colin.

"I'm not a happy person myself," she told him, "but I might be happier if I felt I were making some one else happy—even a little."

**T**HE months which had elapsed since her marriage had taught Poppy many things—above all, they had taught her that a one-sided love can bring nothing but pain and regret in its train.

Blair was invariably gentleness and kindness itself to her, but gentleness and kindness are a poor substitute for love, and Poppy's passionate young heart was like to break against that deadening kindness of affection. But she never let Blair know it.

Then one day in July he had suggested that they should go back to Lone Edge.

Deep within herself Poppy knew infallibly what lay behind her husband's sudden impulse to go back to Waincliff. Nevertheless she hid her knowledge, and yielded to his wishes. She knew now the whole truth concerning the theft of the pearl necklace, knew, too, why Elizabeth kept silence as to who was really the guilty person.

Within twenty-four hours of the Maitlands' arrival at Lone Edge, the news of Elizabeth's engagement and approaching marriage had filtered through to them by way of the Morriszes, and Poppy felt that yet another link was added to the chain on which her safety hung. Blair had said very little when the news reached them. But after dinner he had shut himself up alone in the panelled room, leaving Poppy to her own devices, and later she had heard him go out.

Suddenly without warning, a jagged flash slanted across the sky, splitting it asunder, followed by a crackling roar of thunder that echoed and re-echoed along the rocky coast. A storm, which had been long a-gathering, broke at last with terrifying fury.

Twelve—one o'clock—half-past! Still the rain was coming down in a pitiless, sheeting downpour, and still Blair had not returned.

But at last she heard steps coming up the drive—the heavy, beaten tread of a man whose nerve and muscle hold no longer any buoyancy on which he can still call.

"Blair," she said, in a thin, reedy voice of terror. "Blair, what's happened to you? Tell me where you've been!"

"I've been to the Abbey—to ask Elizabeth to go away with me," he said, speaking very clearly and deliberately. "And she has refused."

A faint cry, stifled almost before its birth, broke from Poppy's lips. That was all. Blair leaned against the chimney-piece. His hand, gripping its edge, was strained till the knuckles showed bone-white underneath the skin.

"Try to forgive me, Poppy—to understand," he said. "I've behaved like a cur to you. I know all that. But, at least, this is the end. I've come to my senses—learned my lesson at last."

Still she said nothing—only gazed at him with piteous, bewildered eyes. At length:

"Why wouldn't she go with you?" she asked curiously. "She—she must love you."

"Yes, she loves me," he assented. "But she told me: 'I can't go with you and wrong the man I have promised to marry just because I love you.'"

**C**OLIN was pacing slowly up and down the flagged path at Brown-leaves. He had not yet ceased to marvel at the amazing good fortune which had befallen him—befallen a lame dog who had "never expected to be taken any notice of again by sweet and charming people." Suddenly Sarah's brisk voice sounded in his ears: "A lady to see you, sir—Mrs. Maitland."

He looked past the comfortable, middle-aged figure of the old servant to the slender, girlish one of the woman who stood, irresolutely, a few paces behind her.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked, somewhat stiffly, as Sarah retreated to the house.

"Well, I know it sounds very queer, but would you—would you?"—Poppy hesitated, then blurted out the rest of her question with a rush—"would you break off your engagement with Miss Frayne?"

Colin stared at her as though he thought she had taken leave of her senses. Then he froze perceptibly.

"I certainly would not," he replied. Adding, a note of strong indignation in his voice: "I'm afraid I don't quite understand your even asking me such a question."

"No, you wouldn't. Of course you wouldn't," agreed Poppy hastily. "Please don't be angry with me, Mr. Wentworth. It's—it's so difficult to explain. You see, Miss Frayne isn't in love with you—any more than I am. You know she isn't. She's in love with my husband—with Blair."

"Really—" He half-rose from his chair, but she checked him with a gesture.

"M, I know it sounds awful, me talking like this," she [Turn to page 117]

### My Mother Serves the Best Soups

We always have soup at dinner-time. Whatever else we have we never miss that. And such soups! But here's the secret. Mother buys canned soups and she seasons them, just before serving, with one teaspoonful of

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While her master lived Aunt Jemima refused to tell a soul the recipe for her famous pancakes. Only her master and his guests could enjoy their wonderful taste

**F**OR WOMEN who test new recipes from time to time—who are always looking for new ways to rouse interest at table—

A recipe that first won fame when good food meant even more than it does today—down South before the Civil War. A recipe that mammy cooks on many plantations tried in vain to equal. A recipe that has been used and liked by more women than any other in the history of food.

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Today this same recipe has placed Aunt Jemima as one of the great cooks of all time. Countless women are serving light golden-brown pancakes just like her own—using her own ingredients ready-mixed in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

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In less than a minute today, the batter is ready for those famous cakes. *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.*

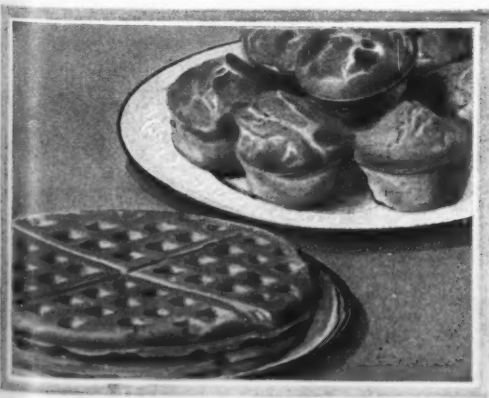
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We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago



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## THE SPANISH BRUNETTE



### THE VENETIAN BLONDE

Red-gold hair with a skin as clear as satin, and delicately brown. Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder and Oriental Pompeian Bloom.



### THE WATTEAU BLONDE

is delicately colored as though she had been sketched on ivory satin. Pale gold hair, and tea-rose skin. Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder and Light tone of Pompeian Bloom.



### THE CELTIC BRUNETTE

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The "effective" girls are those who make you aware of their type! Whatever your type—whether Spanish or fairest Norman, or typical American Beauty—you can add much to your charm by cleverly using a powder and rouge that match the tone of your skin.

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*...do you belong to her type? ... then emphasize your individual coloring with the correct shades of this powder and rouge*

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women because of this perfection. Purity, adherence, and delicate odor are all found in this delightful powder and rouge. But of far greater importance is the fact that you can have Pompeian Beauty Powder in the exact shade for your skin, and Pompeian Bloom in a tone that will blend so naturally with your own coloring as to give the final touch of effectiveness to your type.

The Powder shades are: Nude, Naturelle, Flesh-Pink, Rachel and White. Bloom tones: Medium, Light, Dark, Oriental and Orange.

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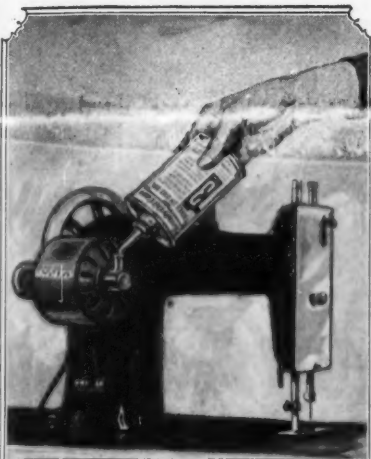
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## THE CANDLES OF THE LORD

[Continued from page 108]

Hannafoord felt a sense of weakness in herself, a deep ache that set her trembling. At a rail across the sandy street she could see the big black horse waiting quietly for his master.

Of all the souls in the lone little place she alone knew him—the man with the bright blue eyes. She alone—and he was here, loose in the town, perhaps bent on Heaven knew what bold errand of crime!

She trembled under the responsibility thrust thus suddenly upon her. She hurried down the stairs and sent the little freckled waitress for the landlord.

"Please," she told the portly man when he arrived, shirt-sleeved and perspiring, "please send for the sheriff. I wish to speak to him alone. I'll be waiting in the parlor."

She stood in the tawdry room, her hands gripped tight on a chair-back—and then she heard them coming, booted feet on bare boards, and the landlord was saying wonderingly, "... seems all upset. Wanted t' see you alone. Go on in, Tommy."

The Sheriff!

She opened her mouth, but no sound came from it. Her hands on the chair-back shone white around the knuckles.

"You sent for me, madam?" he asked quietly, and she marvelled at the softness of his voice.

Phoebe Hannafoord bit down upon her lip which had an absurd tendency to quiver. What could she say? What could she do in the face of such a situation?

As she gazed at him like one athirst, her mouth a trifle open, her wide brown eyes suddenly filled with tears, and she put her hands over her face.

"I—" she said, weeping, "I—sent—No, sir, . . . I have nothing to say to you now."

A heavy silence came in the room, broken only by the long breaths which sighed across her lips. Then the man laid down his hat and put his hand on her wrist.

"Please," he said distressedly, "please don't cry like that. If there is anything on earth I can do for you, tell me, and I'll do it."

She had a wild desire to cry. "Come back to decency—to safety—to the common plane of honest folks!" but she shook her head and moved away from him toward the door.

She stumbled up the flimsy stairs and flinging herself on her bed, cried as she had never cried in her life.

"What say, Tommy?" asked the landlord. "What'd she want of th' Sheriff?"

"Nothing, so far as I could find out, Pete," said the sheriff in the shadows of the porch below. "I think she's upset about that incident a week ago. Better send your wife up to comfort her."

And that was the attitude they took concerning her. One and all the personnel of the humble place extended to her a kindness and consideration which was touching in its wholesome simplicity. The sheriff brought her in a huge armful of yucca spikes fragrant as the winds of Heaven.

At their advent she was filled with a wide confusion, a trembling sense of ecstasy and guilt. She saw him twice in the week that followed, once at early breakfast in the dining-room, and again on the desert's edge where she had gone to walk in the twilight.

He was coming in again from some far ride on the big black horse, and once again he stopped beside her to smile down with the crinkling of eyes and cheeks, the lighting of the spirit behind his thin face.

The man swung from his saddle and stood beside her in the dusk.

"Are you afraid now?" he asked her.

"Are you more happy in our land?"

"No," she said, "I'm not afraid—and I am not happy."

"Why are you not happy?"

"I—cannot tell you."

"Forgive me. I should not have asked that. Many people bring their sorrows West."

"I did not bring mine!" she cried passionately. "I found it here!"

"Can't you tell me?" he asked in a low voice. "I—would like to know."

"No," she said. "No—oh, no!"

"You," he said presently, "are too—sweet a woman"—there was a diffidence

in his speech, a hesitation at the personal touch, "to be unhappy. I—wish I could help you. Did you like the yucca blooms?"

"Loved them!" she cried instantly. "I have them still."

"They grow abundantly in this hard land," he went on, "standing straight and beautiful in sand and sun, a touch of sweetness for a people starved for flowers. The Mission Indians used to call them the Candles of the Lord. There's a superstition that they light the way for uncertain feet."

A long silence fell and deepened. Phoebe Hannafoord stirred on her feet.

"Shall we—shall we go back?" she said desperately, and as the man moved she fell into step beside him.

So they walked together for the first enchanted time, and before she knew it his hands had closed on her fingers. They did not speak again, and at the edge of the mesquite the man halted and bending suddenly kissed her.

Next day she trembled at every booted step, but he was nowhere to be seen. She heard a little guarded speech among the men concerning the robbers and the chance of catching them, at which she lost her appetite completely. A week passed, and it seemed no such man as Sheriff Tom had ever come to the lone little town.

And then a dirty Mexican rode in and brought her five huge spikes of yucca. There was a bit of paper, none too clean itself, tied to one of them, on which was scrawled in pencil the words, "Dear Woman, maybe these lights of the desert will show you a way out of that unhappiness."

Time dragged after that. And then, in the end of the second month, the desperate small drama snapped to a climax. It was twilight, as it ever seemed to be when romance rode abroad, and Phoebe Hannafoord, coming through the little hall toward the hotel porch, heard a man cry sharply, "By thunder, boys, here's Sheriff Tom—'an' he's got his man!"

Straight in his saddle as ever, he yet rode with a different look, as if he did so with an effort, and if his horse was poor, he was a scarecrow.

Yearning and pitiful, Phoebe Hannafoord gazed upon him. She scarcely saw the man who rode before him on a tired horse, save to note the gleam of nickel on his wrists where the late light struck.

Then these two, come in from none knew what wild and tragic chase and capture, shuffled to a stop before the hotel steps. In silence they dismounted.

"Well," said landlord Pete, "you got yer bird, Tom—good fer—"

The words hung aborted on his lips as both newcomers looked up.

Face for face, form for form, feature for feature, they were the same!

Sheriff Tom broke the silence.

"Yes," he said dully; "I got him."

Next moment Phoebe Hannafoord had run down three steps and flung herself passionately against him.

"You!" she gasped hysterically. "You—and him! I thought—you were he!"

Tired as he was, and sad, the sheriff smiled, put a dusty arm about her.

"Yes?" he helped her gently.

"The train that day—I sent for you—the sheriff—to tell about you—when I met you on the road that first time—and then I—I could not tell!"

"Yes? You couldn't tell me—on myself?"

Phoebe nodded. "The—Candles of the Lord," she said miserably. "I thought—I hoped—maybe some day—across the Border—we might . . ."

The sheriff put his hand behind her head and shut her babbling mouth against his breast.

"Pete," he said quietly, "will you and Bill and Constable John take the prisoner in and give him a good square meal? He's pretty tired—and, after all, you see, he's my twin brother. Go on in, Ted. I'll see you a little later."

Then, with his arm still about her, he turned the woman's steps out toward the mesquite, where the dim road ran from the town and the little wind came blowing up from the south, laden with the breath of yucca blooms.

Tired to exhaustion, but faithful as its master's shadow the big horse plodded after.

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## YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[Continued from page 27]

put in prison?"

"It is quite true that I was in prison—and for stealing a pearl necklace."

In the sickening silence which followed, involuntarily she drew away from the man standing so rigidly beside her.

"Then you've been living a lie," she said slowly, the words seeming almost to be forced through her lips, so difficultly did they come. "You've deceived me—utterly, all this time. Oh, Blair!"—his name broke from her like a cry. "If you'd only told me—trusted me! . . . I could have forgiven it all."

"And now? You don't love me any longer, I suppose? Is that it?"

"Oh, yes, I love you, I suppose," she went on tonelessly, "I shall always love you. I can't help that."

He made impetuous, eager steps towards her.

"Then why—why can't you forgive me? . . . Heaven knows I've repented that mad act of mine bitterly enough!"

"I can forgive—I could have forgiven—what you did all those years ago. But, don't you see, what I can't forgive is that you never told me—never trusted me . . . That was a sin against our love."

She twisted her hands together painfully. "Don't you see, if I'd only known, if you'd only told me, I could have stood by you, told Candy I didn't care about the past—that I trusted you . . . But you've deceived me, left me in ignorance of what my love for you gave me the right to know."

Presently, lifting her eyes to his face, she went on: "I don't think there's anything else to say, Blair, except just—good-by." Blindly she turned and walked towards the door.

CHRISTMAS was over, and with the early days of the new year it seemed as though fresh thoughts were springing to life in Elizabeth's mind—pushing their way through the hardened, arid convictions which had lain like iron on her heart. The thing which had hurt her most was what seemed to her Blair's utter lack of trust in her. He should have told her—that thought reiterated through her mind. But perhaps he had not told her simply because he had not been guilty of any crime, yet, since he had been actually imprisoned for theft, he could not deny the fact when Frayne challenged him with it.

Elizabeth knew that, though rare, such things did sometimes occur as that people were wrongfully imprisoned—miscarriages of justice they were called. The only thing that puzzled her was why Blair had not attempted to explain matters to Candy—told him frankly that justice had miscarried. Was it pride?

Elizabeth's mind, working ceaselessly on the problem, pushing onward step by step, spurred by the love that longed to justify her lover, lit at last upon a possible solution of the riddle. He must be shielding some one else! The more she thought of it the more convinced she became that this was the truth which lay behind his silence.

She had developed a habit of taking long constitutional, and only she herself knew how often on her return from the Abbey she made a detour which took her past Lone Edge.

There was a certain gateway which she always passed, and today, she paused there as usual, and leaning her arms on the topmost bar, looked over towards the beloved and lonely house on the edge of the cliff, while her thoughts travelled back across the few weeks of intense and utter happiness that had been hers.

And then, looking up, she saw him coming towards her, coming across the field at the entrance to which she was standing. His face had altered. It was still leaner than its wont, lined and haggard as though from sleepless nights, and beneath the dark, straight brows the blue eyes were feverishly bright. Elizabeth felt her heart beat suffocatingly. It was almost like a physical hurt to see him so altered. Unconsciously she stretched out her hands towards him.

"Blair—" It was hardly more than a thread of sound, a mere gasped-out whisper.

But he heard it, and stopped in his tracks as though shot. Then, his glance

leaping towards the place whence that faint utterance of his name had seemed to come, he saw her. In two strides he was at her side, and had taken her in his arms, holding her as though he would never let her go.

"Oh, Blair, and you don't hate me after all?" At last Elizabeth had drawn herself partially out of his arms, and half smiling, half tearful, put her question.

"Hate you?" He laughed triumphantly. "It looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Well, I think you'd have every right to," she said, after a brief interval during which conversation was out of the question. "I've been a fool. I can't think what ever made me believe all those ridiculous things about you!"

The laughter died suddenly out of his eyes. "Ridiculous?" he repeated. "Unfortunately, they are as true today as they were when you first heard them—as they have been all these years," he added bitterly.

"I dare say they are," she replied composedly. "But"—looking up at him with eyes that shone with a secret fire of joy—"how true have they ever been?"

He hesitated. "What do you mean? I don't quite understand."

"Don't you?" Still the smile lingered in her eyes. "Then, as your intelligence is so limited, darling, I shall have to explain. I don't believe that you ever stole any pearls at all."

"I don't know what put that idea into your head," he said quietly. "I'm sorry to have to deceive you. I was imprisoned for that offense and none other."

"Still I don't believe you were ever a thief," replied Elizabeth. "I did, at first—because you didn't seem able to deny it. I must have been mad, I think. But now I've come to my senses, and your not denying it isn't enough. I shall never believe that you stole anything from anybody unless you tell me that you did. Can you tell me that, Blair?"

Again he sought to evade the clear, questioning grey eyes. "I can't deny it," he said. "I never have denied it."

"Then will you say: 'I was guilty of theft?'" she persisted. "Look at me and say that—and on your soul be it if you lie to me, Blair! I couldn't forgive that." The young, impassioned voice ceased. His eyes came slowly back to her face and for a long moment they stood gazing at each other in silence. Then, in dogged, beaten tones, he answered her.

"No. I can't say that." "I knew it! Oh, Blair, how could I have been so mad as to believe it for one second! I shall never forgive myself . . . So you'll have to forgive me instead. Will you?—Can you?"

"Can I?" With a sudden inarticulate cry he snatched her up in his arms.

At last, a little pale and spent with the tide of rapture which had swept her, Elizabeth drew herself slowly and reluctantly out of his embrace. "And now," she said, "tell me—everything, Blair. I've the right to know."

"I suppose you have," he admitted. "Well, it's a short enough story. I wasn't the thief, as you've guessed. A woman, whom I imagined myself in love with at the time, had taken the pearls—and even she, poor thing, wasn't quite a deliberate thief. The detectives rounded us all up immediately after she'd handed the necklace over to me, and from that moment until the end they never let either of us out of their sight."

"And it was found—on you?" asked Elizabeth in a hushed voice of horror.

Maitland gave a short laugh. "No, it wasn't actually found on me. I saved myself the indignity of being searched, when it came to my turn, by handing it over."

"And then? What happened after that?" "What happened after? Why, the inevitable, of course. I paid the usual penalty of taking what doesn't belong to you."

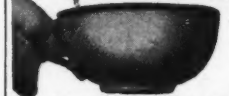
"Well, but—" Elizabeth looked bewildered. "But what was the woman doing all the while—the woman who had really taken the necklace?"

"Thanking her lucky stars that she had transferred it to me in the nick of time, I should imagine," he answered grimly.

"But now, after all this time, couldn't you tell the whole [Turn to page 113]



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# YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[Continued from page 112]

truth of the story?"

"No. The woman concerned in it is still alive. She's happily married, moreover, and, having shielded her at the time, I must in plain honor abide by the consequences."

"I can't agree. You gave up too much. But even so, it doesn't matter to me whether you've been in prison or not." Elizabeth looked up at him with a tender, tremulous smile. "I want to marry you, please, Blair."

"My dear—" He bent his head suddenly and kissed her small clasped hands. "You're more wonderful than I thought any woman could be. It's incredible! That you should be willing—I shall have that always to remember . . . But I can't let you. My lips are sealed—now and always."

"But mine are not!" she retorted triumphantly. "If you won't clear yourself, some one else must clear you. And I know that Candy will. If I tell him just what you've told me—"

"You can't do that." His reply came swiftly. "That is the one thing in the world which you cannot do. Because, don't you see, he'd want to know the woman's name, the whole circumstances, every detail."

"Then tell it to him," she besought.

"No, you can't do that. Believe me, it's utterly impossible."

"But why? Give me some reason!" she exclaimed desperately.

"Then, if you will have it," he said, slowly and unwillingly, "the woman—only a mere girl, then—was Violet."

"Violet?"

"Yes. Now do you see how impossible—how utterly impossible it is to clear me in your father's eyes?"

Elizabeth stared at him strickenly. "Violet!" she repeated mutteringly, beneath her breath. "Violet!"

She stood motionless, feeling as though she had received some stunning blow which had robbed her of all power of movement.

Violet—on whom depended the whole of Candy's happiness in life! If Violet were shown up, proved to be what she actually was, then for the second time Candy must be thrust down into the depths, be robbed of the faith and belief which he had slowly and painfully built up on the ruins of his early life. And if Violet were still to be shielded—then Elizabeth's own happiness must be flung into the balance.

At all costs, even at the price of her own happiness and Blair's, Candy's faith in Violet must be preserved. Hers could not be the hand to pull down his idol and lay his world again in ruins. Nor could there be any real happiness for her if it must needs be built up on the wreckage of her father's life . . . There was no choice.

From somewhere out of the dim recesses of memory a couple of lines forced themselves into the forefront of her mind:

"YESTERDAY This Day's Madness did prepare:  
TOMORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair."

She did not know whether it was only minutes—or hours—that passed before she came back to a recognition of Blair's tortured face staring down into hers. "You see?" he was saying thickly. "You see?"

She nodded. "Yes," she answered in a queer stiff voice that seemed to drag itself slowly out of her dry throat. "Yes . . . I see . . . Violet." She stretched out her hand as though to ward him off. "Will you go?" she said. "Please go, Blair." Then, rather wildly: "I—I can't bear it if you don't go—quickly."

BLAIR was conscious of an intense weariness. On this, the last of the three nightmare days which had dragged by since his final parting from Elizabeth, it had been only by sheer, dogged force of will that he had contrived to attend to all the details attendant upon the shutting up of Lone Edge. And now that it was over, he flung himself down in a big armchair and in a few minutes he had fallen into the heavy, dreamless slumber of utter fatigue. [Turn to page 114]



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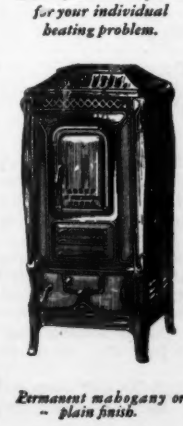
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## YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[Continued from page 113]

He awoke to the consciousness of another presence in the room and sat up abruptly in his chair. In front of him on the hearthrug, sitting cross-legged about a yard away from his feet, he discovered Poppy Ridgway.

"What are you doing here?" he asked bluntly. "Who let you into the house?"

"No one. I came in through the studio—some one had left the door open."

"And what do you want here? You know I'm in London again now—I only came back just to pack up some things."

She nodded. Then slowly she uncrossed her legs and knelt up by the fire, stretching out her numbed hands to its warm blaze. "I know—at least, I guessed. That's why I came. Aren't you?"—her voice quivered—"aren't you going to want me any more?"

He stared past her, out of the window, at the grey, wintry sky.

"But, of course, you don't want me." The sudden passion which had trembled in her voice dropped into a note of pathos.

"You don't, do you?" she went on wistfully, drawing herself nearer to him and laying a frightened, pleading hand on his knee.

"If you only wanted me just a very little bit, just sometimes, I'd—I'd try so hard to make it all up to you. I do love you so. You couldn't do with me as—as a sort of makeshift, could you?"

"Could you? Though I know I'm not really fit to marry you, of course."

"And it seems I'm not fit to marry anyone else," said Blair bitterly.

With a swift, supple movement she nestled against him, her arms clinging round him, her hair brushing his cheek. He could feel her warm young body palpitating against his side.

"Blair, Blair, let me belong to you—oh do let me!"

The shaken girlish voice broke against his lips where her mouth lay yieldingly close beneath them. Half unconsciously his arms went round her. Something within him asked, "Why not?" Wasn't this a way out—a way to put the whole world between himself and Elizabeth, a way in which to save her from herself? If she thought he could go straight from her to Poppy Ridgway, it would surely kill her love for him once and for all. And for him, it would bind him down—bind him securely, so that even should he, in one of those wild, weak moments which come to each one of us, regret the strength of will which had bade him refuse to marry her, he would have put it forever out of his power to undo this one good and decent action.

Moreover, he was terribly miserable and lonely—lonely with that forlorn, "little boy" loneliness which hides itself somewhere in the make-up of every man and reaches out, appealing and dependent, to the mother-instinct in every woman.

"Would it make you very happy, Poppy?" he asked.

"Happy?" Her voice throbbed. "It 'ud be heaven."

A measure of the passion pulsing up in her, communicated itself to him. He held her more closely and his lips moved compassionately against her hair. They were flotsam and jetsam of life, he and she—let them glean what they might of comfort from each other.

Some months later Elizabeth heard, casually, from a stranger, of Maitland's marriage to Poppy. Her whole world seemed to crash. . . . It was under such circumstances that she promised to marry Colin.

"I'm not a happy person myself," she told him, "but I might be happier if I felt I were making some one else happy—even a little."

THE months which had elapsed since their marriage had taught Poppy many things—above all, they had taught her that a one-sided love can bring nothing but pain and regret in its train.

Blair was invariably gentleness and kindness itself to her, but gentleness and kindness are a poor substitute for love, and Poppy's passionate young heart was like to break against that deadening kindness of affection. But she never let Blair know it.

Then one day in July he had suggested that they should go back to Lone Edge.

Deep within herself Poppy knew infallibly what lay behind her husband's sudden impulse to go back to Waincliff. Nevertheless she hid her knowledge, and yielded to his wishes. She knew now the whole truth concerning the theft of the pearl necklace, knew, too, why Elizabeth kept silence as to who was really the guilty person.

Within twenty-four hours of the Maitlands' arrival at Lone Edge, the news of Elizabeth's engagement and approaching marriage had filtered through to them by way of the Morriszes, and Poppy felt that yet another link was added to the chain on which her safety hung. Blair had said very little when the news reached them. But after dinner he had shut himself up alone in the panelled room, leaving Poppy to her own devices, and later she had heard him go out.

Suddenly without warning, a jagged flash slanted across the sky, splitting it asunder, followed by a crackling roar of thunder that echoed and re-echoed along the rocky coast. A storm, which had been long a-gathering, broke at last with terrifying fury.

Twelve—one o'clock—half-past! Still the rain was coming down in a pitiless, sheeting downpour, and still Blair had not returned.

But at last she heard steps coming up the drive—the heavy, beaten tread of a man whose nerve and muscle hold no longer any buoyancy on which he can still call.

"Blair," she said, in a thin, reedy voice of terror. "Blair, what's happened to you? Tell me where you've been!"

"I've been to the Abbey—to ask Elizabeth to go away with me," he said, speaking very clearly and deliberately. "And she has refused."

A faint cry, stifled almost before its birth, broke from Poppy's lips. That was all. Blair leaned against the chimney-piece. His hand, gripping its edge, was strained till the knuckles showed bone-white underneath the skin.

"Try to forgive me, Poppy—to understand," he said. "I've behaved like a cur to you. I know all that. But, at least, this is the end. I've come to my senses—learned my lesson at last."

Still she said nothing—only gazed at him with piteous, bewildered eyes. At length:

"Why wouldn't she go with you?" she asked curiously. "She—she must love you."

"Yes, she loves me," he assented. "But she told me: 'I can't go with you and wrong the man I have promised to marry just because I love you.'"

COLIN was pacing slowly up and down the flagged path at Brown-leaves. He had not yet ceased to marvel at the amazing good fortune which had befallen him—befallen a lame dog who had "never expected to be taken any notice of again by sweet and charming people."

Suddenly Sarah's brisk voice sounded in his ears: "A lady to see you, sir—Mrs. Maitland."

He looked past the comfortable, middle-aged figure of the old servant to the slender, girlish one of the woman who stood, irresolutely, a few paces behind her.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked, somewhat stiffly, as Sarah retreated to the house.

"Well, I know it sounds very queer, but would you—would you?"—Poppy hesitated, then blurted out the rest of her question with a rush—"would you break off your engagement with Miss Frayne?"

Colin stared at her as though he thought she had taken leave of her senses. Then he froze perceptibly.

"I certainly would not," he replied. Adding, a note of strong indignation in his voice: "I'm afraid I don't quite understand your even asking me such a question."

"No, you wouldn't. Of course you wouldn't," agreed Poppy hastily. "Please don't be angry with me, Mr. Wentworth. It's—it's so difficult to explain. You see, Miss Frayne isn't in love with you—any more than I am. You know she isn't. She's in love with my husband—with Blair."

"Really—" He half-rose from his chair, but she checked him with a gesture.

"M, I know it sounds awful, me talking like this," she [Turn to page 117]

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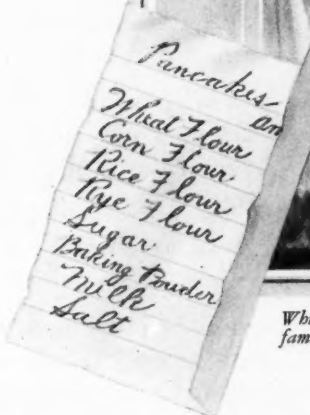
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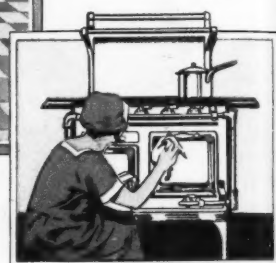
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## YESTERDAY'S HARVEST

[Continued from page 114]

said quickly. "But it's true, what I'm saying, all the same."

She drew a deep breath. Then, somehow, she tumbled it all out, the whole story of Blair's and Elizabeth's love for each other, and of how, when his engagement was broken off, Blair had married his model on a wild and reckless impulse.

"It was my fault," explained Poppy, in a low, shamed voice. "I know what I did. I played Delilah on him, just when he was all weak-like and wantin' to be comforted. That's how I got him to marry me—like lots of women do get men. . . . But I'd let him go, now, gladly, if he could marry Miss Frayne. It—it makes me ache all over to see him so unhappy." She paused. "Mr. Wentworth, doesn't it make you ache like that, sometimes—thinking of her?"

The direct question went straight to the truth. "Yes," he said quietly, "it does."

"Then wouldn't you give her up—so's she could marry Blair?"

"But if I did," he answered slowly, "if I did, Blair and Elizabeth are no nearer happiness. They can't marry."

"'Cos of me, you mean?" she flashed back swiftly. Then, as he nodded assent, she went on rapidly: "Oh, Blair could get rid of me easy enough. I'd let him divorce me."

Colin stared at her incredulously. "But even then," he objected, "Elizabeth's father would never give his consent to her marrying Maitland. There are reasons."

Poppy tossed her head scornfully. "Oh, I can settle that," she asserted. "Maybe it won't all happen just at once. But if I straighten my part out, will you do yours—when the time comes?"

"I promise," said Colin quietly.

Suddenly Poppy's face puckered up and a few big, unruly tears stole down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry," she said confusedly. "I—I—" Then, her voice breaking hopelessly on an uncontrollable sob, she sprang up and fled away from him, along the flagged path that led to the house.

But it was a very different Poppy from the tender-hearted child weeping over Colin's sacrifice who, barely an hour later, faced Violet Frayne in the privacy of the latter's own particular sanctum at the Abbey.

Violet broke down completely, and recognizing that she was utterly in the girl's hands, flung herself on her mercy.

"You won't tell my husband, will you?" she implored wildly. "Promise me you won't! It can't make any difference to you. Promise you won't tell him."

"No, I won't tell him," replied Poppy. "Because I promised Blair I wouldn't. But you've got to tell him."

"I?" Violet gazed at her blankly.

"I'll give you two days to do it in," Poppy told her. "If you haven't confessed by then, I'll break my sworn word to Blair and I shall tell Mr. Frayne. But I'll give you the chance of telling him yourself. You'd better do it—he'll forgive you quicker that way."

BLAIR laid down the letter he had just received and stared blankly in front of him. He felt bewildered. After all these years—to be suddenly cleared, vindicated!

Candy had written on the same day that his wife had made her confession to him—written straightly and courageously. The discovery of the part played by his wife had called for all Frayne's courage. Candy, the one-time hasty, unforgiving, and passionately proud, had been more compassionate than even Violet could ever have believed possible.

Blair sat very quietly in his chair, absently fingering the letter which contained his vindication. It had come too late. It was thus that Poppy found him when, quarter of an hour later, she came quietly into the room. "I've had a letter," he said slowly. "From Frayne." In a few brief words he told her the contents of Candy's letter.

"Oh, Blair," she exclaimed, "d'you think I'm not glad—glad that you're cleared at last? But I want you to have more than that." With a quick, impulsive movement she flung herself down on her knees beside him. "I want you to be happy—really happy, like you would have

been if you'd married Miss Frayne in the beginning, 'stead of me. . . . I know why you married me—just out of pity and because you were so miserable. I never ought to have let you. No—" as he tried to check her. "You must listen to me. You've got to divorce me."

"Divorce you? You must be mad! Don't think that I don't realize what you're offering. But I've learnt—Elizabeth has taught me—that you can't snatch happiness at some one else's expense—not even if the other person is willing to pay. And so I can't take what you offer."

"Then you absolutely refuse to divorce me?" said Poppy.

"Absolutely."

Poppy lifted her face, and as he stooped to kiss her and felt the sudden passionate clinging of her hands round his, he made an inward vow to give her back in affection and friendship and service, something of all that this child had given and been willing to give to him.

A THIN rain was falling as Jack Sutherland returned from visiting a patient whose lonely cottage stood close to the shore a couple of miles beyond Wain Scar.

Almost unconsciously, his glance kept traveling upwards towards Lone Edge. The house loomed desolately bleak and bare against the laden evening sky. Then he caught sight of something moving against the dusky grey of the background, and discerned that it was the figure of a woman. She came out onto the terrace, and by the slenderness of her silhouette, and the red frock which he recognized as one she had worn, he knew that it must be Poppy. She had descended to the ledge which jutted out far below the terrace and was standing with her clasped hands resting on the light hand-rail which protected it. Her face was turned wistfully seaward.

Suddenly, through the wind and rain came a faint, thin scream, and something—a slender blur of scarlet—hurtled down the grey face of the cliff. For the fraction of a second Sutherland stood horror-stricken. Then he started to run, his heart pounding in his side.

Poppy was still alive when he reached her, but a few moments sufficed to tell him that her back was broken. He knelt beside her, looking down pitifully at the white, unconscious face—child's face. And presently her eyes opened and stared tragically up at him.

A mere thread of voice crept from between her lips. "Don't say I've spoiled it. I've spoiled most things."

Then oblivion came down on her again. After a few minutes her eyelids quivered up once more and a gleam of recognition flickered across her face.

"You'll tell folks . . . it was an accident . . . I caught my foot, doctor—"

And Sutherland, in whom so many confidences had been reposed, took this one more secret and kept it in his heart, to be shared, later on, only with the man and woman who alone had the right to share it.

"That was her gift to you," he told them quietly, when, stricken with grief and pity, they hesitated to cross the threshold of that door which Poppy's death had opened to them. "Your happiness. If you don't take it, you're making of what she did an empty sacrifice—you're throwing her life away . . . Poppy didn't throw away her life—she gave it."

And suddenly it seemed to Blair that a white light shone through the darkness which had encompassed them—the white light of love and splendid sacrifice, and he realized that for him and for Elizabeth happiness had grown out of pain and renunciation, as the dawn grows out of the dark. He turned to her with questioning eyes, to read in the tender serenity of her face that she, too, had understood.

To both of them, as they stood at last together in that sunlit freedom which had been the final gift of the woman who had so much loved, came the memory of words uttered by One Who knew to the uttermost the big values of love and life and death, One Who, understanding all, would forgive all: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

[THE END]

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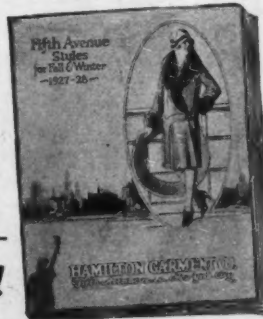
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# SAPOLIO



## FAIRY KIST

[Continued from page 14]

in this village. Then Jimmy said that, on general principles, Ellen deserved anything she got. He'd done with her. He told us a few details (some girl must have given her away) but the point he kept coming back to, was that they had parted in 'high dungeon.' He repeated that a dozen times. Nicol let him run on, and when the boy was quite dressed, he said: 'Well, you may as well come on up-street an' look at her. She don't bear you any malice now.' Jimmy came down, jumpy as a cat, and, when we were going through the Cup o' Grapes yard, Nicol unlocked the garage and pushed him in. Her face hadn't been covered either.

"Drastic!" said Burges shivering. "It was, Jimmy went off the handle at once; and Nicol kept patting him on the back and saying: 'That's all right. I'll go bail you didn't do it.' At the Inquest, Jimmy accounted for every minute of his time. He'd left Ellen under Channet's Ash, telling her what he thought of her over his shoulder for a quarter of a mile down the lane (that's what 'high dungeon' meant in their language). Luckily, two or three of the girls and his fellow-bloods of the village had heard 'em. After that, he'd gone to the Cup o' Grapes, filled himself up, and told everybody his grievances against Ellen till closing-time."

"What about the trowel?" said McKnight, who is a notable gardener.

"It was a most vital clue of course, because it explained the *modus operandi*. The punch—from the handle, they said—had been delivered through her back hair, with just enough strength to do the job and no more. I couldn't have operated as neatly myself. The Police took the trowel, but they couldn't trace it to anyone somehow. Then the Huish poisoning case happened up in the North; and the reporters had to run off and take charge of it. What did your pig-man say about 'em, Will?"

"Oh, Griffiths said: 'Twas Gawd's Own Mercy those young gen'lemen didn't ave 'all of us 'ung before they left. They were that energetic.'"

"They were," said Keede. "That's why I kept back my evidence. Well—now for my little bit. I'd come down that Saturday night to spend the week-end with Will here; and I couldn't get in till late. It was raining hard, and the car skidded like sin. Just as I turned off the London Road into the lane under Channet's Ash, my lights picked up a motor-bike lying against the bank where they found Ellen, and I saw a man bending over a woman up the bank. I called out: 'Anything wrong? Can I help?' The man said: 'No thanks. We're all right;' or words to that effect, and I went on. But the byke's letters happened to be my own initials, and its number was the year I was born in. I wasn't likely to forget 'em, you see."

"You told the Police?" said McKnight severely.

"Took 'em into my confidence at once, Sandy," Keede replied. "There was a Sergeant, Sydenham way, that I'd been treating for Salomika fever. I told him I was afraid I'd brushed a motor-bike at night coming up into West Wickham, on one of those blind bends up the hill, and I'd be glad to know I hadn't hurt him. He gave me what I wanted in twenty-four hours. The byke belonged to one Henry Wollin—of independent means—livin' near Mitcham."

"But West Wickham isn't in Berkshire—nor is Mitcham," McKnight began.

"Here's a funny thing," Keede went on, without noticing. "Most men and nearly all women commit murder single-handed; but no man likes to go man-hunting alone. Primitive instinct, I suppose. That's why I lugged Will into the Sherlock Holmes business. I persuaded him that we'd call upon Master Wollin and apologize—as penitent motorists—and we went off to Mitcham in my two-seater. Wollin had a very nice little detached villa down there. The old woman—his housekeeper—who let us in was West Country, talkin' as broad as a pat o' butter. She took us through the hall to Wollin, planting bulbs in his back garden."

"He was a big, strong, darkish chap—middle aged—wide as a bull between the eyes—no beauty, and evidently had been a very sick man. Will [Turn to page 119]

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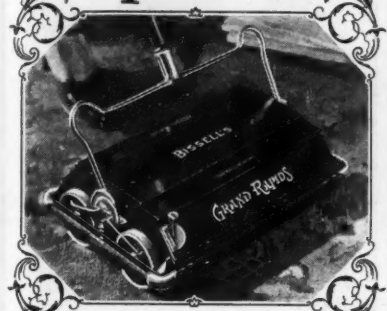
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## FAIRY KIST

[Continued from page 118]

and I apologized to him, and he began to lie at once. He said he'd been at West Wickham at the time (on the night of the murder, you know) and he remembered dodging out of the way of a car."

"Ye mean," said McKnight, suddenly enlightened, "that he was committing the murder here in Berkshire on the night that he told you he was in West Wickham, which is in Kent."

"Which is in Kent. Thank you. It is. And we went on talking about that West Wickham hill, till he mentioned he'd been in the war, and that gave me my chance to talk. And he was an enthusiastic gardener, he said, and that let Will in. Then we had a drink in his study. Then the fun began. There were four pictures on the wall."

"Prints—prints," Lemming corrected professionally. "Sandy, you remember those four 'Apostles' that I sold you last Christmas?"

"I have my counterfoil yet," was the dry answer.

"What sort of prints were they?" Burges demanded.

The moon-like face of Alexander McKnight, lit with devout rapture. "The first," said he, "was the draped one of Ray—the greatest o' them all. Next, one French print o' Morrison when he was with the Duke of Orleans at Blois; third, the Leyden print of Grew in his youth, and, fourth, that wretched Oxford print o' Hales. The whole Apostolic succession o' them."

"I never knew Morrison laid out links in France!" I said.

"Links! Links! Did ye think those four were gowfers, then?"

"Wasn't old Tom Morrison a great golfer?" I ventured.

McKnight turned on me with utter scorn. "Those prints—" he began. "But ye'd not understand. They were—we'll say they were just pictures o' some gardeners I happened to be interested in."

Keede went on again. "After Will had talked the usual buyer's talk, Wollin seemed quite willing to part with 'em, and we arranged we'd call again and complete the deal. Will gave Wollin his card, and we left. We hadn't gone a couple of miles when Will discovered that he'd given Wollin his personal card—not his business one—with his private address in Berkshire! The murder about ten days old, and the papers still stinkin' with it! I think I told you at the time, you were a fool, Will?"

"You did. I never saw how I came to make the mistake. These cards are different sizes, too," poor Lemming said.

"No, we were not a success as man-hunters," Keede laughed. "But Will and I had to call again, of course, to settle the sale. That was a week later. And this time, of course, Wollin—not being as big a fool as Will—had hopped it, and left no address. The old lady said he was given to going off for weeks at a time in that way. That hung us up but to do Will justice, which I don't often, he saved the situation by saying he wanted to look at the prints again. The old lady was agreeable—rather forthcomin' in fact. She let us into the study, had the prints down and asked if we'd like some tea. While she was getting it and Will was hanging over the prints, thinking how much he could stick Sandy for, I looked round the room. There was a cupboard, half open, full of tools, and on top of 'em a quite new—what did you say it was, Will?—fern-trowel. Same pattern as the one that Nicol found by Ellen's head. Then the old lady came back and I made up to her. Well, she expanded (they all do with me) and, like patients, she wanted advice gratis. So I gave it. Then she began talking about Wollin. She'd been his nurse, I fancy. She said he'd been wounded and gassed and gangrened in the war, and after that—Oh, she worked up to it beautifully—he'd been practically off his head. She called it 'fairy-kissed'."

"That's pretty—very pretty," said Burges.

"Meaning he'd been kissed by the fairies?" McKnight enquired.

"It would appear so, Sandy. I'd never heard the word before. West Country, I suppose. Everywhere she said squared with my own theories up [Turn to page 120]



PLAQUE  
See LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, page 7



VASE  
See LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, page 11



JEWEL CASE  
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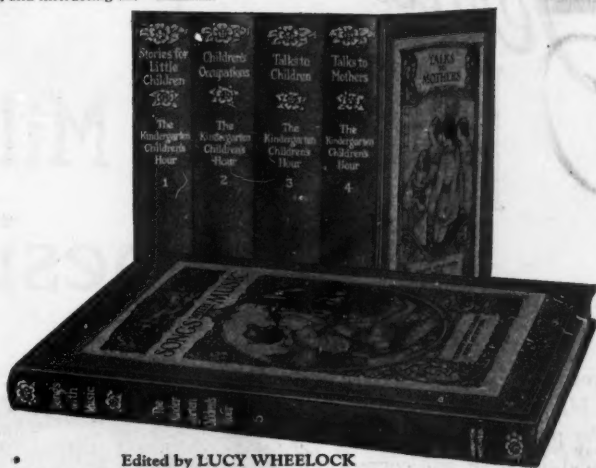
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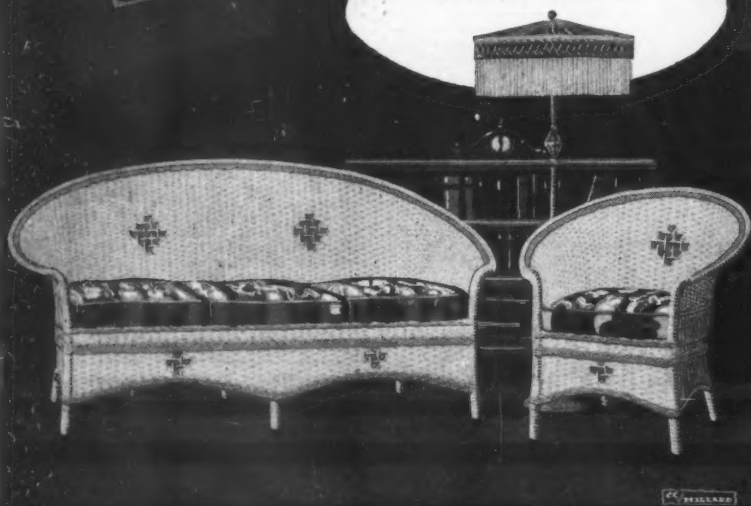
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## FAIRY KIST

[Continued from page 119]

to date. Wollin was on the break of life, and given wounds, gas and gangrene just at that crisis, why anything—Jack the Ripperism or religious mania—might come uppermost.

"Will and I went away, and we talked over the fern-trowel and so forth, and we both agreed we ought to release our evidence. There, somehow, we stuck. Man-huntin's a dirty job. So we compromised. I knew a fellow in the C. I. D. who thought he had a floating kidney, and we decided to put the matter before him. He had to go North, though, and he wrote he couldn't see us before the Tuesday of next week. This would be three or four weeks after the murder. I came down here again that week-end, to stay with Will, and on Saturday night Will and I went to his study to put the finishing touches on our evidence. And then, Will's housemaid shot into the study with Nicol after her, and Jimmy Tigner after him!"

"Luckily, my wife was up in town at the time," said Lemming. "They all shouted at once, too."

"They did!" said Keede. "Nicol shouted loudest, though. He was plastered with mud, waving what was left of his helmet, and Jimmy was in hysterics. Nicol yelled: 'Look at me! Look at this! It's all right! Look at me! I've got it!' He had got it, too. It came out, when they had quieted down, that he'd been walking with Jimmy in the lane by Channet's Ash. Hearing a lorry behind 'em they stepped up onto that path on the bank (I told you about it). It was a contractor's lorry—Higbee and Norton—with two girders for some new shops on the London Road. Well, these girders had been chucked in anyhow onto a brick-lorry with a tailboard. Instead of slopin' forward, they cocked up backwards like a pheasant's tail, sticking up high and overhanging. Do you see?"

So far we could see nothing clearly. Keede made it plainer.

"Nicol said he went up the bank first—Jimmy behind him—and after a few steps he found his helmet knocked off. If he'd been a foot higher up the bank, his head 'ud have gone. The lorry skidded on the tar of the London Road, as it turned into it left-handed—her tail swung to the right, and the girders swinging round with it, just missed braining Nicol up the bank. The lorry was well in the left-hand gutter when he got his breath again. He went for the driver at once. The man said all the lorries always skidded under Channet's Ash when it was wet, because of the camber of the road, and they allowed for it as a regular stunt. Then Jimmy Tigner, Nicol told us, caught on to what it meant, and he climbed into the lorry shouting: 'You killed Ellen!' Jimmy got it out of the driver that he'd been delivering girders the night Ellen was killed. Of course, he hadn't noticed anything. Then Nicol came over to Lemming and me to talk it over. I gave Jimmy a bromide and sent him off to his mother. He wasn't any particular use, except as a witness . . . and he was no good afterwards. Then Nicol went over the whole thing again several times, to fix it in our minds. Next morning, he and I and Will called on old Higbee before he could get to church. We made him take out the particular lorry implicated, with the same driver and a duplicate load packed the same way, and demonstrate for us. We kept her stunting half Sunday morning in the rain, and the skid delivered her into the left-hand gutter of the London Road every time she took that corner; and, every time, her tail, with the girders, swiped along the bank of the lane like a man topping a golf-ball. And when she did that there were half a dozen paces—not more—along that school children's path, that meant sure death to anyone on it at the time. At the end of her skid the lorry's rear wheels 'ud fetch up every time with a bit of a jar against the bank, and the girders 'ud quiver and lash out a few inches—like a golf club wigglin'. Ellen must have caught just enough of that final little sideways flick, at the base of her skull, to drop her like a pithed ox. Horrible isn't it? And then Jimmy Tigner realized that she'd stopped talkin' in dungeon rather suddenly, and—he hadn't gone back to look. I spent most of the afternoon sitting with him. [Turn to page 140]

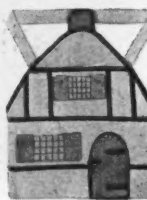
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ECHO  
DE  
PARIS

Doucet  
5065

Worth  
5051

Dionnet  
5055

No. 5065. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material; girdle,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 9-inch ribbon. Width about  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 5055. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch. Width, about  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Sunburst motif No. 969 developed in beads would be smart.

At the last Paris openings it was noticeable that women's skirts were less narrow. The fashion was exaggerated as changes in fashion usually are. But the truth was there in its kernel: that the tight, revealing skirt looked out of date except in coat suits. Observe these new evening frocks, each of which was cre-

## PARIS WIDENS OUR SKIRTS

No. 5051. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch. Beaded motif No. 1548 may be used to accent the one-sided effect.

ated by a big Paris dressmaker. The names of Vionnet, Doucet, and Worth are familiar sounds to American women. When they sponsor a fashion we know it is a true fashion. These skirts do not cling. They fall outward from the hip-line, not inward, and provide that graceful swing so necessary to the dance frock.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

# L'ECHO DE PARIS



## NEW FROCKS WITH NEW FEATURES

FRANCE sends these four gowns for the Autumn season. They stimulate the imagination and make new clothes at once desirable. Doucet accents a fashion for the sleeveless frock. Agnes combines brown and beige in one of the originalities of the season. Premet achieves the apotheosis of slimness in a frock with irregular hem. Lebourrier is highly successful in a tailored frock with applied banding giving the effect of a jumper.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5065. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Sleeveless Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards 36-inch figured; 2¼ yards of 36-inch plain. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 5056. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; four-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 40-inch light; 2¼ yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 5070. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with plain sleeves; three-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 5058. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Emb. No. 1504 in buttonhole-stitch may be used.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 140.



# L' ECHO DE PARIS



Premet  
5069

Worth  
5050



Lelong  
5064



Patou  
5047



5069



5050



5064



5047

## FRENCH DESIGNS FOR AMERICANS

**P**REMET designs a figured frock for day service, that owes its cleverness to diagonal lines well placed. These seams are all there is to it. Therein lies its extreme smartness. The draped frock for afternoon by Worth has the grace of the eighteenth century. There is not a flicker of decoration on it. Lelong, combines applied banding, and a flare in the new one-sided effect. Patou designs a two-piece frock that slenderizes the hips.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5069. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; without hem. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch ribbon, 3 3/4 yards of 3-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5050. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; three-piece draped skirt; short set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5064. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; draped skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch light; 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5047. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 140.

# L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



## THE FITTED SHOULDER

PARIS exploits the slim silhouette above the hips, especially now in the movement for fuller skirts. The torso, as sculptors put it, is reduced to its least proportions. This is achieved by small armholes, narrow shoulders, fitted sleeves, and underarm seams lengthened as far as comfort will permit. These four frocks from big designers illustrate this truth. In each there is a strong contrast between skirt and bodice. Drapery and godets are increased in size on the skirts. Often the width of sleeve below the elbow matches the skirt fulness.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5062. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with front tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5063. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Monogram Motif No. 1590 adds a chic touch in satin and outline-stitch.

No. 5060. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Fan Motif No. 1594 would add a smart touch worked in straight-stitch.

No. 5052. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; three-piece skirt with circular front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards.





*Patou*  
5048



5061

5054

5066



5048



*Jane Regny*  
5061

*Goupy*  
5054

*Dece' Soeurs*  
5066

## FOR FROSTY DAYS

THE cape at the back of a gown serves as a wrap or is merely decorative. Observe the cape frock from Goupy. Patou accents the full effect of the skirt at front as shown by the first frock. Sleeveless jackets complete a three-piece sports costume like that by Dece Soeurs on this page. Jane Regny sponsors the two-piece idea though the sports model at the right is made and put on in one piece.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5048. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with circular front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 5061. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress in two-piece effect. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch; contrasting,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 5054. Ladies' and Misses' Dress and Cape; long fitted sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; cape,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 5066. Misses' and Juniors' Three-Piece Dress; blouse, skirt and sleeveless jacket. Sizes 8 to 13 years. Size 16 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; blouse, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



Worth

Molyneux Martial et Armand

Drecol

LECHO DE PARIS



5049



5063



5052.



5060

### FROCKS TO WEAR UNDER FALL COATS

THE first frock on this page is Worth's conservative version of the Turkish trouser skirt. The fulness is in front of blouse and skirt, and the back is plain. One frock shows the new use for applied bands of ribbon or fabric, a trick which Molyneux likes. Martial et Armand plays up the coat frock, a popular styling, and is designed to slenderize the hips. Drecol uses a scarf and girdle as decoration.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5049. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; draped front tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material; sash, 2½ yards of 3-inch ribbon. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 5063. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; applied banding. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch material; banding, 1 yard of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 5052. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, ¼ yard of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 5060. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with scarf collar and wide girdle, 3-inch hem allowed. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.





Doucet

Patou

Drecol

Lelong

LECHO DE PARIS



5062

5048

No. 5062. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material or 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5048. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1578 in chain-stitch would be smart.

## SLEEVES ARE LONG ON FRENCH FROCKS

PARIS says American women prefer bare arms in the day hours. It is true. Maybe it is the climate. But Paris has its own way with sleeves this autumn. She shows sleeves that fit like gloves. They are termed "snake sleeves" by some men. These four gowns from Paris designers prove the fashion. The sleeves are fitted expertly and contribute to slimmness, a fashion helpful to those with large shoulders.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5059

5064

No. 5059. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. long fitted sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards. Flower No. 1585 adds a touch of chic.

No. 5064. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards 40-inch light; 2 yards 40-inch dark. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Chain-stitch and beaded embroidery No. 1579 may be used.



5063  
Emb. No. 1565

No. 5063. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3 yards 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1565 in daisy- and outline-stitch makes a smart trimming.

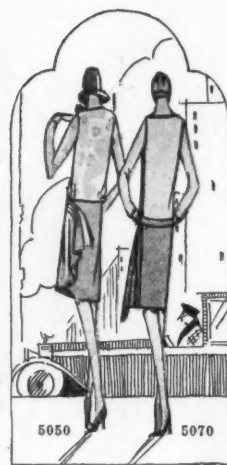


5063



5050

L'ÉCHO  
DE  
PARIS



5050

5070



5070  
Emb. No. 1579

No. 5070. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist, 1½ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Bead and chain-stitch design No. 1579 may be used to trim.



5061  
Emb. No. 1590

No. 5061. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Monogram Motif No. 1590 worked in satin-stitch adds a final touch of chic.



5061

No. 5050. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; long fitted sleeves; three-piece draped skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist, 1½ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 1¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.



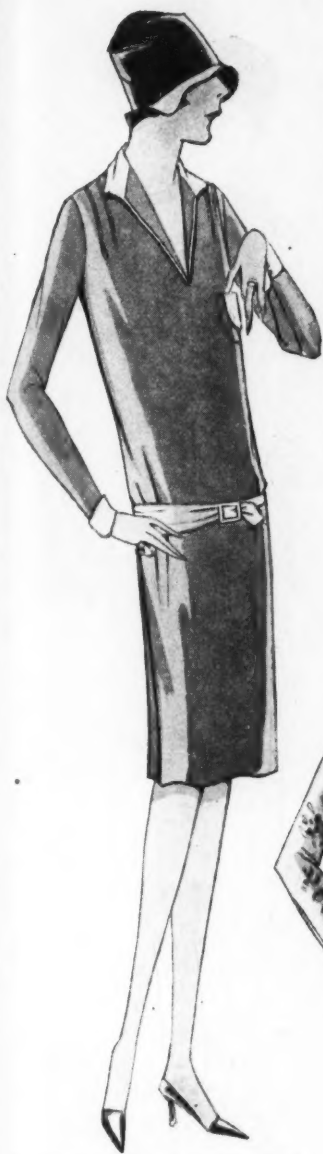
5049

No. 5049. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with puffed sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; apron tunic, 1½ yards of 36-inch allover lace. Width, about 1¼ yards.

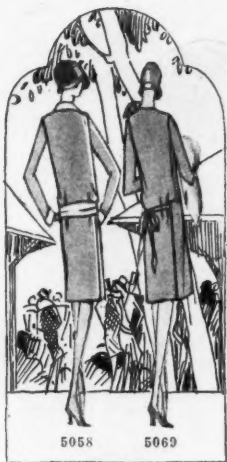


5049





5058



5058 5069



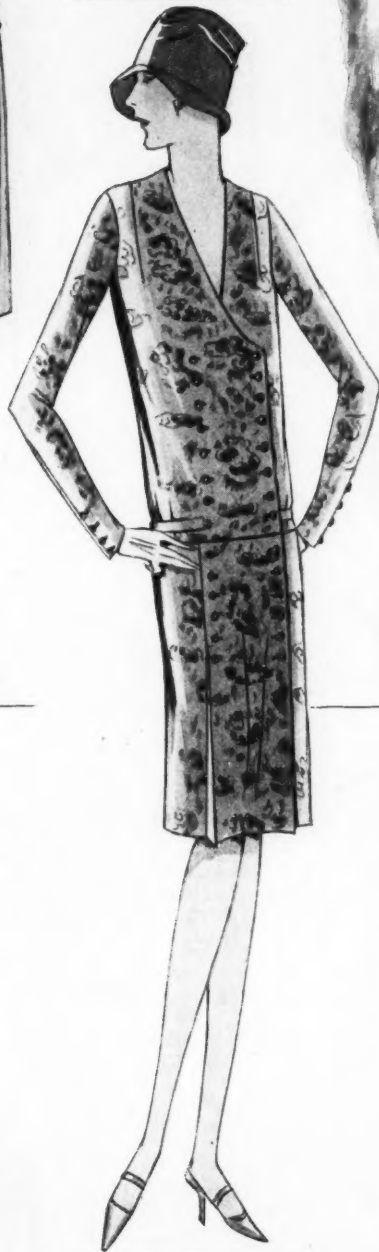
5069



5056



5056  
Emb. No. 1590



5054

L'ÉCHO  
DE  
PARIS



5047



5054

No. 5054. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; double-breasted front; long fitted sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 32-inch or 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/4 yards.

No. 5069. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with circular front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch or 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5047. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; skirt with godet insets. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards.



5047

No. 5056. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. Monogram No. 1590 would add a smart touch developed in satin-stitch.

# L'ECHO DE PARIS



5057  
View B

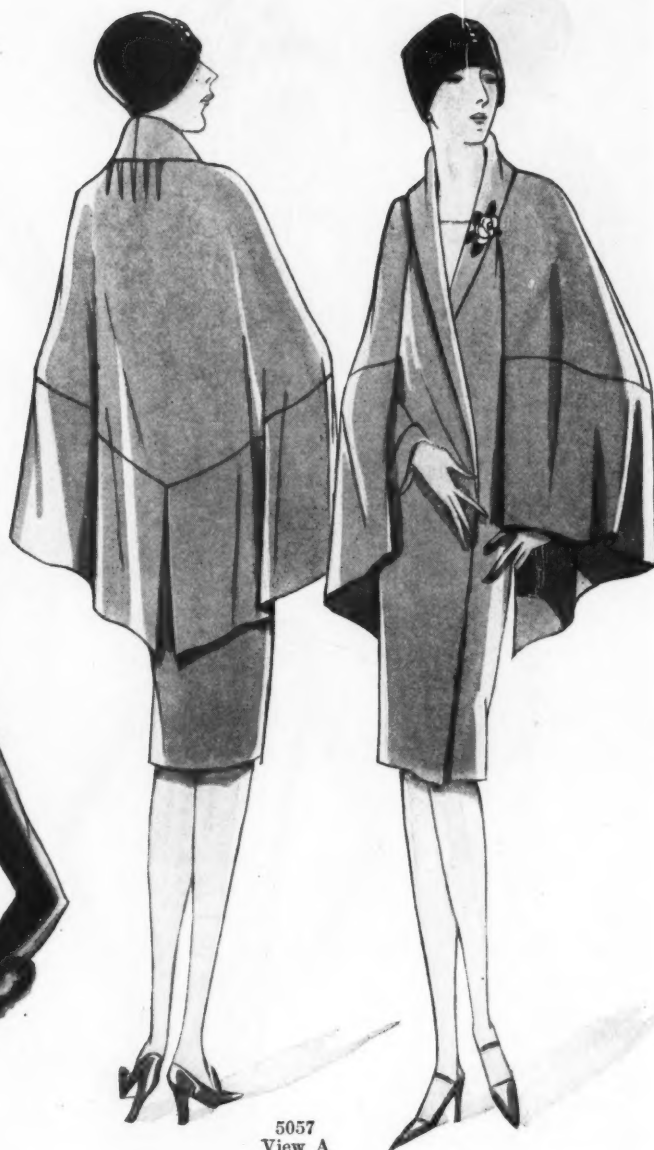
5054

5053

No. 5057. Ladies' and Misses' Coat with shawl collar and one-piece set-in sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material; lining,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch.

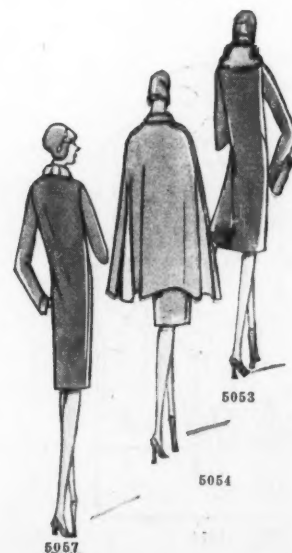
No. 5054. Ladies' and Misses' Dress and cape; dress with darted sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch; cape,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 5053. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; flare cut in one with right front; one-piece sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.



5057  
View A

No. 5057. Ladies' and Misses' Coat with circular cape. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch; lining for coat,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch.



5053

5054

5057



# L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



No. 5015. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 36-inch all-over lace; 3 yards of 15-inch flouncing; sash, 2½ yards of 5-inch ribbon. Width, about 3 yards.

5003  
Emb. No. 1557

No. 5003. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch; waist, 1¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards. Design No. 1557 would be smart worked in straight stitch.

No. 5007. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with sleeveless overblouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch or 3½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 5019. Ladies' and Misses' Dress with slip; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards of 32-inch or 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2¼ yards.



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**Y**OUR dentist is familiar with the action of various dentifrices upon the teeth and gums. He knows the requirements in your individual case. He is the only one competent to tell you which dentifrice is best suited to your needs. So ask him—then follow his advice faithfully.

If he tells you to use Pyrozide Powder, there is a good reason for it. He knows that your mouth requires the more effective cleansing power of this sterilized powder.

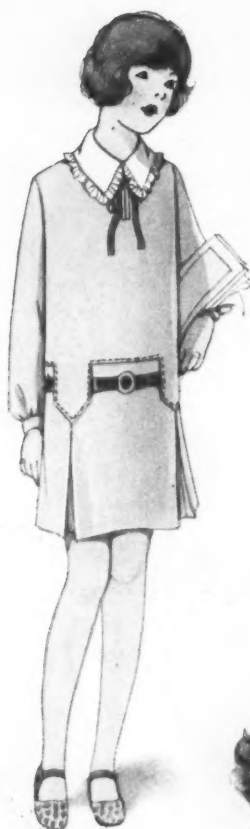
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POWDER**

STERILIZED DENTIFRICE

CONTAINS White Oak, Elm and Peruvian Barks, Precipitated Chalk, Dentinol and other medicinal agents.

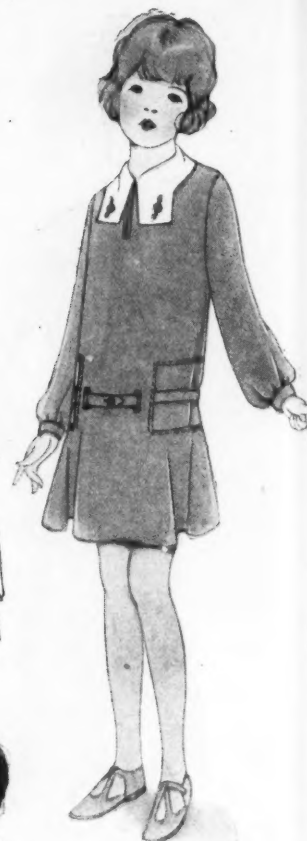
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**ECONOMICAL**—the dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.



5008

L'ECHO  
DE PARIS

5013  
Emb. No. 11205009  
Felt Applique  
No. 1601

No. 5067. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2½ yards 36-inch; tie and pleating, ⅝ yard 36-inch. Daisy- and buttonhole-stitch may be used to develop Embroidery No. 1605.

5075  
Emb. No. 15535071  
Emb. No. 659

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**BLACKBURN & CO.** Dept. 23 Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 5074. Girl's Slip-On Dress; drop shoulder. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 36-inch. Diamond monogram motif from Embroidery No. 1590 may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 5008. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with front inverted pleats. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material; collar requires ¼ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 5075. Girl's Dress; with sleeveless jacket. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2½ yards of 40-inch. Flower motifs from Embroidery No. 1553 may be worked in buttonhole-stitch.

No. 5071. Girl's Dress; left side closing. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 54-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 54-inch. Initial Motif No. 659 would be smart worked in satin-stitch.

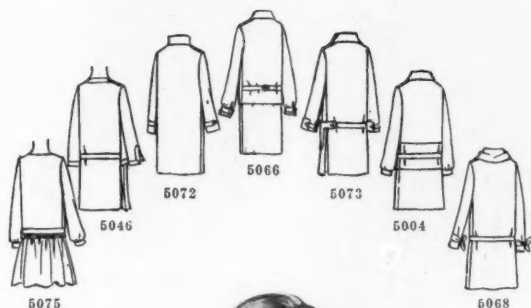
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L'ECHO  
DE PARIS



5075



5068  
Emb. No. 1602



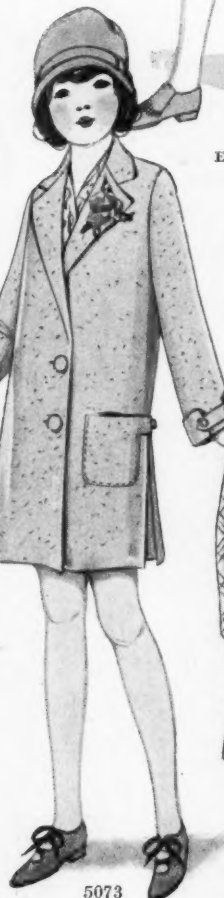
5046



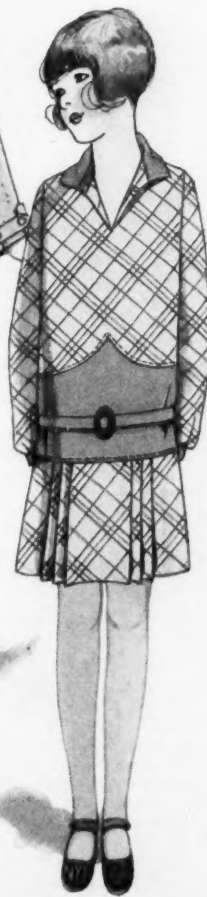
5072



5066



5073



5004

No. 5066. Misses' and Juniors' Three-Piece Dress; jacket, skirt, and blouse. Sizes 8 to 18 years. Size 12, jacket and skirt, 1½ yards of 54-inch; blouse, 1½ yards of 36-inch.

No. 5072. Girl's Coat; with out underarm seams when 54-inch material is used. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5073. Girl's Coat; with convertible collar and patch pockets. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; lining requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5046. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with jacket and pleated skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch; waist front, ¾ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 5075. Girl's Dress; with two-piece straight gathered skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2½ yards of 32-inch material; sleeve band and binding, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5068. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 54-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Aeroplane appliqué may be made with Embroidery No. 1602.

No. 5004. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with two-piece skirt pleated at front. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch plaid material; ¾ yard of 40-inch plain.

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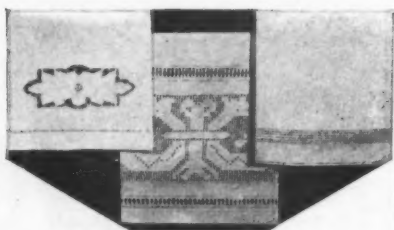


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4245  
Emb. No. 1120

No. 4245. Child's Slip-On Dress; one-piece yoke. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8, 1½ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1120 in daisy and Rambler-stitch would add a dainty touch.



3962

5072



4377



4756

No. 4756. Child's Dress; short kimono sleeves; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material or 2 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3962. Child's Raglan Coat; convertible collar. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5072. Girl's Coat; without underarm seams in 54-inch material. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards of 40-inch.



5068

5074

No. 5068. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Short set-in sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, requires ¾ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4377. Child's Coat; with shirring at front and back. Sizes 6 months to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards of 36-inch.



4245

3962

5072

4377

4756

5068

5074

5046

No. 5074. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with dropped shoulders and long sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 40-inch or 1½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5046. Girl's Slip-On Dress; pleated skirt front. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8, 1½ yards of 32-inch plain material; skirt front and trimming bands, 1 yard of 32-inch plaid material.

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4349

3529

4982

No. 4982. Child's Rompers; dropped back; short puffed sleeves. Sizes 6 months to 2 years. Size 2 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch material.



4123

5067

4571

No. 4571. Child's Dress; with bloomers and raglan sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting requires ¾ yard of 32-inch material.

No. 3529. Child's Romper; with dropped back; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material or 1¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4349. Child's Slip-On Dress; with bloomers; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting collar, ¾ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4123. Child's Romper; buttoned under leg; short kimono sleeves. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Size 4, 1¾ yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5067. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with Peter Pan collar and short set-in sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1¾ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

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DESIGNED BY 369 WOMEN



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by Elisabeth May Blondel



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Model 1

No. 1603. To be one's own milliner is the latest feminine trick. See those two hats in center of page, their construction diagrams have no secrets hidden from clever fingers. The soft brimmed Model 1 takes only  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch velvet, and the chic Model 2 takes  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 72-inch felt.



No. 1603  
Model 2



No. 1603  
Model 1

No. 1604  
Model 2

(Below) No. 1599. Novelty Bag worked with wools on canvas,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  x  $9\frac{3}{4}$  inches.



No. 1604. Two more of the smarter felts are easy to make too, the snug Model 1 at top of page, and the piquant Model 2 at bottom. Each takes only  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 72-inch felt in any desired color.

No. 1599. The new envelope bag with design on canvas is simply developed with colorful tapestry wools. The detail below shows how the background is filled in, and the flower motifs are effective done in needlepoint.

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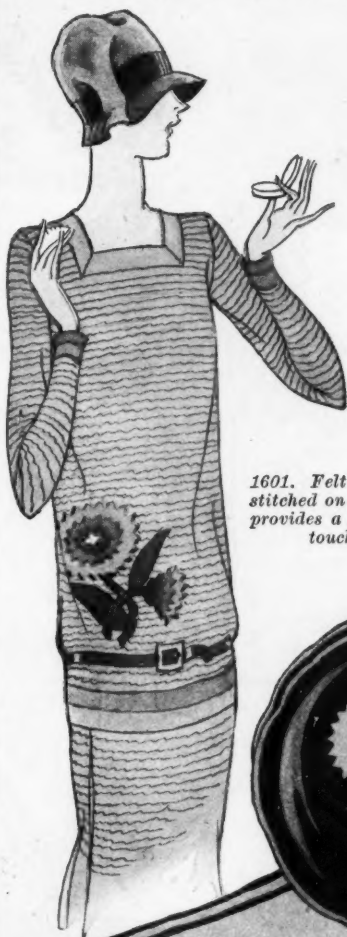
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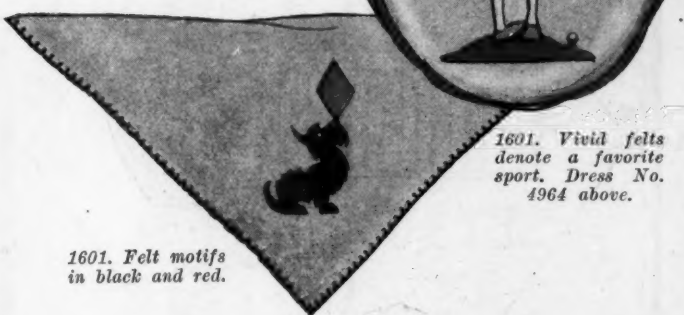
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1601. Felt flower stitched on sweater provides a colorful touch.



1601. Polo player of colored felts.



1601. Felt motifs in black and red.



1601. Vivid felts denote a favorite sport. Dress No. 4964 above.

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By Annette Kellermann

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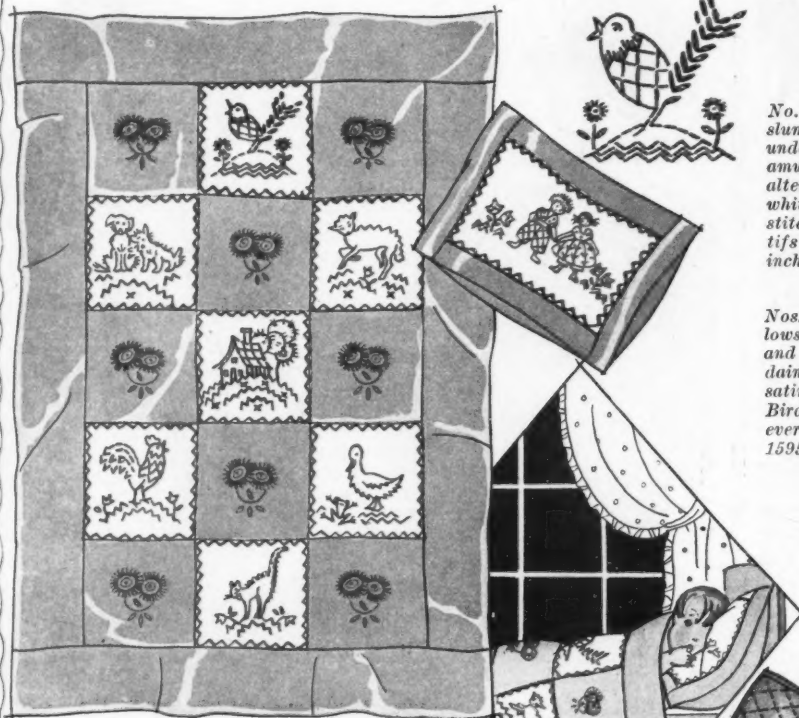
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## A New Quilt for Baby and a Quaint Sampler

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1606. Baby quilt of pink and white sateen.

No. 1549. Bags of every sort and description to intrigue the individual fancy of the fastidious housekeeper and homemaker! Chain-stitch and cross-stitch are used to mark the bags, with dainty embroidery in lazy-daisy-stitch for adornment. The Child's Duck Laundry bag may be made of plain or figured material.

1549. A delightful set of household bags. Described above.



1595. Quilting design, 10 1/4 inches in diameter.



No. 1600. The quaint, colorful sampler at right is charming for the wall of living-room or guest room. Design on linen. Size, 10 x 13 inches.

1600. Friendship Sampler with design on linen.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 140.



# Distinctive Embroideries for Street Frocks

by Elisabeth May Blondel



Emb. No. 1590  
Dress 4964



Silhouette Design  
for Applique or  
Painting. No. 1602

No. 1602. Silhouettes are very smart this year, either in appliqué or painting, and it is chic to wear the symbols of your favorite sport on your blouse or scarf. The effect is lovely done in two shades of one color, such as tan and brown, lavender and purple, or black and white.



Emb. No. 1607  
Dress 5050



No. 1590. Effective and very individual is this monogram motif worked in satin-stitch on Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress No. 4964 (6 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). Monogram motifs are a lovely touch, too, for dainty lingerie and are widely used as a tailored finish.



Emb. No. 1605

Emb. No. 1605  
Dress 5049

Emb. No. 1607  
Dress 5060

No. 1607. Chain-stitch and satin-stitch are combined to develop stunning Japanese motifs for dress trimmings. At the left an unusual peacock design is illustrated on Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress No. 5060 (8 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust). Another motif above on Ladies' and Misses' Dress No. 5050 (6 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust).

No. 1605. The essence of Parisian chic is given to Ladies' and Misses' Dress No. 5049 (in 6 sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust), by the touches of dainty embroidery in the French manner. (See figure and detail at left). The simplicity of the design and the stitches lend additional charm.

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Street Address or P. O. Box \_\_\_\_\_

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## FAIRY KIST

[Continued from page 120]

He'd been tried too high—too high. I had to sign his certificate a few weeks later. No. He won't get better."

We commented according to our natures, and then McKnight said:—"But—if so—why did Wollin disappear?"

"That comes next on the Agenda, Worshipful Sir. When Will and I went to call on him he'd come home again. I hardly recognized him. But he was immensely relieved to see us. So was the old lady. And, while we were talking over the prints he said, quite suddenly:—"I don't blame you. I'd have believed it against myself on the evidence! That broke the ice with a brick. He told us that he'd almost stepped on Ellen's body that night—dead and stiffening. Then I'd come round the corner and hailed him, and that panicked him. He jumped on his byke and fled, forgetting the trowel. When Will and I first called on him, with our fairy-tales about West Wickham, he had a strong idea he was under observation, and Will's mixing up the cards clinched it. So he disappeared. He went down into his own cellar, he said, and waited there, with his revolver ready to blow his brains out when the warrant came. What a month! Think of it! A cellar and a candle, a file of gardening papers and a loaded revolver for company. Then I asked why. He said no jury on earth would have believed his explanation of his movements. I asked him, then, what in the world he really was doing that had to be covered up by suicide. He said he was planting things. I asked if he meant stolen goods. After the trouble we'd given him, Will and I wouldn't have peached on him, would we?"

"No," said the civil and law-abiding Lemming.

"It wasn't stolen goods," Wollin said to me. "If you must have it, I was planting out plants from my garden." What did you say to him then, Will?"

"I asked him what the plants were, of course," said Lemming, and turned to McKnight. "They were daffodils and a sort of red honey-suckle and a special loose-leaf—a hybrid." McKnight nodded judicially while Lemming talked incomprehensible horticulture for a minute or two.

"Gardening isn't my line," Keede broke in, "but Will's questions acted on Master Wollin like a charm. He dropped his suicide talk and began on gardening. After that it was Will's operation. I hadn't a look in for ten minutes. Then I said:—"What's there to make a fuss about in all this?" Then, he turned away from Will and spoke to me, carneying again—like patients do. He began with his medical record—one shrapnel peppering; and one gassing, with gangrene. And he'd been doped for pain and pinched nerves till the wonder was he'd ever got straight again. He told us that the only thing that had helped him through the war, was his love of gardening. He'd been mad keen on it all his life—and, even in the worst of the Somme, he used to get comfort out of plants and botany, and that sort of stuff. At his last hospital—when he had the gangrene—he'd been particularly doped, and he fancied that that was where his mind had gone. He told me that he was insane, and had been for more than a year. I asked him not to start on his

theories till he'd finished with his symptoms. You patients are all the same. He said there were Gotha raids round his hospital which used to upset the wards. And there was a V. A. D.—she must have been something of a woman, too—who used to read to him and tell him stories to keep him quiet. He liked 'em because, as far as he remembered, they were all about gardening. But, when he grew better, he began to hear Voices—little whispers at first, growing louder and ending in regular uproars, ordering him to do certain things. He used to lie there shaking with horror, because he funk'd going mad. He wanted to live and be happy again, in his garden. When he was discharged, he said, he left the hospital with a whole Army Corps shouting into his ears, and the sum and substance of their orders was that he must go out and plant bulbs and things at large, up and down the countryside. Naturally he suffered a bit but, after a while, he went back to his house at Mitcham and obeyed orders, because, he said, as long as he was carrying 'em out the Voices stopped. He was working round Channet's Ash, that night, and he'd come out of the meadow and down the school-children's path, right on to Ellen's body, which upset him.

"He insisted on us staying to supper, so's he could tell his symptoms properly. And so, he went on and on about his Voices, and I cross-examined. He said they used to begin with noises in his head like rotten walnuts being smashed. The Voices were sometimes like his V. A. D.'s, but louder, and they were all mixed up with horrible dope-dreams. For instance, he said, there was a smiling dog that ran after him and licked his face, and the dog had something to do with being able to read books, and that gave him the notion, as he lay abed in the hospital, that he had water on the brain, and that that 'ud prevent him from root-gatherin' an' obeying his orders."

"He used the words 'root-gathering.' It's an unusual combination—nowadays," said Lemming suddenly. "That made me first take notice, Sandy."

Keede held up his hand. "No, you don't, Will. I'll tell this tale much better than you. Well, then Will cut in and asked Wollin if he could remember exactly what sort of stuff his V. A. D. had read to him during the raids. He couldn't; except that it was all about gardening, and it made him feel as if he was in Paradise. Yes, Sandy, he used the word 'Paradise.' Then Will asked him if he could give us the precise wording of his orders to plant things. He couldn't do that either. Then Will said, like a barrister:—"I put it to you, Sir, that the Voices ordered you to plant things by the wayside for such as have no gardens." And Will went over it slowly twice. 'Merciful heaven!' said Wollin. 'That's the *ipsissima verba*.' 'Good,' said Will. 'Now for your dog. What was his color?' 'Dunno,' said Wollin. 'It was yellow,' says Will. 'A big yellow wolf-terrier.' Wollin thought a bit and agreed. 'When he ran after you,' says Will, 'did you ever hear anyone trying to call him off, in a very loud voice?' 'Sometimes,' said Wollin. 'Better still,' says Will. 'Now I put it to you that that yellow bull-terrier came into a library [Turn to page 141]

## Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 810 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3529..20	4964..45	5006..35	5015..50	5023..45	5052..45	5060..45	5068..35
3962..25	4982..25	5007..50	5016..45	5024..35	5053..50	5061..45	5069..45
4123..25	5000..45	5008..35	5017..50	5025..35	5054..50	5062..45	5070..45
4245..30	5001..45	5009..35	5018..45	5026..35	5055..50	5063..45	5071..35
4349..30	5002..45	5010..35	5019..45	5027..45	5056..45	5064..50	5072..35
4377..30	5003..50	5011..45	5020..45	5028..45	5057..50	5065..50	5073..35
4371..30	5004..35	5012..45	5021..35	5029..45	5058..45	5066..45	5074..35
4756..30	5005..30	5013..35	5022..35	5030..45	5059..45	5067..35	5075..35

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659..20	1548..35	1565..40	1579..40	1591..30	1595..40	1599..50	1603..45
969..25	1549..40	1576..25	1580..35	1592..30	1596..50	1600..75	1604..45
1120..25	1553..40	1577..40	1585..40	1593..50	1597..30	1601..75	1605..30
1504..40	1557..40	1578..40	1590..30	1594..40	1598..50	1602..35	1606..30
							1607..35





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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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## FAIRY KIST

[Continued from page 140]

with a Scotch gardener who said it was a great privilege to be able to consult botanical books. Wollin thought a bit, and then he said that those were some of the exact words that were mixed up with his Voices and his trouble about not being able to read.

Here Sandy McKnight smiled and nodded across to Lemming, who nodded back as mysteriously as a Freemason or a gardener.

"All this time," Keede continued, "Will looked more important than ever, and he said to Wollin:—'Now I'll tell you the story, Mr. Wollin, that your V. A. D., or whoever it was, read or told you.' And Will began to spin him a long nursery yarn about some children who planted flowers out in a meadow that wasn't theirs so that such as had no gardens might enjoy 'em; and one of the children called himself an honest root-gatherer, and one of 'em had something like water on the brain; and there was an old squire who owned a smiling yellow bull-terrier that was fond of the children. And he kept his walnuts till they were rotten, and then he smashed 'em all. You ought to have heard Will! He can talk—even when there isn't money in it."

"Mary's Meadow!" Sandy's hand came down on the table.

"Quiet!" said Burges, enthralled. "Go on, Robin."

"And Wollin checked it all, with the sweat drying on him—remember, Will?—and he put in his own reminiscences—one about a lilac sunbonnet, I remember."

"Not lilac—marigold. One string of it was canary-color and one was white," McKnight corrected.

"May be. And there was a nightingale singing to the Man in the Moon, and an old Herbal—not Gerard's or I'd have known it—Paradise something. Wollin contributed that sort of stuff all the time, with ten years knocked off his shoulders and a voice like a Town Crier. Yes, Sandy, the story was called *Mary's Meadow*. It all came back to him—via Will."

"And that helped?" I asked.

"Well," Keede said slowly. "A. G. P. can't much believe in the remission of sins, can he? But if that's possible I know how a redeemed soul looks. The old lady had pretended to get supper, but she stopped when Will began his yarn and listened all through. Then Wollin put up his hand as though he were hearing his Voices. Then he brushed 'em away and dropped his head on the table and wept. And then she kissed him—and me. Did she kiss you, Will?"

"She certainly did not," said the scandalized Lemming.

"You missed something. She has a seductive old cheek, still. And Wollin wouldn't let us go—hung on to us like a child. So after supper we went over the affair in detail, till all hours. The pain and the dope had made that nursery story stick in one corner of his mind, till it took charge—it does sometimes—but all mixed up with bombings and nightmares. As soon as he got the explanation, it evaporated like ether and didn't leave a trace. I sent him to bed full of his own beer, and growing a shade dictatorial."

"What did he do afterwards?" asked Burges.

"Bought a side-car to his byke, to hold more vegetables—he'll be had up for poaching or trespassing some day—and he cuts about the Home Counties planting his stuff as happy as—Oh my Soul! What wouldn't I give to be even one fraction as happy as he is! But, mind you, he'd have committed suicide on the nod if Will and I had had him arrested. We aren't exactly first-class Sherlocks."

McKnight was grumbling to himself. "Juliana Horratia Ewing," said he. "The best, the kindest, the sweetest, the most innocent tale ever the soul of a woman gied birth to. I may sell tapioca for a living in the suburbs, but I know that. An' as for those prints o' mine—" he turned to me—"they were not gardeners. They were the Four Great British Botanists, an'—an' I beg your pardon."

He pulled the draw-chains of all the nine burners round the Altar of the Lesser Lights before we had time to put it to the vote.

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**ONE** You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.



**TWO** Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean... safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.



**THREE** Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

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DON'T believe your hair is hopelessly gray until you have made this amazing test... have tried science's latest way to regain natural shade. Broadway's stars say it's amazing. 3,000,000 women have proved its safety.

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# The RED GINGHAM FAIRY COMES *to* LUNCH

ANOTHER BARBARA-ANN STORY

✂ BY ERICK BERRY AND MARJORIE WORTHINGTON ✂

ILLUSTRATED BY ERICK BERRY



"There is no need to injure that lovely book," said the fairy



BARBARA-ANN sat curled up in a big arm chair reading a book she had received last Christmas. Somehow the words seemed to slip around in her brain instead of attaching themselves to anything. It was as though they were all covered with slippery, slidy butter. Strange how everything seemed like food or cooking today.

Hadn't the morning been fun though! Mother had promised to stay in bed all day. She said she wasn't hungry and didn't need much of anything till night. Wouldn't it be fun when Daddy came home at noon to surprise him again! Down slid the book to the floor. Barbara-Ann started for the kitchen.

"But there is no need to injure that lovely book," she heard at her side.

Plumpity-flump went Barbara-Ann's happy heart. She looked all around, and then her eyes fell on the doorknob. Sure enough, the fairy cook was seated on the glass knob, her kindly face screwed up into a knot of displeasure, for fairies love books.

"It's eleven o'clock, I believe," said the fairy cook, looking at the tiniest wrist-watch you can imagine, "and we really should be in the kitchen getting luncheon ready."

"Oh, goody," cried the child. "Will you help me again?" "No," said the fairy, "I'm only going to show you how to help yourself." And the next thing Barbara-Ann knew, she had flown to the top of the ice-box.

"Let's see," she began, "you've eggs, and a jar of salad dressing and a head of lettuce. M-m-m. Very good."

Then she flew over to the cupboard, her red gingham wings whirling her through the air.

"I spy a can of soup, a loaf of bread and a bag of apples. Excellent! We've everything we possibly could want."

"While you were reading in your book,"

The fairy said, "I planned a meal That won't be very hard to cook And yet will temptingly appeal.

Tomato soup we'll have, to start,  
A salad made of hard-boiled eggs;  
Baked apples for the nice sweet part,  
And tea. Move fast those little legs.

Because the time is growing short,  
Our soup we'll borrow from the can—  
For even good cooks will resort  
Sometimes to tinned things when they plan.

Then next the apples we will bake.  
They take the longest time, you see.  
Six big ones from the bag you take,  
And wash and core them carefully.

My goodness, child, what's that you say?  
You don't know what I mean by core?  
Just scrape the middle out this way,  
Leave nothing where seeds were before.

Place all your apples in a pan.  
Into each hole some raisins drop.  
With cinnamon you make them tan,  
And fill with sugar to the top.

Like islands in a shallow lake.  
A little water makes them look.  
Close up the oven, then forsake  
Them while the other things you cook.

The eggs must boil ten minutes now.  
The lettuce you must wash and dry.  
Then set the table, you know how—  
Oh, dear me, how the minutes fly!

Oh, oh, what is this thing I see!  
Can that be soap you're trying to  
Wash lettuce with? Why deary me,  
Cold water, really, will quite do.

Just get the black things off, then drain  
Your lettuce on a clean dish towel.  
Soap's good for children, but 'tis plain  
On lettuce it would run a-foul.

The eggs are done. Remove their shells.  
Now slice them with a good sharp knife.  
Nyum, nyum. How good the oven smells!  
'Twould please our good king and his wife.

They're very fond of odors fine,  
Queen Mab and old King Light-o-day.  
We could invite them here to dine  
If they were not so far away.



✂ Then she flew over to the cupboard, her red gingham wings whirling through the air ✂

The lettuce now put on the plates;  
The eggs lay daintily around.  
A jar of salad dressing waits  
Up in the cupboard to be found.

If you will mix a little cream  
In with the dressing 'twould be well.  
It makes the salad dressing seem  
Less like the kind the store-men sell."

Barbara-Ann had been busily running around, following the directions of the Red-Gingham Fairy, until she felt as though she were flying. Now the soup was ready, the egg salad fixed and the apples in the oven, so she stopped to think about how surprised Daddy would be, and how pleased Mother would be, and how excited she was herself. But her little instructor had something else for her to do, and, refusing to let her rest, with an impish smile she gave more commands. Barbara-Ann found herself flying about faster than ever to obey them all.

"Since that is done, go slice the bread.  
I'm glad to see that it is brown,  
Made of whole wheat, that's good, instead  
Of white, for that would make me frown.

You've put the kettle on for tea,  
And now its boiling. Off it goes.  
The leaves you measure carefully—  
A teaspoon to a cup's the dose.

You say the word 'dose' makes you think  
Of medicine, why, that is right—  
I'm so ashamed that I could sink  
Into the floor and out of sight.

I really thought tea medicine,  
And now you speak of it as food.  
We'll take the leaves and put them in—  
The name won't matter, if it's good.

First put the tea-leaves in the pot,  
Pour boiling water on them, child.  
Now set it where the stove is hot  
And let it steep. I'm glad you smiled.

I know the apples are now done,  
Just when we want them. That is nice.  
And look! Here shines the noon-day sun  
And we've made luncheon in a thrice."

"Toot-toot," went the big factory whistle at the other end of town, and just as the last dish was ready "Clickety Click" went Daddy's key in the lock of the big front door. The Red-Gingham Fairy immediately prepared to fly away, but Barbara-Ann cried, "Oh, wait, dear Red-Gingham Fairy. Daddy's coming now. I know he will want to meet you and thank you for this lunch."

But Barbara-Ann's tiny little friend answered, "No, my child, you have cooked it and it is your surprise for your father. All of his thanks should go to you."

And then before Barbara-Ann could open her mouth to object or to say "thank you" there was a whirr, and the little fairy cook was gone.

So Barbara-Ann ran to greet her father, hoping that the Red-Gingham Fairy would come back soon so that she could say a very real thank-you to her.



# "Nervous . . . miserable . . . I had to give up all outdoor sports"



ABOVE, MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN of Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was still terribly weak—was oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had disappeared. I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too."

Mrs. Cyril E. Allen

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, when vitality is low, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh and wholesome as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, counteracts intestinal putrefaction, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, complete, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified—the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. F-45, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



## This modern, natural way to health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



"TWO YEARS AGO I was just a shadow of humanity—I couldn't sleep: I was nervous, irritable—and so tired I was unable to do any kind of work.

"I came to Colorado for a rest. But still my unfortunate condition persisted . . . One day a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating a cake three times daily.

"Gradually I noticed a general improvement in my health. Today—my old tired feeling is gone. I sleep like a top. And my work goes splendidly."

IDA ELIZABETH HOWARD, Denver, Colo.



"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Remedies of various kinds proved of no value. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking it regularly at meal times. In a short time I noted improvement. The boils simply faded away. In a month I was my old self. I have had no skin disorder since. And I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit.'"

LEIGHTON M. REID, Detroit, Mich.



WINONA WILCOX



## LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

WINONA WILCOX

**D**EAR WINONA WILCOX: I rejoice because I live in an age when we women dare to say what we think about angles of life once taboo. Too long has repression ruled us and influenced the mentality of our unborn children. My need is a "Mother and Daughter" page. May we have it?—Sara.

As part of this timely hunch, let us talk over a statement of Sara's which does not accord with modern science but which is held to be true by many intelligent women:

"Too long has repression ruled us and influenced the mentality of our unborn children."

Now heredity doesn't act that way. If our children grow up repressed and subservient, it is because they imitate us or are so trained by us and not because our suppressions have had a prenatal influence upon their mentality. Acquired characteristics are not inherited. Deafness which is caused by disease or accident (that is acquired) cannot be handed on. A soldier who has lost a leg does not produce one-legged offspring.

Many old wives' tales about heredity are all wrong. Fright due to the sight of a wounded creature never yet caused a birthmark but thousands of women believe this can happen. It is the part of informed women to uproot such fallacies whenever found.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Mothers talk freely of death, then why not of birth? Mine is the kindest of mothers but she shirked her duty of instructing me about sex. When I left home to work I had the idea, like most girls, that the world is a rose garden filled with color and perfume. How was I to know that under its beauty runs a chill black river of sin? I escaped destruction, I scarcely know how, but no thanks to my mother. I am bitter. Please print at least part of this letter. Maybe it will wake up a few mothers.—H. G.

Had the mother been able to give her daughter a scientific presentation of truth, the girl would not now be bitter. Truth sets us free, even from grief over disillusionment.

In talking over the relationship of mother and daughter, we can begin with no more important item than this: If parents wish to do their just part to preserve harmony in the home, it is necessary for them to keep pace with the time. The least domestic friction is found in families in which parents actually "know what they are talking about" according to modern texts, and who say in plain language what must be said, and who do not insist that children behave according to ancient folklore and hearsay.

An individual's education often ends with school-days. Adults become so engrossed in daily routine that they fail to note how knowledge increases and progresses. Much sex information which mothers give daughters has been handed down by word of mouth for generations and lately has been proved half-true or untrue.

Many a good mother who has acquired wisdom from experience is unable to talk to her daughter in a scientific vocabulary. Often an educated girl and her mother do not speak the same language about sex while uneducated persons frequently possess only a gross vocabulary which belongs to the middle ages. No wonder mother and girl cannot talk over the most important events in any woman's life. But this is matter to fill a book.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am engaged. Mother never fails to take my beloved's letters from the postman. She reads them before I do. I beg her not to do so but she says it is

Today the relation between parents and children occasions general discussion. Thoughtful people are asking: "How powerful have parents the right to be in their children's lives?" Many letters come to this department telling of situations between mothers and daughters that are far from harmonious. So, mothers and daughters of McCall Street, let's talk it over! If an immediate personal discussion by mail is preferred, send a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



her duty to see what my future husband writes me. In fact, she wants to dictate my replies. And I am twenty-three! What can I do?—Francie.

So complicated, so deceptive are some of our mental processes that a mother may be a veritable tyrant and still maintain a good opinion of herself. The childish curiosity of some mothers to which daughters rightly object but which the mother always justifies in herself arises in her early anxiety for the welfare of her young and it may persist long after the child is adult.

The mother above described may not have enough interests to fill her time; or her inquisitiveness about her daughter's love affair may afford her keen emotional stimulation. But no explanation justifies her conduct to any except herself. Doubtless she should be told that the man who indites the letters has a few rights; if she will not respect them, she might be reminded of the federal law concerning robbery of the mail.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am engaged to my third cousin. My mother has hysteria, she is sure our children will be imbeciles. Does the fact of kinship insure deformed and moronic offspring?—Edna.

Not if the family's physical and mental endowments are normal or better than normal. Second and even first cousins should not be kept from marrying, according to some eugenicists, unless deformities, insanity or other handicaps "run in the blood." If the strain is bad, cousin-marriages may produce sadly limited children; if good, a genius may be born.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Mother insists that teaching shall be my life work. Since childhood I have had an aversion to it. When I argue, mother says, "If anything happens to me, you can do as you please!"

Then it will be too late for me to change my profession. What am I to do?—Polly.

Shape your future to suit yourself. You can't succeed in a profession which fails to interest you, a fact which the mother may have intelligence enough to comprehend.

When a woman's love life is over, she not infrequently develops a terrific will-to-power. Then woe befalls those children who still are under her thumb.

Dear Winona Wilcox: We were poor people and we children were put to work as soon as the law allowed. There were five of us and between us we bought a lot and built a house for our mother. She took our wages until we were of age, at which time the boys left home. We girls were not allowed to marry because mother wanted our earnings. We have furnished the house beautifully but now everything is hers to do with as she pleases and not one of us has any rights or gets a minute's peace under the roof with her. So what's to be done?—Gerta.

Imitate your brother—leave home—and use and save your wages for yourselves.

Thrice happy those who keep the doors closed—is writ large in the philosophy of many a college man of the day. But it rarely is found in the creed of the female of the species who forever counts the assets of the married state without reckoning the liabilities.

If the spinster will analyze the history of almost any married friend, she will perceive that if such friend is an average good woman who does her duty as a right-minded female should, she has been exploited by the sexual instinct; it alone has produced the conditions which have caused most misery. Too many children to properly educate; the unfaithful husband; worry prolonged to the third generation; all of them due to the creative urge.

These are facts any spinster can observe and count but usually she doesn't because, like all other women, she is interested only in the romantic phases of marriage.

I have known many happy spinsters who started out after school or college to make careers for themselves, just as men do. And they are about the most contented lot of women to be found anywhere. You come across them in every Women's City Club and Business Women's Club in the land; there's at least one of them on every large teaching staff. They become judges, scientists and go to state's legislatures; they make fortunes in business; and this they accomplish because their attention is not concentrated upon romance. They are not masculine women who scorn love. They are emancipated women; and of genuine happiness, they have their portion.

Thousands of women must go through life unmarried and childless; and thousands of wives wish they were spinsters. My maid, a beautiful Czecho-slovakian, spent her marrying years barefooted in the fields, while the men were in the World War. She is a genuine feminist. Nothing can persuade her to live in another person's house. She has her own apartment to which she returns at night.

"And when I open the door of my own little home and look around me, I am so glad!" says she. "So glad, I see no husband to boss me!"

I have a deep admiration for my maid. My own idea is that women who fail to find their mates, or finding them wish they hadn't, are not necessarily doomed to live miserable lives—unless they think they are.

The endocrine system drives women to demand love as a right and to refuse other satisfactions but I believe that if women understood their makeup better and would separate the cold science of love from fairy lore, the idealism of poetry, art, literature and the movies, many would lead fairly happy lives.

"Even from our birth we build our prisons." But what sense is there in working so hard at this business of making a penitentiary of love and then sentencing ourselves for life?

Probably many persons are going to disagree violently with all that I have written. I hope they will do their share of talking it over. Also that defenders, if any, will say their say.



# This may save *your* youth



## Why millions have changed from rubbing to soaking

When we say to a woman whose standards of cleanliness are high, "If you will *soak* your clothes for 20 minutes or half an hour in Chipso suds, you won't have to rub them on a washboard," she is likely to be skeptical. She says, "I don't see how soaking *can* take the place of rubbing if clothes are to be *clean*."

"But," we ask her, "if your *own* test should prove that Chipso soaking actually *does* get your clothes really clean, without harm to colors, wouldn't you use the Chipso method?" Then she says, "Yes, of course I would."

### Chipso tests itself before your eyes

So many millions of women have seen the proof of this test that the Chipso way has literally swept the country.

Here is what you do: Instead of chipping or shaving and melting soap, then mixing it with the wash-water and beating up a suds, you pour a cup of these fine white Chipso

flakes into your tub, turn on the hot water, and you have suds instantly!

Add cold water to make the suds luke-warm, put in your clothes, squeeze the suds into them, then *leave* them—for 20 minutes, half an hour, or longer if you like—while you straighten up the house or wash the dishes (see below for an easier, quicker way to wash dishes, too).

The dirt is now loosened. Squeeze Chipso suds through your clothes a few times, rub the badly soiled places like collar-bands and cuff-edges between your hands, and *rinse*. That's all the work there is to a Chipso washing!

### Saves 1/3 time in dishwashing

Now, we promised you a suggestion for saving time and labor in dishwashing.

Dishwashing with Chipso suds saves time and work—and it gets dishes *clean*—sparklingly, glitteringly clean!

Put a tablespoon of Chipso flakes in the dishpan, run hot water over them for instant suds, cool to hand-temperature, and watch those rich suds clear off every trace of grease and food in the twinkling of an eye. By actual test, Chipso saves one-third of the usual dishwashing time! And its help costs so little!

The big 25c package holds enough sheer Chipso flakes to wash your dishes for a month or give you six easier washdays.

**FREE—Saving Golden Hours.** "How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Dept. CM-10, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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—instant suds  
Dishes 1/3 less time

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FROM THE LEADING WOMEN'S COLLEGES AND STATE UNIVERSITIES



*A lovely, smooth, rose-leaf complexion—what girl of twenty does not believe supremely in its importance!*

*say it's "marvelous" . . . "wonderful for the skin"*

THOUSANDS of girls—

Girls dark and fair, long-haired and bobbed—  
from north, east, south, west—

In endless bright variety—they pour through  
our colleges and universities.

They are at an age when life seems a wonderful  
adventure, and admiration, the approval of others,  
more desirable than they ever will seem again.

Latin verbs, yes; but what girl of twenty does  
not believe supremely in the importance of a  
lovely, smooth, rose-leaf complexion?

*"Absolutely satisfying," they say*

Of 927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr who answered  
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"absolutely satisfying."

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Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight!  
Within a week or ten days you will notice the improvement  
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